



1876.

New Series.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 1.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

JULY.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y., CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1876, \$1,592,775.09..

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Mr. J. Wallace Ainger, our general Southern Agent for the *ECLECTIC*, will continue his connection with us.



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THE BATTLE AT BUNKER'S HILL.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXIV., No. 1.

JULY, 1876.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

LORD MACAULAY.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

LORD MACAULAY was pre-eminently a fortunate man; and his good fortune has survived him. Few, indeed, in the long line of English authors whom he loved so well have been equally happy in a biographer. Most official biographies are a mixture of bungling and indiscretion. It is only in virtue of some happy coincidence that, amongst the one or two people who alone have the requisite knowledge, there exists also the requisite skill and discretion. Mr. Trevelyan is one of the exceptions to the rule. His book is such a piece of thorough literary workmanship as would have delighted its subject.* By a rare felicity the almost filial affection of the narrator conciliates the reader instead of exciting a distrust of

the narrative. We feel that Macaulay's must have been a lovable character to excite such warmth of feeling, and a noble character to enable one who loved him to speak so frankly. The ordinary biographer's idolatry is not absent, but it becomes a testimony to the hero's excellence instead of introducing a disturbing element into our estimate of his merits.

No reader of Macaulay's works will be surprised at the manliness which is stamped not less plainly upon them than upon his whole career. But few who were not in some degree behind the scenes would be prepared for the tenderness of nature which is equally conspicuous. We all recognize in Macaulay a lover of truth and political honor. We find no more than we expected, when we are told that the one circumstance upon which he looked back with some regret was the unauthorized publi-

* The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his Nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Bros.

cation by a constituent of a letter in which he had spoken too frankly of a political ally. That is indeed an infinitesimal stain upon the character of a man who rose without wealth or connection, by sheer force of intellect, to a conspicuous position amongst politicians. But we find something more than we expected in the singular beauty of Macaulay's domestic life. In his relations to his father, his sisters, and the younger generation, he was admirable. The stern religious principle and profound absorption in philanthropic labors of old Zachary Macaulay must have made the position of his brilliant son anything but an easy one. He could hardly read a novel, or contribute to a worldly magazine, without calling down something like a reproof. The father seems to have indulged in the very questionable practice of listening to vague gossip about his son's conduct, and demanding explanations from the supposed culprit. The stern old gentleman carefully suppressed his keen satisfaction at his son's first oratorical success, and instead of praising him, growled at him for folding his arms in the presence of royalty. Many sons have turned into consummate hypocrites under such paternal discipline, and, as a rule, the system is destructive of anything like mutual confidence. Macaulay seems, in spite of all, to have been on the most cordial terms with his father to the last. Some suppression of his sentiments must indeed have been necessary; and we cannot avoid tracing certain peculiarities of the son's intellectual career to his having been condemned from an early age to habitual reticence upon the deepest of all subjects of thought.

Macaulay's relations to his sisters are sufficiently revealed in a long series of charming letters, showing, both in their playfulness and in their literary and political discussions, the unreserved respect and confidence which united them. One of them writes upon his death: "We have lost the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years who can tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine!" Reading these words at the close of the biography we do not wonder at the glamour of sisterly affection; but

admit them to be the natural expression of a perfectly sincere conviction. Can there be higher praise? His relation to children is equally charming. "He was beyond comparison the best of playfellows," writes Mr. Trevelyan; "unrivalled in the invention of games, and never weary of repeating them." He wrote long letters to his favorites; he addressed pretty little poems to them on their birthdays, and composed long nursery rhymes for their edification; whilst overwhelmed with historical labors, and grudging the demands of society, he would dawdle away whole mornings with them, and spend the afternoon in taking them to sights; he would build up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and act the part of tiger or brigand; he would take them to the Tower, or Madame Tussaud's, or the Zoological Gardens, make puns to enliven the Polytechnic, and tell innumerable anecdotes to animate the statues in the British Museum; he would provide them with sumptuous feasts, invariably accompanied by some inappropriate delicacy, in order to amuse himself at its contemptuous rejection; nor, as they grew older, did he neglect the more dignified duty of inoculating them with the literary tastes which had been the consolation of his life. Obviously he was the ideal uncle—the uncle of optimistic fiction, but with qualifications for his task such as few fictitious uncles can possess. It need hardly be added, that Macaulay was a man of noble liberality in money matters, that he helped his family when they were in difficulties, and was beloved by the servants who depended upon him. In his domestic relations he had, according to his nephew, only one serious fault—he did not appreciate canine excellence; but no man is perfect.

The thorough kindness of the man reconciles us even to his good fortune. He was an infant phenomenon; the best boy at school; in his college days, "ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out" at Bowood, formed a circle to hear him talk, from breakfast to dinner-time; he was famous as an author at twenty-five; accepted as a great parliamentary orator at thirty; and as a natural consequence caressed with effusion by editors, politicians, Whig magnates, and the clique of Holland House; by thirty-three he had

become a man of mark in society, literature, and politics, and had secured his fortune by gaining a seat in the Indian Council. His later career was a series of triumphs. He had been the main support of the greatest literary organ of his party, and the "Essays" republished from its pages became at once a standard work. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* sold like Scott's most popular poetry; the "History" caused an excitement almost unparalleled in literary annals. Not only was the first sale enormous, but it has gone on ever since increasing. The popular author was equally popular in Parliament. The benches were crammed to listen to the rare treat of his eloquence; and he had the far rarer glory of more than once turning the settled opinion of the House by a single speech. It is a more vulgar but a striking testimony to his success, that he made 20,000*l.* in one year by literature. Other authors have had their heads turned by less triumphant careers; they have descended to lower ambition, and wasted their lives in spasmodic straining to gain worthless applause. Macaulay remained faithful to his calling. He worked his hardest to the last, and became a more unsparing critic of his own performances as time went on. We do not feel even a passing symptom of a grudge against his good fortune. Rather we are moved by that kind of sentiment which expresses itself in the schoolboy phrase, "well done our side." We are glad to see the hearty, kindly, truthful man crowned with all appropriate praise, and to think that for once one of our race has got so decidedly the best of it in the hard battle with the temptations and the miseries of life.

Certain shortcomings have been set off against these virtues by critics of Macaulay's life. He was, it has been said, too good a hater. At any rate he hated vice, meanness, and charlatanism. It is easier to hate such things too little than too much. But it must be admitted that his likes and dislikes indicate a certain rigidity and narrowness of nature. "In books, as in people and places," says Mr. Trevelyan, "he loved that, and loved that only, to which he had been accustomed from boyhood upwards." The faults of which this significant remark reveals one cause, are marked upon his

whole literary character. Macaulay was converted to Whiggism when at college. The advance from Toryism to Whiggism is not such as to involve a very violent wrench of the moral and intellectual nature. Such as it was, it was the only wrench from which Macaulay suffered. What he was as a scholar of Trinity, he was substantially as a peer of the realm. He made, it would seem, few new friends, though he grappled his old ones as "with hooks of steel." The fault is one which belongs to many men of strong natures, and so long as we are considering Macaulay's life we shall not be much disposed to quarrel with his innate conservatism. Strong affections are so admirable a quality that we can pardon the man who loves well though not widely; and if Macaulay had not a genuine fervor of regard for the little circle of his intimates, there is no man who deserves such praise.

It is when we turn from Macaulay's personal character to attempt an estimate of his literary position, that these faults acquire more importance. His intellectual force was extraordinary within certain limits; beyond those limits the giant became a child. He assimilated a certain set of ideas as a lad, and never acquired a new idea in later life. He accumulated vast stores of knowledge, but they all fitted into the old framework of theory. Whiggism seemed to him to provide a satisfactory solution for all political problems when he was sending his first article to *Knight's Magazine* and when he was writing the last page of his "History." "I entered public life a Whig," as he said in 1849, "and a Whig I am determined to remain." And what is meant by Whiggism in Macaulay's mouth? It means substantially that creed which registers the experience of the English upper classes during the four or five generations previous to Macaulay. It represents, not the reasoning, but the instinctive convictions generated by the dogged insistence upon their privileges of a stubborn, high-spirited, and individually short-sighted race. To deduce it as a symmetrical doctrine from abstract propositions would be futile. It is only reasonable so far as a creed, felt out by the collective instinct of a number of more or less stupid people, becomes impressed with a quasi-rational unity, not

from their respect for logic, but from the uniformity of the mode of development. Hatred to pure reason is indeed one of its first principles. A doctrine avowedly founded on logic instead of instinct becomes for that very reason subject to it. Common sense takes the place of philosophy. At times this mass of sentiment opposes itself under stress of circumstances to the absolute theories of monarchy and then calls itself Whiggism. At other times, it offers an equally dogged resistance to absolute theories of democracy, and then becomes nominally Tory. In Macaulay's youth, the weight of opinion had been slowly swinging round from the Toryism generated by dread of revolution, to Whiggism generated by the accumulation of palpable abuses. The growing intelligence and more rapidly growing power of the middle classes gave it at the same time a more popular character than before. Macaulay's "conversion" was simply a process of swinging with the tide. The Clapham Sect, amongst whom he had been brought up, was already more than half Whig, in virtue of its attack upon the sacred institution of slavery by means of popular agitation. Macaulay—the most brilliant of its young men—naturally cast in his lot with the brilliant men, a little older than himself, who fought under the blue and yellow banner of the *Edinburgh Review*. No great change of sentiment was necessary, though some of the old Clapham doctrines died out in his mind as he was swept into the political current.

Macaulay thus early became a thorough-going Whig. Whiggism seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of progress: the pure essence of political wisdom. He was never fully conscious of the vast revolution in thought which was going on all around him. He was saturated with the doctrines of 1832. He stated them with unequalled vigor and clearness. Anybody who disputed them from either side of the question seemed to him to be little better than a fool. Southey and Mr. Gladstone talked arrant nonsense when they disputed the logical or practical value of the doctrines laid down by Locke. James Mill deserved the most contemptuous language for daring to push those doctrines beyond the sacred line. When Macaulay attacks an old Non-juror or a modern Tory, we can

only wonder how opinions which, on his showing, are so inconceivably absurd, could ever have been held by any human being. Men are Whigs or not-Whigs, and the not-Whig is less a heretic to be anathematized than a blockhead beneath the reach of argument. All political wisdom centres in Holland House, and the *Edinburgh Review* is its prophet. There is something in the absolute confidence of Macaulay's political dogmatism which varies between the sublime and the ridiculous. We can hardly avoid laughing at this superlative self-satisfaction, and yet we must admit that it is indicative of a real political force not to be treated with simple contempt. Belief is power, even when belief is most unreasonable.

To define a Whig and to define Macaulay is pretty much the same thing. Let us trace some of the qualities which enabled one man to become so completely the type of a vast body of his compatriots.

The first and most obvious power in which Macaulay excelled his neighbors was his portentous memory. He could assimilate printed pages, says his nephew, more quickly than others could glance over them. Whatever he read was stamped upon his mind instantaneously and permanently, and he read everything. In the midst of severe labors in India, he read enough classical authors to stock the mind of an ordinary professor. At the same time he framed a criminal code and devoured masses of trashy novels. From the works of the ancient Fathers of the Church to English political pamphlets and to modern street ballads, no printed matter came amiss to his omnivorous appetite. All that he had read could be reproduced at a moment's notice. Every fool, he said, can repeat his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards; and he was as familiar with the Cambridge Calendar as the most devoted Protestant with the Bible. He could have re-written *Sir Charles Grandison* from memory if every copy had been lost. Now it might perhaps be plausibly maintained that the possession of such a memory is unfavorable to a high development of the reasoning powers. The case of Pascal, indeed, who is said never to have forgotten anything, shows that the two powers may co-

exist: and other cases might of course be mentioned. But it is true that a powerful memory may enable a man to save himself the trouble of reasoning. It encourages the indolent propensity of deciding difficulties by precedent instead of principles. Macaulay, for example, was once required to argue the point of political casuistry as to the degree of independent action permissible to members of a Cabinet. An ordinary mind would have to answer by striking a rough balance between the conveniences and inconveniences likely to arise. It would be forced, that is to say, to reason from the nature of the case. But Macaulay had at his fingers' end every instance from the days of Walpole to his own in which Ministers had been allowed to vote against the general policy of the Government. By quoting them he seemed to decide the point by authority, instead of taking the troublesome and dangerous road of abstract reasoning. Thus to appeal to experience is with him to appeal to the stores of a gigantic memory; and is generally the same thing as to deny the value of all general rules. This is the true Whig doctrine of referring to precedent rather than to theory. Our popular leaders were always glad to quote Hampden and Sidney instead of venturing upon the dangerous ground of abstract rights.

Macaulay's love of deciding all points by an accumulation of appropriate instances is indeed characteristic of his mind. It is connected with a curious defect of analytical power. It appears in his literary criticism as much as in his political speculations. In an interesting letter to Mr. Napier, he states the case himself as an excuse for not writing upon Scott. "Hazlitt used to say, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me," says Macaulay, "is precisely the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination, but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's *Laocoon*, such passages as the criticism on *Hamlet* in *Wilhelm Meister*, fill me with wonder and despair." If we take any of Macaulay's criticisms, we shall see how truly he had gauged his own capacity. They are either random discharges of superlatives

or vigorous assertions of sound moral principles. He compares Miss Austen to Shakspeare—one of the most random applications of the universal superlative ever made—or shows conclusively that Wycherley was a corrupt ribald. But he never makes a fine suggestion as to the secrets of the art whose products he admires or dislikes. His mode, for example, of criticising Bunyan is to give a list of the passages which he remembers, and, of course, he remembers everything. He observes, what was tolerably clear, that Bunyan's allegory is as vivid as a concrete history, though strangely comparing him in this respect to Shelley—the least concrete of poets; and he makes the discovery, which did not require his vast stores of historical knowledge, that "it is impossible to doubt that" Bunyan's trial of Christian and Faithful is meant to satirize the judges of Charles II. That is as plain as that the last cartoon in *Punch* is meant to satirize Mr. Disraeli. Macaulay can draw a most vivid portrait, so far as that can be done by a picturesque accumulation of characteristic facts, but he never gets below the surface or details the principles whose embodiment he describes from without.

The defect is connected with further peculiarities, in which Macaulay is the genuine representative of the true Whig type. The practical value of adherence to precedent is obvious. It may be justified by the assertion that all sound political philosophy must be based upon experience: and I at least hold that assertion to contain a most important truth. But in Macaulay's mind this sound doctrine seems to be confused with the very questionable doctrine that in political questions there is no philosophy at all. To appeal to experience may mean either to appeal to facts so classified and organically arranged as to illustrate general truths, or to appeal to a mere mass of observations, without taking the trouble to elicit their true significance, or even to believe that they can be resolved into particular cases of a general truth. This is the difference between an experiential philosophy and a crude empiricism. Macaulay takes the lower alternative. The vigorous attack upon James Mill, which he very properly suppressed during his life on account of its juvenile arrogance, curiously illustrates his mode of

thought. No one can deny, I think, that he makes some very good points against a very questionable system of political dogmatism. But when we ask what are Macaulay's own principles, we are left at a stand. He ought, by all his intellectual sympathies, to be a utilitarian. Yet he abuses utilitarianism with the utmost contempt, and has no alternative theory to suggest. He ends his first essay against Mill by one of his customary purple patches about Baconian induction. He tells us, in the second, how to apply it. Bacon proposed to discover the principle of heat by observing in what qualities all hot bodies agreed, and in what qualities all cold bodies. Similarly we are to make a list of all constitutions which have produced good or bad government, and to investigate their points of agreement and difference. This sounds plausible to the uninstructed, but is a mere rhetorical flourish. Bacon's method is really inadequate, for reasons which I leave to men of science to explain, and Macaulay's method is equally hopeless in politics. It is hopeless for the simple reason that the complexity of the phenomena makes it impracticable. We cannot find out what constitution is best after this fashion, simply because the goodness or badness of a constitution depends upon a thousand conditions of social, moral, and intellectual development. When stripped of its pretentious phraseology, Macaulay's teaching comes simply to this: the only rule in politics is the rule of thumb. All general principles are wrong or futile. We have found out in England that our constitution, constructed in absolute defiance of all *à priori* reasoning, is the best in the world: it is the best for providing us with the maximum of bread, beef, beer, and means of buying bread, beer, and beef: and we have got it because we have never—like those publicans the French—trusted to fine sayings about truth and justice and human rights, but blundered on, adding a patch here and knocking a hole there, as our humor prompted us.

This sovereign contempt of all speculation—simply as speculation—reaches its acme in the Essay on Bacon. The curious naïveté with which Macaulay denounces all philosophy in that vigorous production excites a kind of perverse admiration. How can one refuse to ad-

mire the audacity which enables a man explicitly to identify philosophy with humbug? It is what ninety-nine men out of a hundred think, but not one in a thousand dares to say. Goethe says somewhere that he likes Englishmen because English fools are the most thoroughgoing of fools. English "Philistines," as represented by Macaulay, the prince of Philistines, carry their contempt of the higher intellectual interests to a pitch of real sublimity. Bacon's theory of induction, says Macaulay, in so many words, was valueless. Everybody could reason before it as well as after. But Bacon really performed a service of inestimable value to mankind; and it consisted precisely in this, that he called their attention from philosophy to the pursuit of material advantages. The old philosophers had gone on bothering about theology, ethics, and the true and beautiful, and such other nonsense. Bacon taught us to work at chemistry and mechanics, to invent diving-bells and steam-engines and spinning-jennies. We could never, it seems, have found out the advantages of this direction of our energies without a philosopher, and so far philosophy is negatively good. It has written up upon all the supposed avenues to inquiry, "No admission except on business;" that is, upon the business of direct practical discovery. We English have taken the hint, and we have therefore lived to see when a man can breakfast in London and dine in Edinburgh, and may look forward to a day when the tops of Ben-Nevis and Helvellyn will be cultivated like flower-gardens, and machines constructed on principles yet to be discovered will be in every house.

The theory which underlies this conclusion is often explicitly stated. All philosophy has produced mere futile logomachy. Greek sages and Roman moralists, and mediæval schoolmen, have amassed words and amassed nothing else. One distinct discovery of a solid truth, however humble, is worth all their labors. This condemnation applies not only to philosophy, but to the religious embodiment of philosophy. No satisfactory conclusion ever has been reached or ever will be reached in theological disputes. On all such topics, he tells Mr. Gladstone, there has always been the widest divergence of opinion.

Nor are there better hopes for the future. The ablest minds, he says, in the Essay upon Ranke, have believed in transubstantiation, that is, according to him, in the most ineffable nonsense. There is no certainty that men will not believe to the end of time the doctrines which imposed upon so able a man as Sir Thomas More. Not only, that is, have men been hitherto wandering in a labyrinth without a clue, but there is no chance that any clue will ever be found. The doctrine, so familiar to our generation, of laws of intellectual development, never even occurs to him. The collective thought of generations marks time without advancing. A guess of Sir Thomas More is as good or as bad as the guess of the last philosopher. This theory, if true, implies utter scepticism. And yet Macaulay was clearly not a sceptic. His creed was hidden under a systematic reticence, and he resisted every attempt to raise the veil with rather superfluous indignation. When a constituent dared to ask about his religious views, he denounced the rash inquirer in terms applicable to an agent of the inquisition. He vouchsafed, indeed, the information that he was a Christian. We may accept the phrase, not only on the strength of his invariable sincerity, but because it falls in with the general turn of his arguments. He denounces the futility of the ancient moralists, but he asserts the enormous social value of Christianity.

His attitude, in fact, is equally characteristic of the man and his surroundings. The old Clapham teaching had faded in his mind; it had not produced a revolt. He retained the old hatred for slavery; and he retained, with the whole force of his affectionate nature, a reverence for the school of Wilberforce, Thornton, and his own father. He estimated most highly, not perhaps more highly than they deserved, the value of the services rendered by them in awakening the conscience of the nation. In their persistent and disinterested labors he recognized a manifestation of the great social force of Christianity. But a belief that Christianity is useful, and even that it is true, may consist with a profound conviction of the futility of the philosophy with which it has been associated. Here again Macaulay is a true Whig. The

Whig love of precedent, the Whig hatred for abstract theories, may consist with a Tory application. But the true Whig differed from the Tory in adding to these views an invincible suspicion of parsons. The first Whig battles were fought against the Church as much as against the King. From the struggle with Sacheverel down to the struggle for Catholic emancipation, Toryism and High-Church principles were associated against Whigs and Dissenters. By that kind of dumb instinct which outruns reason, the Whig had learnt that there was some occult bond of union between the claims of a priesthood and the claims of a monarchy. The old maxim, "No bishop, no king," suggested the opposite principle, that you must keep down the clergy if you would limit the monarchy. The natural interpretation of this prejudice into political theory, is that the Church is extremely useful as an ally of the constable, but possesses a most dangerous explosive power if allowed to claim independent authority. In practice we must resist all claims of the Church to dictate to the State. In theory, we must deny the foundation upon which such claims can alone be founded. Dogmatism must be pronounced to be fundamentally irrational. Nobody knows anything about theology, or, what is the same thing, no two people agree. As they don't agree, they cannot claim to impose their beliefs upon others.

This sentiment comes out curiously in the characteristic Essay just mentioned. Macaulay says, in reply to Mr. Gladstone, that there is no more reason for the introduction of religious questions into State affairs than for introducing them into the affairs of a Canal Company. He puts his argument with an admirable vigor and clearness which blinds many readers to the fact that he is begging the question by evading the real difficulty. If, in fact, Government had as little to do as a Canal Company with religious opinion, we should have long ago learnt the great lesson of toleration. But that is just the very *crux*. Can we draw the line between the spiritual and the secular? Nothing, replies Macaulay, is easier: and his method has been already indicated. We all agree that we don't want to be robbed or murdered: we are by no means all agreed about the

doctrine of Trinity. But, says a churchman, a certain creed is necessary to men's moral and spiritual welfare, and therefore of the utmost importance even for the prevention of robbery and murder. This is what Macaulay implicitly denies. The whole of dogmatic theology belongs to that region of philosophy, metaphysics, or whatever you please to call it, in which men are doomed to dispute for ever without coming any nearer to a decision. All that the statesman has to do with such matters is to see that if men are fools enough to speculate, they shall not be allowed to cut each other's throats when they reach, as they always must reach, contradictory results. If you raise a difficult point, such, for example, as the education question, Macaulay replies, as so many people have said before and since, Teach the people "those principles of morality which are common to all the forms of Christianity." That is easier said than done! The plausibility of the solution in Macaulay's mouth is due to the fundamental assumption that everything except morality is hopeless ground of inquiry. Once get beyond the Ten Commandments and you will sink in a bottomless morass of argument, counter-argument, quibble, logomachy, superstition, and confusion worse confounded.

In Macaulay's teaching, as in that of his party, there is doubtless much that is noble. He has a righteous hatred of oppression in all shapes and disguises. He can tear to pieces with great logical power many of the fallacies alleged by his opponents. Our sympathies are certainly with him as against men who advocate persecution on any grounds, and he is fully qualified to crush his ordinary opponents. But it is plain that his whole political and (if we may use the word) philosophical teaching rests on something like a downright aversion to the higher order of speculation. He despises it. He wants something tangible and concrete—something in favor of which he may appeal to the immediate testimony of the senses. He must feel his feet planted on the solid earth. The pain of attempting to soar into higher regions is not compensated to him by the increased width of horizon. And in this respect he is but the type of most of his countrymen, and reflects what has

been (as I should say) erroneously called their "unimaginative" view of things in general.

Macaulay, at any rate, distinctly belongs to the imaginative class of minds, if only in virtue of his instinctive preference of the concrete to the abstract, and his dislike, already noticed, to analysis. He has a thirst for distinct and vivid images. He reasons by examples instead of appealing to formulæ. There is a characteristic account in Mr. Trevelyan's volumes of his habit of rambling amongst the older parts of London, his fancy teeming with stories attached to the picturesque fragments of antiquity, and carrying on dialogues between imaginary persons as vivid, if not as forcible, as those of Scott's novels. To this habit—rather inverting the order of cause and effect—he attributes his accuracy of detail. We would rather say that the intensity of the impressions generates both the accuracy and the day-dreams. A philosopher would be arguing in his daily rambles where an imaginative mind is creating a series of pictures. But Macaulay's imagination is as definitely limited as his speculation. The genuine poet is also a philosopher. He sees intuitively what the reasoner evolves by argument. The greatest minds in both classes are equally marked by their naturalisation in the lofty regions of thought, inaccessible or uncongenial to men of inferior stamp. It is tempting in some ways to compare Macaulay to Burke. Burke's superiority is marked by this, that he is primarily a philosopher, and therefore instinctively sees the illustration of a general law in every particular fact. Macaulay, on the contrary, gets away from theory as fast as possible, and tries to conceal his poverty of thought under masses of ingenious illustration.

His imaginative narrowness would come out still more clearly by a comparison with Mr. Carlyle. One significant fact must be enough. Every one must have observed how powerfully Mr. Carlyle expresses the emotion suggested by the brief appearance of some little waif from past history. We may remember, for example, how the usher, De Brézé, appears for a moment to utter the last shriek of the old monarchical etiquette, and then vanishes into the dim

abysses of the past. The imagination is excited by the little glimpse of light flashing for a moment upon some special point in the cloudy phantasmagoria of human history. The image of a past existence is projected for a moment upon our eyes, to make us feel how transitory is life, and how rapidly one visionary existence expels another. We are such stuff as dreams are made of :—

None other than a moving row
Of visionary shapes that come and go.

Around the sun-illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

Every object is seen against the background of eternal mystery. In Macaulay's pages this element is altogether absent. We see a figure from the past as vividly as if he were present. We observe the details of his dress, the odd oaths with which his discourse is interlarded, the minute peculiarities of his features or manner. We laugh or admire as we should do at a living man; and we rightly admire the force of the illusion. But the thought never suggests itself that we too are passing into oblivion, that our little island of daylight will soon be shrouded in the gathering mist, and that we tread at every instant on the dust of forgotten continents. We treat the men of past ages quite at our ease. We applaud and criticise Hampden or Chatham as we should applaud Peel or Cobden. There is no atmospheric effect—no sense of the dim march of ages, or of the vast procession of human life. It is doubtless a great feat to make the past present. It is a greater to emancipate us from the tyranny of the present, and to raise us to a point at which we feel that we too are almost as dreamlike as the men of old time. To gain clearness and definition Macaulay has dropped the element of mystery. He sees perfectly whatever can be seen by the ordinary lawyer, or politician or merchant; he is insensible to the visions which reveal themselves only to minds haunted by thoughts of eternity, and delighting, with Sir Thomas Browne, to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*. Mysticism is to him hateful, and historical figures form groups of individuals, not symbols of forces working behind the veil.

Macaulay, therefore, can be no more a poet in the sense in which the word is

applied to Spencer, or to Wordsworth, both of whom he holds to be simply intolerable bores, than he can be a metaphysician or a scientific thinker. In common phraseology, he is a Philistine—a word which I understand properly to denote indifference to the higher intellectual interests. The word may also be defined, however, as the name applied by prigs to the rest of their species. And I venture to hold that the modern fashion of using it as a common term of abuse is doing real mischief. It enables intellectual coxcombs to brand men with an offensive epithet for being a degree more manly than themselves. There is much that is good in your Philistine, and when we ask what Macaulay was, instead of showing what he was not, we shall perhaps find that the popular estimate is not altogether wrong.

Macaulay was not only a typical Whig, but the prophet of Whiggism to his generation. Though not a poet or a philosopher, he was a born rhetorician. His parliamentary career proves his capacity sufficiently, though want of the physical qualifications, and of exclusive devotion to political success, prevented him, as perhaps a want of subtlety or flexibility of mind would have always prevented him, from attaining excellence as a debater. In everything that he wrote, however, we see the true rhetorician. He tells us that Fox wrote debates, whilst Mackintosh spoke essays. Macaulay did both. His compositions are a series of orations on behalf of sound Whig views, whatever their external form. Given a certain audience—and an orator supposes a particular audience—their effectiveness is undeniable. Macaulay's may be composed of ordinary Englishmen, with a moderate standard of education. His arguments are adapted to the ordinary Cabinet Minister, or, we may say, to the person who is willing to pay a shilling to hear an evening lecture. He can hit an audience composed of such materials—to quote Burke's phrase about George Grenville—"between wind and water." He uses the language, the logic, and the images which they can fully understand; and though his hearer, like his schoolboy, is ostensibly credited at times with a portentous memory, Macaulay always takes excellent care to put him in mind of the facts which he is assumed

to remember. The faults and the merits of his style follow from his resolute determination to be understood of the people. He was specially delighted, as his nephew tells us, by a reader at Messrs. Spottiswoode's, who said that in all the "History" there was only one sentence the meaning of which was not obvious to him at first sight. We are more surprised that there was one such sentence. Clearness is the first of the cardinal virtues of style; and nobody ever wrote more clearly than Macaulay. He sacrifices much, it is true, in order to obtain it. He proves that two and two make four, with a pertinacity which would make him dull, if it were not for his abundance of brilliant illustration. He always remembers the principle which should guide a barrister in addressing a jury. He has not merely to exhibit his proofs, but to hammer them into the heads of his audience by incessant repetition. It is no small proof of artistic skill that a writer who systematically adopts this method, should yet be invariably lively. He goes on blacking the chimney with a persistency which somehow amuses us because he puts so much heart into his work. He proves the most obvious truths again and again; but his vivacity never flags. This tendency undoubtedly leads to great defects of style. His sentences are monotonous and mechanical. He has a perfect hatred of pronouns, and for fear of a possible entanglement between "hims" and "hers" and "its," he will repeat not merely a substantive, but a whole group of substantives. Sometimes, to make his sense unmistakable, he will repeat a whole formula, with only a change in the copula. For the same reason, he hates all qualifications and parentheses. Each thought must be resolved into its constituent parts; each argument must be expressed as a simple proposition: and his paragraphs are rather aggregates of independent atoms than possessed of an organic unity. His writing—to use a favorite formula of his own—bears the same relation to a style of graceful modulation that a bit of mosaic work bears to a picture. Each phrase has its distinct hue, instead of melting into its neighbors. Here we have a black patch and there a white. There are no half tones, no subtle interblending of dif-

ferent currents of thought. It is partly for this reason that his descriptions of character are often so unsatisfactory. He likes to represent a man as a bundle of contradictions, because it enables him to obtain startling contrasts. He heightens a vice in one place, a virtue in another, and piles them together in a heap, without troubling himself to ask whether nature can make such monsters, or preserve them if made. To any one given to analysis, these contrasts are actually painful. There is a story of the Duke of Wellington having once stated that the rats got into his bottles in Spain. "They must have been very large bottles or very small rats," said somebody. "On the contrary," replied the Duke, "the rats were very large and the bottles very small." Macaulay delights in leaving us face to face with such contrasts in more important matters. Boswell must, we would say, have been a clever man or his biography can not have been so good as you say. On the contrary, says Macaulay, he was the greatest of fools and the best of biographers. He strikes a discord and purposely fails to resolve it. To men of more delicate sensibility the result is an intolerable jar. For the same reason, Macaulay's genuine eloquence is marred by the symptoms of malice prepense. When he sews on a purple patch, he is resolved that there shall be no mistake about it; it must stand out from a radical contrast of colors. The emotion is not to swell by degrees, till you find yourself carried away in the torrent which set out as a tranquil stream. The transition is deliberately emphasized. On one side of a full stop you are listening to a matter-of-fact statement; on the other, there is all at once a blare of trumpets and a beating of drums, till the crash almost deafens you. He regrets in one of his letters that he has used up the celebrated, and, it must be confessed, really forcible passage about the impeachment scene in Westminster Hall. It might have come in usefully in the "History," which, as he then hoped, might come down to Warren Hastings. The regret is unpleasantly suggestive of that deliberation in the manufacture of eloquence which stamps it as artificial.

Such faults may annoy critics, even of no very sensitive fibre. What is it that

redeems them? The first answer is, that the work is impressive because it is thoroughly genuine. The stream, it is true, comes forth by spasmodic gushes, when it ought to flow in a continuous current; but it flows from a full reservoir instead of being pumped from a shallow cistern. The knowledge, and what is more, the thoroughly assimilated knowledge, is enormous. Mr. Trevelyan has shown in detail what we had all divined for ourselves, how much patient labor is often employed in a paragraph or the turn of a phrase. To accuse Macaulay of superficiality is, in this sense, altogether absurd. His speculation may be meagre, but his store of information is simply inexhaustible. Mr. Mills' writing was impressive, because one often felt that a single argument condensed the result of a long process of reflection. Macaulay has the lower but similar merit that a single picturesque touch implies incalculable masses of knowledge. It is but an insignificant part of the building which appears above ground. Compare a passage with the assigned authority, and you are inclined to accuse him—sometimes it may be rightfully—of amplifying and modifying. But more often the particular authority is merely the nucleus round which a whole volume of other knowledge has crystallized. A single hint is significant to a properly prepared mind of a thousand facts not explicitly contained in it. Nobody, he said, could judge of the accuracy of one part of his "History" who had not "soaked his mind with the transitory literature of the day." His real authority was not this or that particular passage, but a literature. And for this reason alone, Macaulay's historical writings have a permanent value which will prevent them from being superseded even by more philosophical thinkers, whose minds have not undergone the "soaking" process.

It is significant again that imitations of Macaulay are almost as offensive as imitations of Carlyle. Every great writer has his parasites. Macaulay's false glitter and jingle, his frequent flippancy and superficiality of thought, are more easily caught than his virtues; but so are all faults. Would-be followers of Mr. Carlyle catch the strained gestures, without the rapture of his inspiration. Would-be followers of Mr. Mill fancied

themselves to be logical when they were only hopelessly unsympathetic and unimaginative; and would-be followers of some other writers can be effeminate and foppish without being subtle or graceful. Macaulay's thoroughness of work has, perhaps, been less contagious than we could wish. Something of the modern raising of the standard of accuracy in historical inquiry may be set down to his influence. The misfortune is that, if some writers have learnt from him to be flippant without learning to be laborious, others have caught the accuracy without the liveliness. In the later volumes of his "History," his vigor began to be a little clogged by the fullness of his knowledge; and we can observe symptoms of the tendency of modern historians to grudge the sacrifice of sifting their knowledge. They read enough, but instead of giving us the results, they tumble out the accumulated mass of raw materials upon our devoted heads, till they suggest the wish for a fire in the State Paper Office.

Fortunately, Macaulay did not yield to this temptation in his earlier writings, and the result is that he is, for the ordinary reader, one of the two authorities for English history, the other being Shakspeare. Without comparing their merits, we must admit that the compression of so much into a few short narratives shows intensity as well as compass of mind. He could digest as well as devour, and he tried his digestion pretty severely. It is fashionable to say that part of his practical force is due to the training of parliamentary life. Familiarity with the course of affairs doubtless strengthened his insight into history, and taught him the value of downright common sense in teaching an average audience. Speaking purely from the literary point of view, I cannot agree further in the opinion suggested. I suspect the "History" would have been better if Macaulay had not been so deeply immersed in all the business of legislation and electioneering. I do not profoundly reverence the House of Commons tone—even in the House of Commons; and in literature it easily becomes a nuisance. Familiarity with the actual machinery of politics tends to strengthen the contempt for general principles, of which Macaulay had an ample share. It encourages the

illusion of the fly upon the wheel, the doctrine that the dust and din of debate and the worry of lobbies and committee-rooms is not the effect but the cause of the great social movement. The historian of the Roman Empire, as we know, owed something to the captain of Hampshire Militia; but years of life absorbed in parliamentary wrangling and in sitting at the feet of the philosophers of Holland House were not likely to widen a mind already disposed to narrow views of the world.

For Macaulay's immediate success, indeed, the training was undoubtedly valuable. As he carried into Parliament the authority of a great writer, so he wrote books with the authority of the practical politician. He has the true instinct of affairs. He knows what are the immediate motives which move masses of men; and is never misled by fanciful analogies or blindfolded by the pedantry of official language. He has seen flesh-and-blood statesmen—at any rate English statesmen—and understands the nature of the animal. Nobody can be freer from the dominion of crotchets. All his reasoning is made of the soundest common sense and represents, if not the ultimate forces, yet forces with which we have to reckon. And he knows, too, how to stir the blood of the average Englishman. He understands most thoroughly the value of concentration, unity, and simplicity. Every speech or essay forms an organic whole, in which some distinct moral is vigorously driven home by a succession of downright blows. This strong rhetorical instinct is shown conspicuously in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which, whatever we might say of them as poetry, are an admirable specimen of rhymed rhetoric. We know how good they are when we see how incapable are modern ballad-writers in general of putting the same swing and fire into their verses. Compare, for example, Aytoun's *Lays of the Cavaliers*, as the most obvious parallel:—

Not swifter pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine,

than certain Scotch heroes over an entrenchment. Place this mouthing by any parallel passage in Macaulay:—

Now, by our sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight. }
So flies the spray in Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So cornsheaves in the flood time
Spin down the whirling Po.

And so on in verses, which innumerable schoolboys of inferior pretensions to Macaulay's know by heart. And in such cases the verdict of the schoolboy is perhaps more valuable than that of the literary connoisseur. There are, of course, many living poets who can do tolerably something of far higher quality which Macaulay could not do at all. But I don't know who, since Scott, could have done this particular thing. Possibly Mr. Kingsley might have approached it, or the poet, if he would have condescended so far, who sang the bearing of the good news from Ghent to Aix. In any case, the feat is significant of Macaulay's true power. It looks easy; it involves no demands upon the higher reasoning or imaginative powers: but nobody will believe it to be easy who observes the extreme rarity of a success in a feat so often attempted.

A similar remark is suggested by Macaulay's "Essays." Read such an Essay as those upon Clive, or Warren Hastings, or Chatham. The story seems to tell itself. The characters are so strongly marked, the events fall so easily into their places, that we fancy that the narrator's business has been done to his hand. It wants little critical experience to discover that this massive simplicity is really indicative of an art not, it may be, of the highest order, but truly admirable for its purpose. It indicates not only a gigantic memory, but a glowing mind, which has fused a crude mass of materials into unity. If we do not find the sudden touches which reveal the philosophical sagacity or the imaginative insight of the highest order of intellects, we recognize the true rhetorical instinct. The outlines may be harsh, and the colors too glaring; but the general effect has been carefully studied. The details are wrought in with consummate skill. We indulge in an intercalary pish! here and there; but we are fascinated and we remember. The actual amount of intellectual force which goes to the composi-

tion of such written archives is immense, though the quality may have something to be desired. Shrewd common sense may be an inferior substitute for philosophy, and the faculty which brings remote objects close to the eye of an ordinary observer for the loftier faculty which tinges everyday life with the hues of mystic contemplation. But when the common faculties are present in so abnormal a degree, they begin to have a dignity of their own.

It is impossible in such matters to establish any measure of comparison. No analysis will enable us to say how much pedestrian capacity may be fairly regarded as equivalent to a small capacity for soaring above the solid earth, and therefore the question as to the relative value of Macaulay's work and that of some men of loftier aims and less perfect execution must be left to individual taste. We can only say that it is something so to have written the history of many national heroes as to make their faded glories revive to active life in the memory of their countrymen. So long as Englishmen are what they are—and they don't seem to change as rapidly as might be wished—they will turn to Macaulay's pages to gain a vivid impression of our greatest achievements during an important period.

Nor is this all. The fire which glows in Macaulay's history, the intense patriotic feeling, the love of certain moral qualities, is not altogether of the highest kind. His ideal of national and individual greatness might easily be criticised. But the sentiment, as far as it goes, is altogether sound and manly. He is too fond, it has been said, of incessant moralizing. From a scientific point of view the moralizing is irrelevant. We want to study the causes and the nature of great social movements; and when we are stopped in order to inquire how far the prominent actors in them were hurried beyond ordinary rules, we are transported into a different order of thought. It would be as much to the purpose if we reprov'd an earthquake for upsetting a fort and blamed it for moving the foundations of a church. Macaulay can never understand this point of view. With him, history is nothing more than a sum of biographies. And even from a biographical point of view his moralizing

is often troublesome. He not only insists upon transporting party prejudice into his estimates, and mauls poor James II. as he mauled the Tories in 1832; but he applies obviously inadequate tests. It is absurd to call upon men engaged in a life-and-death wrestle to pay scrupulous attention to the ordinary rules of politeness. There are times when judgments guided by constitutional precedent become ludicrously out of place, and when the best man is he who aims straightest at the heart of his antagonist. But, in spite of such drawbacks, Macaulay's genuine sympathy for manliness and force of character generally enables him to strike pretty nearly the true note. To learn the true secret of Cromwell's character, we must go to Mr. Carlyle, who can sympathize with deep currents of religious enthusiasm. Macaulay retains too much of the old Whig distrust for all that it calls fanaticism fully to recognize the grandeur beneath the grotesque outside of the Puritan. But Macaulay tells us most distinctly why Englishmen warm at the name of the great Protector. We, like the banished cavaliers, "glow with an emotion of national pride" at his animated picture of the unconquerable Ironsides. One phrase may be sufficiently illustrative. After quoting Clarendon's story of the Scotch nobleman who forced Charles to leave the field of Naseby, by seizing his horse's bridle, "no man," says Macaulay, "who had much value for his life, would have tried to perform the same friendly office on that day for Oliver Cromwell."

Macaulay, in short, always feels, and, therefore, communicates, a hearty admiration for sheer manliness. And some of his portraits of great men have therefore a genuine power, and show the deeper insight which comes from true sympathy. He estimates the respectable observer of constitutional proprieties too highly; he is unduly repelled by the external oddities of the truly masculine and noble Johnson; but his enthusiasm for his pet hero, William, or for Chatham or Clive, carries us along with him. And at moments when he is narrating their exploits, and can forget his elaborate argumentations and refrain from bits of deliberate bombast, the style becomes graphic in the higher sense of a much-abused word, and we confess that we are

listening to genuine eloquence. Putting aside for the moment recollection of foibles, almost too obvious to deserve the careful demonstration which they have sometimes received, we are glad to surrender ourselves to the charm of his straightforward, clear-headed, hard-hitting declamation. There is no writer with whom it is easier to find fault, or the limits of whose power may be more distinctly defined; but within his own sphere he goes forward, as he went through life, with a kind of grand confidence in himself and his cause, which is attractive and at times even provocative of sympathetic enthusiasm.

Macaulay said, in his Diary, that he wrote his "History" with an eye to a remote past and a remote future. He meant to erect a monument more enduring than brass, and the ambition at least stimulated him to admirable thoroughness of workmanship. How far his aim was secured must be left to the decision of a posterity, which will not trouble itself about the susceptibilities of candidates for its favor. In one sense, however, Macaulay must be interesting so long as the type which he so fully represents continues to exist. Whig has become an old-fashioned phrase, and is repudiated by modern Liberals and Radicals, who think themselves wiser than their fathers. The decay of the old name implies a remarkable political change; but I doubt whether it implies more than a very superficial change in the national character. New classes and new ideas have come upon the stage; but they have a curious family likeness to the old. The Whiggism, whose peculiarities Macaulay reflected so faithfully, represents some of the most deeply-seated tendencies of the national character. It has, therefore, both its ugly and its honorable side. Its disregard, or rather its hatred, for pure reason, its exaltation of expediency above truth and precedent above principle, its instinctive dread of strong religious or political faiths, are of course questionable qualities. Yet even they have their nobler side. There is something almost sublime about the grand unreasonableness of the average Englishman. His dogged

contempt for all foreigners and philosophers, his intense resolution to have his own way and use his own eyes, to see nothing that does not come within his narrow sphere of vision, and to see it quite clearly before he acts upon it, are of course abhorrent to thinkers of a different order. But they are great qualities in the struggle for existence, which must determine the future of the world. The Englishman, armed in his panoply of self-content, and grasping facts with unequalled tenacity, goes on trampling upon acuter sensibilities, but somehow shouldering his way successfully through the troubles of the universe. Strength may be combined with stupidity, but even then it is not to be trifled with. Macaulay's sympathy with these qualities led to some annoying peculiarities, to a certain brutal insularity, and to a commonness, sometimes a vulgarity of style which is easily criticised. But, at least, we must confess that, to use an epithet which always comes up in speaking of him, he is a thoroughly manly writer. There is nothing silly or finical about him. He sticks to his colors resolutely and honorably. If he flatters his countrymen, it is the unconscious and spontaneous effect of his participation in their weaknesses. He never knowingly calls black white, or panders to an ungenerous sentiment. He is combative to a fault, but his combativeness is allied to a genuine love of fair play. When he hates a man, he calls him knave or fool with unflinching frankness, but he never uses a base weapon. The wounds which he inflicts may hurt, but they do not fester. His patriotism may be narrow, but it implies faith in the really good qualities, the manliness, the spirit of justice, and the strong moral sense of his countrymen. He is proud of the healthy vigorous stock from which he springs, and the fervor of his enthusiasm, though it may shock a delicate taste, has embodied itself in writings which will long continue to be the typical illustration of qualities of which we are all proud at bottom—indeed, be it said in passing, a good deal too proud.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SOME FESTIVITIES IN NATAL.

BY LADY BARKER.

DURBAN, *Jan. 3rd, 1876.*

I MUST certainly begin this letter by setting aside every other topic for the moment and telling you of our grand event, our national celebration, our historical New Year's Day! We have "turned our first sod" of our first inland railway, and, if I am correctly informed, at least a dozen sods more; but you must remember, if you please, that our navvies are Kafirs, and they do *not* understand what Mr. Carlyle calls the beauty and dignity of labor in the least. It is all very well for you conceited dwellers in the Old and New Worlds to laugh at us for making such a fuss about a projected hundred miles of railway,—you whose countries are made into dissected maps by the magic iron lines; but for poor us, who have to drag every pound of sugar and reel of sewing cotton over some sixty miles of vile road between this and Maritzburg, such a line, if it be ever finished, would be a boon and a blessing indeed.

I think I can better make you understand *how* great if I describe my journeys up and down: journeys made, too, under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The first thing which had to be done, some three weeks before the day of our departure, was to pack and send down by wagon a couple of port-manteaus with our smart clothes. I may as well mention here that the cost for transit came to fourteen shillings each way for these light and small packages, and that on each occasion we were separated from our possessions for a fortnight and more. The next step to be taken was to secure places in the daily post-cart, and it required as much mingled firmness and persuasion to do this as though it had reference to a political crisis. But then there were some hundreds of us Maritzburgians all wanting to be taken down to Durban within the space of a few days, and there was nothing to take us except the post cart which occupied six hours on the journey, and an omnibus which took ten hours but afforded more shelter from possible rain and probable sun. Within the two vehicles some twenty people might, at a

push, find places, and at least a hundred wanted to go every day of that last week of the old year. I don't know how the others managed: they must have got down somehow, for there they were in great force when the eventful day had arrived.

This first journey was prosperous, deceitfully prosperous, as though it would fain try to persuade us that after all there was a great deal to be said in favor of a mode of travelling which reminded one of the legends of the glories of the old coaching days. No dust, for there had been heavy rain a day or two before,—a perfect summer's day, hot enough in the sun, but not disagreeably hot, as we bowled along, fast as four horses could go, in the face of a soft, balmy summer breeze. We were packed as tightly as we could fit, two of us on the coach-box, with the mail bags under our feet and the driver's elbows in our ribs. The ordinary light dog-cart which daily runs between Maritzburg and Durban was exchanged for a sort of open brake, strong indeed, but very heavy one would fancy for the poor horses, who had to scamper along, up and down veldt and berg, over bog and spruit, with this lumbering conveyance at their heels. Not for long though: every seven miles, or even less, we pulled up, sometimes at a tidy inn, where a long table would be set in the open verandah laden with eatables (for driving fast through the air sharpens even the sturdy colonial appetite), sometimes at a lonely shanty by the roadside, from whence a couple of Kafir lads emerged, tugging at the bridles of the fresh horses. But I am bound to say that although each of these teams did a stage twice a day, although they were ill-favored and ill-groomed, their harness shabby beyond description, and their general appearance forlorn, they were, one and all, in good condition, and did their work in first-rate style. The wheelers were generally large, gaunt, and most hideous animals, but the leaders often were ponies whom one could imagine under happier circumstances might be handsome little horses

enough, staunch and willing to the last degree. They knew their driver's cheery voice as well as possible, and answered to every cry and shout of encouragement he gave them as we scampered along. Of course each horse had its name, and equally of course "Sir Garnet" was there, in a team with "Lord Gifford" and "Lord Carnarvon" for leaders. Did we come to a steep, steep hill-side, up which any respectable English horse would certainly expect to walk in a leisurely and sober fashion? then our driver shook out his reins, blew a ringing blast on his bugle, and cried,

"Walk along, Lord Gifford: think as you've another Victoria Cross to get top o' this hill! Walk along, Lord Carnarvon: you ain't sitting in a Cab'nit Council *here*, you know! Don't leave Sir Garnet to do all the work. Forward, my lucky lads: creep up it!" And by the time he had shrieked out this and a lot more patter, behold we were at the top of the hill, and a fresh lovely landscape lying smiling in the sunshine below us. It was a beautiful country we passed through, but except for a scattered homestead here and there by the roadside, not a sign of a human dwelling on all its green and fertile slopes. How the railway is to drag itself up and round all these thousand and one spurs running into each other, with no distinct valley or flat between, is best known to the engineers and surveyors who have declared it practicable. To the non-professional eye it seems not only difficult, but impossible. But oh, how it is wanted! All along the road shrill bugle blasts warned the slow trailing ox-waggons, with their naked "fore-looper" at their head, to creep aside out of our way. I counted 120 waggons that day on fifty miles of road. Now if one considers that each of these waggons is drawn by a span of some thirty or forty oxen, one has some faint idea of how such a method of transport must waste and use up the material of the country. Something like ten thousand oxen toil over this one road summer and winter, and what wonder is it, not only that merchandise costs more to fetch up from Durban to Maritzburg than it does to bring out from England, but that beef is dear and bad? As transport pays better than farming, we hear on all sides of farms

thrown out of cultivation, and, as a necessary consequence, milk, butter, and so forth, are scarce and poor; and in the neighborhood of Maritzburg, at least, it is esteemed a favor to let you have either at exorbitant prices and of most inferior quality. When one looks round at these countless acres of splendid grazing land, making a sort of natural park on either hand, it seems like a bad dream to know that we have constantly to use preserved milk and potted meat, as being cheaper and easier to procure than fresh.

No one was in any mood, however, to discuss political economy or any other economy that beautiful day, and we laughed and chatted and ate a great many luncheons, chiefly of tea and peaches, all the way along. Our driver enlivened the route by pointing out various spots where frightful accidents had occurred to the post-cart on former occasions. "You see that big stone? Well it wor just there that Langalibalele and Colenso they takes the bits in their teeth, those 'osses do, and they sets off their own pace and their own way. Jim Stanway he puts his brake hard down and his foot upon the reins, but lord love you, them beasts would 'a pulled his arms and legs both off before they would give in. So they runs poor Jim's near wheel right up agin that bank, and upsets the whole concern, as neat as needs be, over agin that bit o' bog. Anybody hurt? Well yes. They was all what you might call shook. Mr. Bell he had his arm broken, and a foreign chap from the di'mond fields he gets killed outright, and Jim himself had his head cut open. It was a bad business, you bet, and rough upon Jim, *ja!*"

All the driver's conversation is interlarded with "*ja*," but he never says a worse word than that, and he drinks nothing but tea; as for a pipe or cigar, even when it is offered to him he screws up his queer face into a droll grimace, and says, "No: thanks. I want all my nerves, I do, on this bit o' road. Walk along, Lady Barker; I'm ashamed of you, I am, hanging your head like that at a bit of a hill." It was rather startling to hear this apostrophe all of a sudden, but as my namesake was a very hard-working little brown mare, I could only laugh and declare myself much flattered.

Here we are at last amid the tropical vegetation, which makes a green and tangled girdle around Durban for a dozen miles inland. Yonder is the white and foaming line of breakers which marks where the strong current, sweeping all down the east coast, brings along with it all the sand and silt it can collect, especially from the mouth of the Kingui River close by, and so forms the dreaded bar, which divides the outer from the inner harbor. Beyond this crisp and sparkling line of heaving, tossing snow, stretches the deep indigo blue of the Indian Ocean; whilst over all wonderful sunset tints of opal and flame color are hovering, and changing with the changing wind-driven clouds. Beneath our wheels are many inches of thick white sand, but the streets are gay and busy with picturesque coolies in their bright cotton draperies, and swiftly passing Cape carts and vehicles of all sorts. We are in Durban indeed,—Durban in unwonted holiday dress, and on the tippest tip-toe of expectation and excitement. A Cape cart, with a Chinese coolie driver and four horses, apparently put in and harnessed together for the first time, was waiting for us and our luggage at the post office. We got into it, and straightway began to plunge through the sandy streets; once more turned off the high road, and beginning almost immediately to climb with pain and difficulty the red sandy slopes of the "Berea," a beautiful wooded upland dotted with villas. The road is terrible for man and beast, and we had to stop every few yards to breathe the horses. At last our destination was reached through fields of sugar-cane and plantations of coffee, past luxuriant fruit-trees, rustling broad-leaved bananas, and encroaching greenery of all sorts, to a clearing where a really handsome house stands with hospitable wide-open doors awaiting us. Yes, a good big bath first, then a cup of tea, and now we are ready for a saunter in the twilight on the wide level terrace (called by the ugly old Dutch name "stoup") which runs round three sides of the house. How green and fragrant and still it all is! Straightway the glare of the long sunny day, the rattle and jolting of the post-cart, the toil through the sand, all slip away from mind and

memory, and the tranquil delicious present, with "its odors of rest and of love," slips in to soothe and balm our jaded senses. Certainly it is hotter than in Maritzburg. *That* assertion we are prepared to die in defence of; but we acknowledge the heat at this hour is not oppressive, and the tropical luxuriance of leaf and flower all around is worth a few extra degrees of temperature. Of course our talk is of to-morrow, and we look anxiously at the purpling clouds to the west.

"A fine day?" says our host; "and so it ought to be, with 5,000 people come from far and wide to see the sight. Why that is more than a quarter of the entire white population of Natal!"

Bed and sleep become very attractive suggestions, though made indecently soon after dinner, and it was somewhere about ten o'clock when they were carried out; and, like Lord Houghton's famous fair little girl, we "knew nothing more till again it was day."

A fine day, too, is this New Year's Day of 1876,—a glorious day: sunny, of course, but with a delicious breeze stealing among the flowers and shrubs in capricious puffs, and snatching a differing scent from each cluster of blossom it visited. By midday F— has got himself into his gold-laced coat, and has lined the inside of his cocked hat with plantain leaves. He has also groaned much at the idea of substituting this futile headgear for his hideous but convenient pith helmet. I, too, have donned my best gown, and am horrified to find how much a smart bonnet (the first time I have needed to wear one since I left England) sets off and brings out the shades of tan in a sun-browned face, and for a moment I too entertain the idea of retreating to the protecting depths of my old shady hat. But a strong conviction of the duty one owes to a "first sod," and the consoling reflection that after all everybody will be equally brown (a fallacy, by the way—the Durban beauties looked very blanched by this hot summer weather) supported me, and I followed F— and his cocked hat into the waiting carriage.

No need to say where we are to go; all roads lead to the first sod to-day. We are just a moment late. F— has to get out of the carriage, and plunge in-

to the sand, madly rushing off to find and fall into his place in the procession, and we turn off to secure our seats on the grand stand. But before we take them, I must go and look at the wheelbarrow and spade, and above all, at the first sod. For some weeks past it has been a favorite chaff with us Maritzburgians to offer to bring a fresh lively young sod down with us, but we were indignantly assured that Durban could furnish one. Here it is: exactly under the triumphal arch! looking very faded and depressed, with a little sun-burned grass growing feebly on it—but still a genuine sod, and no mistake. The wheelbarrow was really beautiful, made of native woods, with their astounding names. All three specimens of the hardest and handsomest yellow woods were there, and they were described to me as "stink wood, breeze wood, and sneeze wood." The rich yellow of the wood is veined by handsome dark streaks, with "1876" inlaid in large black figures in the centre. The spade was just a common spade, and could not by any possibility be called anything else. But there is no time to linger and laugh any longer beneath all these fluttering streamers and waving boughs, for here are the Natal Carbineers, a plucky little handful of light horse, clad in blue and silver, who have marched at their own charges all the way down from Maritzburg, to help keep the ground this fine New Year's Day. Next come the strong body of Kafir police, trudging along through the dust, with their odd shuffling gait, bended knees, bare legs, bodies leaning forward, and keeping step and time by means of a queer sort of barbaric hum or grunt. Policemen are no more necessary than my best bonnet. They are only there on the same grounds,—for the honor and glory of the thing. The crowd is kept in order by somebody here and there with a be-ribboned wand, for it is the most orderly and respectable crowd you ever saw. In fact such a crowd would be an impossibility in England, or any higher civilized country. There were no dodging vagrants, no slatternly women, no squalid, starving babies. In fact our civilization has not yet mounted to effervescence, so we have no dregs. Every white person on the ground was well clad, well fed, and apparently well

to do. The "lower orders" were represented by a bright fringe of Coolies and Kafirs, sleek, grinning, and as fat as ortolans, especially the babies. Most of the Kafirs were dressed in snowy-white knickerbockers, and shirts bordered by a band of gay color, and with a fillet of scarlet ribbon tied tightly round their heads; whilst the Coolies shone out like a shifting bed of tulips, so bright were the women's "chuddahs" and the men's jackets. All looked smiling, healthy, and happy, and the public enthusiasm and good humor rose to its height when, to the sound of a vigorous band (it is early yet in the day, remember) of flute and trombone, a perfect liliputian mob of toddling children came on the ground. These little people were all in their cleanest white frocks and prettiest hats. They clung to each other, and to their garlands and staves of flowers, until the tangled mob reminded one of a May-day fête; not that any English May-day of my acquaintance could produce such a lavish profusion of roses and buds and blossoms of every hue and tint, to say nothing of sun and sky. The children's corner was literally like a garden, and nothing could be prettier than the effect of their little voices striking up through the summer air, as, obedient to a lifted wand, they burst into the chorus of the National Anthem when the Governor and Mayor drove up. Cheers from white throats, gruff, loud shouts all together of "Bayete!" (the royal salute) and "Inkos" (chieftain) from black throats, yells expressive of excitement and general good fellowship from throats of all colors; then a moment's solemn pause, a hushed silence, bared heads, and the loud clear tones of a very old pastor in the land are heard imploring the blessing of Almighty God on this our undertaking. Again the sweet childish trebles rose into the sunshine in a chanted Amen; and then there were salutes from cannon and *feu-de-joie's* from carbines, and more shoutings, and all the cocked hats were to be seen bowing; and then one more tremendous burst of cheering told that the sod was cut and turned and trundled, and finally pitched out of the new barrow back again upon the dusty soil, all in the most artistic and satisfactory fashion.

"There are the Kafir navvies: they

are *really* going to work now!"—this latter with great surprise, for a Kafir *really* working, now or ever, would indeed have been the raree-show of the day. But this natural phenomenon was left to develop itself in solitude, for the crowd began to reassemble into processions, and to generally find its way back under shelter from sun and dust. The 500 children were heralded and marched off to the tune of one of their own pretty hymns, to where unlimited buns and tea awaited them; and we elders betook ourselves to the grateful shade and coolness of the flower-decked new Market Hall, open to-day for the first time, and turned by flags and ferns and lavish wealth of what would in England be costliest hothouse flowers, into a charming banqueting hall. All these exquisite ferns and blossoms cost far less than the string and nails which fastened them against the walls, and their fresh fragrance and greenery struck gratefully on our sun-baked eyes, as we found our way into the big room. Nothing could be more creditable to a young colony than the way everything was arranged, for the difficulties in one's culinary path in Natal are hardly to be appreciated by English housekeepers. At one time there threatened to be almost a famine in Durban, for besides the pressure of all these extra mouths of visitors to feed, there was this enormous luncheon, with some 500 hungry people to be provided for. It seems so strange, that with every facility for rearing poultry all around, it should be scarce and dear, and when brought to market, as thin as possible. The same may be said of vegetables: they need no culture beyond being put into the ground, and yet unless you have a garden of your own, it is very difficult to get anything like a proper supply. I heard nothing but wails from distracted housekeepers about the price and scarcity of food that week. However the luncheon showed no sign of scarcity, and I was much amazed at the substantial and homely character of the *menu*, which included cold baked sucking-pig among its delicacies. A favorite specimen of the confectioner's art that day consisted of a sort of solid brick of plum-pudding, with for legend "The First Sod," tastefully picked out in white almonds on its dark surface. But it was a capital luncheon, and so soon as the

Mayor had succeeded in impressing on the band that they were not expected to play all the time the speeches were being made, everything went on very well. Some of the speeches were short, but oh, far, far too many were long—terribly long, and the whole affair was not over before five o'clock! The only real want of the entertainment was ice. It seems so hard not to have it in a climate which can produce such burning days, for those tiresome cheap little ice-machines with crystals are of no use whatever. I got one which made ice (under pressure of much turning) in the shop, but it has never made any here, and my experience is that of everybody else's. Why there should not be an ice-making, or an ice-importing company, no one knows, except that there is so little energy or enterprise here, and that everything is dawdly and uncomfortable because it seems too much trouble to take pains to supply wants. It is the same everywhere throughout the colony. Sandy roads, with plenty of excellent materials for hardening them close by; no fish to be bought, because no one will take the trouble of going out to catch them. But I had better stop scribbling, for I am evidently getting cross and tired after my long day of unwonted festivity. It is partly the oppression of my smart bonnet, and partly the length of the speeches, which has wearied me out so thoroughly.

MARITZBURG, Jan. 6th.

Nothing could afford a greater contrast than our return journey. It was the other extreme of discomfort and misery, and must surely have been sent to make us appreciate and long for the completion of this very railway. We waited a day beyond that fixed for our return, in order to give the effects of a most terrific thunder-storm time to pass away; but it was succeeded by a perfect deluge of rain. Rain is not supposed to last long at this season of the year, but all I can say is, that this rain did last. When the third day came and brought no sign of clearing up with it, and very little dawn to speak of, we agreed to delay no longer, besides which our places in the post-cart could not be again exchanged as had previously been done, for the stream of returning visitors was setting strongly towards Maritzburg, and

we might be detained for a week longer if we did not go at once. Accordingly we presented ourselves at the Durban Post-office a few minutes before noon, and took our places in the post-cart. My seat was on the box, and as I flattered myself that I was well wrapped up I did not feel at all alarmed at the prospect of a cold, wet drive. Who would believe that twenty-four hours ago one could hardly endure a white muslin dressing-gown? Who would believe that twenty-four hours ago a lace shawl was an oppressive wrap, and that the serious object of my envy and admiration, all these hot days on the Berea, has been a fat Abyssinian baby, as black as a coal, and the strongest and biggest child of six months old I ever saw? That sleek and grinning infant's toilette consisted of a string of blue beads round its neck, and in this cool and airy costume it used to pervade the house, walking about on all fours exactly like a monkey, for of course it could not stand. Yes: how cold that baby must be to-day; but if it is, its mother has probably tied it behind her in an old shawl, and it is nestling close to her fat broad back, fast asleep.

But the baby is certainly a most unwarrantable digression, and we must return to our post-cart. The discouraging part of it was that the vehicle itself had been out in all the storm and rain of yesterday. Of course no one had dreamed of washing or wiping it out in any fashion, so we had to sit upon wet cushions and put our feet into a pool of red mud and water. Now, if I must confess the truth, I, an old traveller, had done a very stupid thing. I had been lured by the deceitful beauty of the weather when we started into leaving behind me everything except the thinnest and coolest garments I possessed, and therefore had to set out on this journey, in the teeth of a cold wind and driving rain, clad in a white gown! It is true I had my beloved and most useful Ulster, but it was a light waterproof one, and just about half enough in the way of warmth. Still as I had another wrap, a big Scotch plaid, I should have got on very well if it had not been for the still greater stupidity of the only other female fellow-passenger, who calmly took her place in the open post-cart, behind me, in a brown holland gown,

without a scarf, or wrap, or anything whatever to shelter her from the weather, except a white calico sunshade! She was a French woman, too, and looked so piteous and forlorn in her neat toilette, already drenched through, that of course I could do nothing less than lend her my Scotch shawl, and trust to the driver's friendly promises of corn bags at some future stage. By the time the bags came, or rather by the time we got to the bags, I was indeed wet and cold. The Ulster did its best, and all that could be expected of it, but no garment manufactured in a London shop could possibly cope with such wild weather,—tropical in the vehemence of its pouring rain, wintry in its cutting blasts. The wind seemed to blow from every quarter of the heavens at once; the rain came down in sheets; but I minded the mud more than either wind or rain,—it was more demoralizing. On the box seat I got my full share and more, but yet I was better off there than inside, where twelve people were squeezed into the places of eight. The horses' feet got balled with the stiff red clay exactly as though it had been snow, and from time to time as they galloped along, six fresh ones at every stage, I received a good lump of clay, as big and nearly as solid as a croquet ball, full in my face. It was bitterly cold, and the night was closing in when we drove up to the door of the best hotel in Maritzburg at long past eight instead of six o'clock. It was impossible to get out to our own place that night, so there was nothing for it but to stop where we were, and get what food and rest could be coaxed out of an indifferent bill of fare and a bed of stony hardness, to say nothing of the bites of numerous mosquitoes. The morning light revealed the melancholy state of my white gown in its full horror: all the rivers of Natal will never make you white again, I fear? Certainly there is much to be said in favor of railway travelling after all, especially in wet weather!

Jan. 10th.—Surely I have been doing something else lately besides turning this first sod? Well, not much. You see no one can undertake anything in the way of expeditions or excursions, or even sight-seeing, in summer, partly on account of the heat and partly because of

the thunder-storms. We have had a few very severe ones, but we hail them with joy on account of the cool, clear air which succeeds a display of electrical vehemence. We walked home from church a few evenings ago on a very wild and threatening night, and I never shall forget the weird beauty of the scene. We had started to go to church about six o'clock. The walk was only two miles, and the afternoon was calm and cloudless. The day had been oppressively hot, but there were no immediate signs of a storm. Whilst we were in church, however, a fresh breeze sprang up, and drove the clouds rapidly before it. The constant glare of the lightning made every corner of the church as light as day, and the crash of the thunder shook its wooden roof over our heads. But there was no rain yet, and when we came out,—in fear and trembling, I acknowledge, as to how we were to get home—we could see that the violence of the storm had either passed over, or not reached yet, the valley in which Maritzburg nestles, and was expending itself somewhere else. So I decided that we might venture. As for vehicles to be hired in the streets, there are no such things, and by the time we could have persuaded one to turn out for us,—a very doubtful contingency, and only to be procured to the tune of a sovereign or so,—all the fury of the storm would probably be upon us. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to walk, and to set out as soon as possible to climb our very steep hill. Instead of the soft, balmy twilight on which we had counted, the sky was of an inky, dense blackness, but for all that we had light enough and to spare. I never saw such lightning! The flashes came literally every second, and lit up the whole heavens and earth with a blinding glare far brighter than any sunshine. So great was the contrast, and so much more intense the dark after each flash of dazzling light, that we could only venture to walk on *during* the flashes, though one's instinct was rather to stand still, awe-stricken and mute. The thunder growled and crackled incessantly, but far away towards the Inchanga valley. If the wind had shifted ever so little and brought the storm back again, our plight would have been poor indeed, and with

this dread upon us we trudged bravely on and breasted the open hill-side with what haste and courage we could. During the rare momentary intervals of darkness we could perceive that the whole place was ablaze with fire-flies. Every blade of grass held a tiny sparkle of its own, but when the lightning shone out with its yellow and violet glare, the ruddy light of the poor little shining flies seemed to be quite extinguished. As for the frogs, the clamorous noise they kept up sounded absolutely deafening, and so did the shrill incessant cry of the cicalas.

We reached home safely, and before the rain too, but found all our servants in the verandah, in the last stage of dismay and uncertainty what to do for the best. They had collected waterproofs, umbrellas, and lanterns, but as it was not actually raining yet, and we certainly did not require light on our path,—for they said that every flash showed them our climbing, trudging figures as plainly as possible,—it was difficult to know what to do, especially as the Kafirs have, very naturally, an intense horror and dislike to going out in a storm. This storm was not really overhead, and scarcely deserves mention, but it was the precursor of a severe one of which our valley got the full benefit. It was quite curious to see the dozens of dead butterflies on the garden paths after that second storm. Their beautiful plumage was not dimmed or scorched nor their wings broken. They would have been in perfect order for a collection, yet they were quite dead and stiff. The natives say it is the lightning which kills them thus.

My own private dread—to return to that walk home for a moment—was of stepping on a snake, as there are a great many about, and one especial variety, a small poisonous, brown adder, is of so torpid and lazy a nature that it will not slide out of your way as the other snakes do, but lets you tread on it and then bites you. It is very marvellous, considering how many snakes there are, that one hears of so few bad accidents. G— is always poking about in likely places for them, as his supreme ambition is to see one. I fully expect a catastrophe some day, and keep stores of ammonia and brandy handy. Never was such a fearless little monkey! He is always scampering about on his new Basuto

pony, and of course tumbles off now and then, but he does not mind it in the least. When he is not trying to break his neck in this fashion he is down by himself at the river fishing, or climbing trees, or down a well which is being dug here, or in some piece of mischief or other. The sun and the fruit are my *bêtes noires*, but neither seem to hurt him, though I don't really believe that any other child in the world has ever eaten so many apricots at one time as he has been doing lately. This temptation has just been removed however, for during our absence at Durban every fruit tree has been stripped to the bark; every peach and plum, every apricot and apple clean gone. Of course no one has done it, but it is very provoking all the same, for it used to be so nice to take the baby out very early and pick up the fallen apricots for breakfast. The peaches were nearly all pale and rather tasteless, but the apricots were large in size, excellent in flavor, and in extraordinary abundance. There was also a large and promising crop of apples, but they have all been taken in their unripe state, probably by Coolies, for as a rule the Kafirs here are scrupulously honest, and we left plate and jewelry in the house whilst we were away, under "Charlie's" care, without the least risk. Such things they never touch, but fruit and mealies they cannot be brought to regard as personal property, and gather the former and waste the latter without scruple. It is a great objection to the imported Coolies, who make very clever and capital servants, that they have an inveterate habit of pilfering, and are hopelessly dishonest about trifles. For this reason they are sure to get on badly with Kafir fellow-servants, who are generally quite above any temptations of that kind.

Jan. 14th.—A few days ago we took G— to see the annual swimming sports in the small river which runs through the park. It was a beautiful afternoon, for a wonder, with no lowering thunder-clouds over the hills, so the banks of the river were thronged, for half a mile and more, with spectators. It made a very pretty picture,—the large willow trees drooping into the water on either shore, the gay concourse of people, the bright patch of color made by the red coats of

the band of the regiment stationed across the stream, the tents for the competitors to change in, etc., and the dark wondering faces of Kafir and Coolie, who cannot comprehend *why* white people should take so much trouble, and run so much risk, to amuse themselves. We certainly must appear to them to possess a reckless demon of energy, both in our work and our play, and never more so than on this hot afternoon, when, amid much shouting and laughing, the various water-races came off.

The steeplechase amused us a great deal where the competitors had to swim over and under various barriers across the river; and so did the race for very little boys, which was a full and excellent one. The monkeys took to the water as naturally as fishes, and evidently enjoyed the fun more than any one. Indeed, the difficulty was to get them out of the water and into the tents to change their swimming costume, after the race was over. But the most interesting event was one meant to teach volunteers how to swim rivers in case of field service, and the palm lay between the Natal Carbineers and a very smart body of mounted police. At a given signal they all plunged on horseback into the muddy water, and from a difficult part of the bank, and swam, fully accoutred and carrying their carbines, across the river. It was very interesting to watch how clever the horses were; how some of their riders slipped off their backs the moment they had fairly entered the stream, and swam side by side with their steeds, until the opposite bank was reached, and then how the horses paused to allow their dripping masters to mount again,—no easy task in heavy boots, saturated clothes, and with a carbine in your left hand, which had to be kept dry at all risks and hazards. When I asked little G— which part he liked best, he answered without hesitation, "the *assidents*" (Anglicé, accidents); and I am not sure that he was not right, for no one was hurt. The crowd mightily enjoyed seeing some stalwart citizen in his best clothes suddenly topple from his place of vantage on the deceitfully secure-looking but rotten branch of a tree, and take an involuntary bath in his own despite. When that citizen further chanced to be clad in a suit of bright-

colored velveteen, the effect was much enhanced. It was my private opinion that G— was longing to distinguish himself in a similar fashion, for I constantly saw him "lying out" on most frail branches, but try as he might he could not accomplish a tumble.

Jan. 17th.—I have had an opportunity lately of attending a Kafir *lit de justice*, and I can only say that if we civilized people managed our legal difficulties in the same way it would be an uncommonly good thing for everybody, except the lawyers. Cows are at the bottom of nearly all the native disputes, and the Kafirs always take their grievance soberly to the nearest magistrate, who arbitrates to the best of his ability between the disputants. They are generally satisfied with his award, but if the case is an intricate one, or they consider that the question is not really solved, then they have the right of appeal, and it is this Court of Appeal which I have been attending lately. It is held in the newly-built office of the Minister for Native Affairs,—the prettiest and most respectable-looking public office which I have seen in Maritzburg, by the way. Before the erection of this modest but comfortable building, the court used to be held in the open air, under the shade of some large trees; a more picturesque method of doing business, certainly, but subject to inconveniences on account of the weather. It is altogether the most primitive and patriarchal style of business one ever saw, but all the more delightful on that account.

It is inexpressibly touching to see with one's own eyes the wonderful deep personal devotion and affection of the Kafirs for the kindly English gentleman who for thirty years and more has been their real ruler, and their wise and judicious friend; not a friend to pamper their vices and give way to their great fault of idleness, but a true friend to protect their interests, and yet to labor incessantly for their social advancement, and for their admission into the great field of civilized workers. The Kafirs know little, and care less, for all the imposing and elaborate machinery of British rule. The Queen on her throne is but a distant woman to them. Sir Garnet himself, that great Inkosi, was as

nobody in their eyes compared to their own Chieftain, their king of hearts, the one white man to whom of their own free will and accord they give the royal salute whenever they see him. I have stood in magnificent halls, and seen King and Kaiser pass through crowds of bowing courtiers, but I never saw anything which impressed me so strongly as the simultaneous springing to the feet, the loud shout of "Bayete!" given with the right hand upraised (a higher form of salutation than "Inkosi," and only accorded to Kafir royalty), the look of love and rapture and satisfied expectation in all those keen black faces, as the Minister, quite unattended, without pomp or circumstance of any sort or kind, quietly walked into the large room, and sat himself down at his desk, with some papers before him. There was no clerk, no official of any sort; no one standing between the people and the fountain of justice. The extraordinary simplicity of the trial which commenced at once, was only to be equalled by the decorum and dignity with which it was conducted. First of all everybody sat down upon the floor, the plaintiff and defendant amicably side by side opposite to the Minister's desk, and the other natives, about a hundred in number, squatted in various groups. Then, as there was evidently a slight feeling of surprise at my sitting myself down in the only other chair (they probably considered me a new-fashioned clerk), the Minister explained that I was the wife of another Inkosi, and that I wanted to see and hear how Kafir men stated their case when anything went wrong with their affairs. This explanation was perfectly satisfactory to all parties, and they regarded me no more, but immediately set to work on the subject in hand. A sort of *précis* of each case had been previously prepared from the magistrate's report for Mr. S—'s information by his clerk, and these documents greatly helped me to understand what was going on. No language can be more beautiful to listen to than either the Kafir or Zulu tongue. It is soft and liquid as Italian, with just the same genile accentuation on the penultimate and ante-penultimate syllables, and the clicks which are made with the tongue every now and then are part of

the language, and give it a very quaint sound, and the names are excessively harmonious.

In the first case which was taken, the plaintiff, as I said before, was not quite satisfied with the decision of his own local magistrate, and had therefore come here to re-state his case. The story was slightly complicated by the plaintiff having two distinct names by which he had been known at different times of his life; one, "Tevula," he averred, was the name of his boyhood, and the other, "Mazumba," the name of his manhood. The natives have an unconquerable aversion to giving their real names, and will offer half-a-dozen different aliases, making it very difficult to trace them if they are "wanted," and still more difficult to get at the rights of any story they may have to tell. However, if they are ever frank and open to anybody, it is to their own Minister, who speaks their language as well as they do themselves, and who fully understands their mode of reasoning and habit of mind.

Tevula told his story extremely well, I must say; quietly, but earnestly, and with the most perfectly respectful, though manly bearing. He sometimes used graceful and natural gesticulation, but not a bit more than was needed to give emphasis to his oratory. He was a strongly-built, tall man, about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a soldier's greatcoat (for it was a damp, drizzling day), bare legs and feet, and with nothing on his head except the curious ring into which the men weave their hair. So soon as a youth is considered old enough to assume the duties and responsibilities of manhood, he begins to weave his short crisp hair over a ring of grass, which exactly fits the head, keeping the woolly hair in its place by means of wax. In time the hair grows perfectly smooth and shining and regular over this foundation, and the effect is as though it were a ring of jet or polished ebony worn round the brows. Different tribes slightly vary the size and form of the ring, and in this case it was easy to see that the defendant belonged to another tribe, for his ring was half the size, and worn at the summit of a cone of combed back-hair which was as thick and close as a cap, and indeed looked very like a grizzled fez. Anybody in court may ask any

questions they please, and in fact what we should call cross-examine a witness, but they did not do so whilst I was present. Every one listened attentively, giving a grunt of interest whenever Tevula made a point, and this manifestation of sympathy always seemed to gratify him immensely. But it was plain that whatever might be the decision of the Minister, who listened closely to every word, asking now and then a short question, which evidently hit some logical nail right on the head, they would abide by it, and be satisfied that it was the fairest and most equitable solution of the subject. Here is a *résumé* of the first case, and it is a fair sample of the intricacies attending Kafir lawsuits.

Our friend Tevula possessed an aged relative, a certain aunt called Mamusa, who at the present time appears to be in her dotage, and consequently her evidence is of very little value. But once upon a time, long, long ago, Mamusa was young and generous. Mamusa had cows, and she gave or lent—there was the difficulty—a couple of heifers to the defendant, whose name I cannot possibly spell, on account of the clicks. Nobody denied that of her own free-will these heifers had been bestowed by Mamusa on the withered-looking little old man squatting opposite, but the question is, were they a loan or a gift? For many years nothing was done about these heifers, but one fine day Tevula gets wind of the story, is immediately seized with a fit of affection for his aged relative, and takes her to live in his kraal, proclaiming himself her protector and heir. So far, so good. All this was in accordance with Kafir custom, and the narration of this part of the story was received with grunts of asseveration and approval by the audience. Indeed, Kafirs are as a rule to be depended upon, and their minds, though full of odd prejudices and quirks, have a natural bias towards truth. Two or three years ago Tevula began by claiming, as heir at law, though the old woman still lives, twenty cows from the defendant, as the increase of these heifers. Now he demands between thirty and forty. When asked why he only claimed twenty, as nobody denies that the produce of the heifers has increased to double that number, he says naively, but without hesitation, that there is a fee

to be paid of a shilling a head on such a claim if established, and that he only had twenty shillings in the world, so, as he remarked with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "What was the use of my claiming more cows than I had money to pay the fee for?" But times have improved with Tevula since then, and he is now in a position to claim the poor defendant's whole herd, though he generously says he will not insist on his refunding those cows which do not resemble the original heifers, and are not, as they were, dun and red-and-white. This sounded magnanimous, and met with great applause until the blear-eyed old defendant remarked hopelessly, "They are all of that color," which changed the sympathies of the audience once more. Tevula saw this at a glance, and hastened to improve his position by narrating an anecdote. No words of mine could reproduce the dramatic talent that man displayed in his narration. I did not understand a syllable of his language, and yet I could gather from his gestures, his intonation, and above all from the expression of his hearers' faces, the sort of story he was telling them. After he had finished Mr. S— turned to me and briefly translated the episode with which Tevula had sought to rivet the attention and sympathies of the court. Tevula's tale, much condensed, was this:— Years ago, when his attention had first been directed to the matter, he went with the defendant out on the veldt to look at the herd. No sooner did the cattle see them approaching than a beautiful little dun-colored heifer, the exact counterpart of her grandmother, Mamusa's cow, left the others and ran up to him, Tevula, lowing and rubbing her head against his shoulders, and following him all about like a dog. In vain did her reputed owner strive to drive her away: she persisted in following Tevula all the way back to his kraal, right up to the entrance of his hut. "I was her master, and the 'inkomokazi' knew it," cried Tevula, triumphantly, looking round at the defendant with a knowing nod, as much as to say, "Beat that, if you can!" Not knowing what answer to make, the defendant took his snuff-box out of his left ear and solaced himself by three or four huge pinches. I started the hypothesis that Mamusa

might have had a *tendresse* for the old gentleman, and might have bestowed these cows upon him as a love-gift, but this idea was scouted even by the defendant, who said gravely, "Kafir women don't buy lovers or husbands: we buy the wife we want." A Kafir girl is exceedingly proud of being bought, and the more she costs the prouder she is. She pities English women whose bridegrooms expect to receive instead of giving money, and considers a dowry as a most humiliating arrangement.

I wish I could tell you how Mamusa's cows have finally been disposed of, but although it has occupied three days, the case is by no means over yet. I envy and admire Mr. S—'s untiring patience and unfailing good temper; but it is just these qualities which make his Kafir subjects (for they really consider him as their ruler) so certain that their affairs will not be neglected nor their interests suffer in his hands.

Whilst I was listening to Tevula's oratory my eyes and my mind sometimes wandered to the eager and silent audience, and I amused myself by studying their strange head-dresses. In most instances the men wore their hair in these waxen rings to which I have alluded, but there were several young men present who indulged in purely fancy head-dresses. One stalwart youth had got hold of the round cardboard lid of a collar box, to which he had affixed two bits of string, and had tied it firmly but jauntily on one side of his head. Another lad had invented a most extraordinary decoration for his wool-covered pate, and one which it is exceedingly difficult to describe in delicate language. He had procured the intestines of some small animal,—a lamb or a kid,—had cleaned them, and tied them tightly at intervals of an inch or two with string. This series of small, clear bladders he had then inflated, and arranged them in a sort of bouquet on the top of his head, skewering tufts of his crisp hair between, so that the effect resembled a bunch of bubbles, if there could be such a thing. Another very favorite adornment for the head consisted of a strip of gay cloth or ribbon, or even a few bright threads, bound tightly like a fillet across the brows, and confining a tuft of feathers over one ear. But I suspect all these

fanciful arrangements were only worn by the gilded youth of a lower class, because I noticed that the chieftains and "indunas," or head men of the villages, never had recourse to such frivolities. They wore indeed numerous slender rings of

brass or silver wire on their straight, shapely legs, and also necklaces of lions' or tigers' claws and teeth round their throats, but these were trophies of the chase as well as personal ornaments.—*Evening Hours.*

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BONIVARD, 'THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.'

OF the thousands of tourists who every summer pass through Geneva, how many bring away any other recollection of it than that of a semicircle of sumptuous hotels, pensions, cafés, and shops fringing the end of a smiling lake, with the 'blue and arrowy Rhone' rushing through it, and flanked on the one side by the forest-clad Jura, on the other by the long ridges of the Salève and the Voirons, with the distant mass of Mont Blanc shining between the two last-named mountains? And yet those who, either from choice or from necessity, have sojourned there for a while know that behind the busy quays and the Rue du Rhône, and all the turmoil of arriving and departing tourists, there rises a mediæval city, with its tortuous lanes, its lofty houses and high-pitched gables; its recollections of old ecclesiastical days, when a Prince-Bishop endeavored—not always successfully—to control a wild democracy; its Rue de l'Enfer, leading through the Rue du Purgatoire into the Rue de Paradis; its Rue des Chanoines, where Calvin lived after the canons had shaken the dust off their feet as they quitted the rebellious city; its streets, many of them far too steep for any vehicle to ascend: all leading up to the Vatican of Protestantism, the historic St. Pierre, more impressive in its stern simplicity than if it glowed with all the glory of the ancient worship.

Geneva, indeed, boasts a history such as few European cities can rival. And in our modern days, when the old idea of the city as an independent State is being forgotten, it may be instructive to look back upon the incessant struggles for liberty, now against the Bishop, now against the Pope, now against the Duke of Savoy, now against the French invaders, and almost in our own day against an intestine oligarchy, which have been witnessed on this narrow yet not ignoble

stage. The following sketch is intended simply as an attempt to interest English readers and travellers in something more than the outward beauties of Geneva.

It is curious that a man who played a really prominent part in the history of his time should owe his celebrity in modern times to a poem based on an incident in his life to which in his autobiography he scarcely alludes, and written in apparently entire ignorance of his history. Yet so it is. Byron wrote the 'Prisoner of Chillon' when confined to his inn by wet weather, after a visit to the famous dungeon, when he was aware only of the fact—which is all that most people know now—that Bonivard was chained to a pillar for four years by order of the Duke of Savoy. On this modest foundation of historical fact the poet raised the superstructure of his 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith,
I suffer'd chains and courted death:
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for that same his lineal race
In darkness found a hiding-place.

To represent Francis Bonivard as an hereditary Protestant, as suffering imprisonment rather than betray the faith for which his father suffered martyrdom, is as grotesque a perversion of the truth as could well be imagined. He was, in fact, himself a signal instance of the abuses of the Church which produced the Reformation; and though in his later years he acquiesced in the changes which had come about, yet it was not till after the hope of his gains was gone, and even to the last he seems to have been as lax in his religious observances under Calvin as he probably had been under the Pope; he was, in fact, a man of the world, accommodating himself as

well as he could to the religion which happened to be uppermost, 'Parcus cultor et infrequens,' whether the cult was Catholic or Protestant, in his heart preferring the old *régime*, because under it he had a rich priory, and could do as he liked, whereas under the new he was dependent on the generosity of the Council at Geneva, and was, moreover, liable to have his domestic arrangements made the subject of inconvenient investigation;* clear-sighted enough to see which way the world was going, and with enough of nobility of nature to take the side of the many against the few, but not made of the stuff from which martyrs are produced. And, further, the two brothers whom Byron makes the sharers of his dungeon, and whose lingering death he watches in helpless agony, are an entire invention. It is a pity that Byron should have written with so little knowledge of his subject, for there was in the life of Bonivard plenty of material for a poem.

Francis Bonivard was born in or about the year 1497, at Seyssel, then apparently, as now, forming part of the Genevese territory.† At the end of the fifteenth century Geneva possessed the advantages, and was exposed to the dangers, of an independent state surrounded by more powerful neighbors. For many years the Emperor had acknowledged its independence under the sovereignty of its elective Bishop; but the Pope was continually intriguing to secure the nomination of the Bishop, and the Bishop to transfer the supreme authority from the people to himself. But the Republic had a more formidable enemy than Emperor, or Pope, or Bishop in the Duke of Savoy. The very position of Geneva, as commanding the route between Savoy on the one hand and Burgundy and the Pays de Vaud on the other, made the Duke grudge its independence; and a turbulent democracy is always an unwelcome neighbor to an autocratic sovereign. He had by some means succeeded in gaining a footing in the Republic as holding a court of justice there, and had

placed a Vidomne (vice-dominum) on the island in the Rhone. But the election of the Bishop by the citizens was the key of their position; and at last, by the aid of the Pope, the Duke had succeeded in wresting this from them. He caused a kinsman of his own,* the illegitimate son of a prelate, to be made Bishop; and now the unhappy citizens found themselves between the upper and the nether millstone. But the spirit of liberty was too strong to be crushed out. Bands of patriotic youths, unable to resist openly, kept up a spirit of secret insubordination in the city, and, under the title of *Enfants de la Ville*, annoyed the Duke's functionaries by small acts of lawlessness, while they were careful to give no handle for proceedings against them. Among these was Francis Bonivard. It is indeed greatly to his credit that he was found on the side of the people, for all his interests lay in the direction of the Duke and the Bishop. His uncle had been Prior of the important monastery of St. Victor; and before his death he resigned this apparently wealthy preferment in favor of the youthful Francis, then only thirteen years old. But although, besides the Priory of St. Victor, Bonivard held also a Canonry of St. Pierre, he was never ordained; he might have had a voice in the chapter if he would have been made priest, but this he always refused, and held his preferments, as was common at that time, as mere *beneficia*. As prior, he ranked next to the Bishop; his private and ecclesiastical property made him an important personage; yet he risked both his preferment and his liberty in the popular cause. At last, in 1519,† the Duke visited Geneva in person; in conjunction with the Bishop he set about to restore tranquillity and order by imprisoning, torturing, beheading, and hanging the supporters of the popular party, 'en sorte que c'était une pitié.' At this juncture the connection between Bonivard's head and his shoulders was very far from secure; but he escaped disguised as a monk (though he was a prior, the monastic dress seems to have been an unusual one with him), and thus

* *Extraits du Registre du Conseil de Genève*, Jan. 29, 1537.

† *Genève et les Suisses*. Par Amedée Rogét. Also an article on Genève au 16me siècle, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1869.

* In 1513, *Genève*, par R. Rey.

† Rogét. *Genève et les Suisses*.

saved his life, though he lost his priory. After some years, indeed, he succeeded by an appeal to the Pope in getting his priory restored; but as the Duke refused to allow him to receive its revenues, which unfortunately arose from lands in the territory of Savoy, it is probable that he set but little value on the title and the ecclesiastical position. At this time, indeed, he appears to have been in considerable straits; his own property being practically lost to him, his only ostensible means of living consisted in a small allowance which he received from the Genevese Republic; and it is hardly likely that he received any assistance from his own family, with whom his intercourse seems for a long time to have almost ceased.

At last, however, in 1530, Bonivard applied to the Duke of Savoy for a safe conduct to go to visit his aged mother at Seyssel. During his absence a slanderous story was circulated in Geneva, that he had gone to carry on an intrigue with the Duke against the liberties of the Republic. The calumny so far succeeded in its object, that Bonivard was afraid to return, and outstayed the six months for which his safe conduct was available. He applied for a renewal, which was given, apparently in ambiguous form; he left Seyssel, probably intending to go to Freiburg, at that time closely allied to Geneva, but in passing through the territory of Vaud he fell into an ambuscade of the Duke's retainers, by whom he was carried off to Chillon.

And now began the six years' imprisonment which, though to the prisoner himself it may well have seemed, as he wrote his autobiography in his old age, simply an incident in an adventurous and chequered life, has by a curious caprice of fortune rescued his name from oblivion some three centuries later, and drawn thousands of visitors to the dungeon where he was confined. For the first two years he seems to have been treated with respect and consideration, and to have lived with the governor of the castle; but in 1532 the Duke himself visited Chillon, and ordered him to be confined in the well-known 'souterrain,' somewhat below the level of the lake, into which scanty rays of light struggle through the barred windows, and where the tourist with difficulty de-

ciphers the lines which his hand-book duly quotes,

Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,

and gazes with reverence on the foot-prints worn in the rock by the prisoner of whose existence he has just for the first time heard.

Here, then, Bonivard languished for four years, not by any means a martyr for Protestantism, nor even for liberty, but a victim of circumstances, who had fallen into the snare of a powerful enemy, whose interest it was to keep him out of mischief. True, if he had been content to side from the first with the Duke against the Republic, he might have kept his priory, and he would never have been the prisoner of Chillon: he deserves the credit of having chosen the weaker, though the nobler side, and of having suffered for it; yet it is difficult to credit him with any very exalted form of self-devotion. Like Chaucer's monk, he

Helde after the newe world the trace;

he saw that the cause of liberty was destined to prevail, he chose his side accordingly, and he had nobility of mind enough not to desert it when to be faithful to it entailed suffering and loss. At length, on March 29, 1536, the castle was taken by the united forces of Berne and Geneva; in the words of the Genevese Registers, 'Nos gens y ont trouvé Messire F. Bonivard et autres pris sur la foi des gentils, et le peuple s'est bien réjoui de leur libération.*' Bonivard was brought in triumph to Geneva; but it was to a very different Geneva from that which he had quitted some seven years before the Reformation. The Reformation, like one of those torrents which, long pent up in the recesses of the mountains, at length burst their barriers and carry all before them, had in those few years passed over Geneva, and swept away well-nigh all the old landmarks. The Bishop was gone; the canons, priests, monks were gone; the Duke's Vidomne was gone; and the ecclesiastical benefices, of which Bonivard had enjoyed a comfortable share, were gone also. There was no more Priory of St. Victor, no more Canonry of St. Pierre for him; henceforth he must

* *Registre du Conseil*, 1536.

live as he could. The Council of Geneva was not unmindful of his services to their cause, but the Republic was poor, and money was urgently needed for purposes of defence; Bonivard could only obtain the rights of citizenship, a house to live in, and a small pecuniary allowance. After a while, finding himself unable to live, he complained to the Bernese of his treatment at the hands of their allies: and on their intervention the Council granted him a yearly pension of 140 *écus d'or*, besides 800 to pay his debts. But he must have found the Geneva of Calvin a very different place to live in from the Geneva of old days. The Council now exercised a vigilant supervision over the domestic life of the citizens. In January 1537, less than a year after his return, Bonivard was cited before the Council for irregularity of conduct, and was ordered to make a change in his establishment. Frequently afterwards he was cited for various offences—sometimes he was excommunicated; sometimes he was reprimanded. Once, having received into his house in his later years, when he might have supposed that no scandal could have arisen, a person, formerly a nun, to whom he was under promise of marriage, he was punished, not by imprisonment, but by enforced attendance at sermons on Sundays and Wednesdays. The Council may indeed have thought that this was the severest punishment they could inflict, for in the matter of attendance at church Bonivard was incorrigible. And it gives one a curious insight into the state of things at Geneva when one finds a man past middle age, who had played an important part in the affairs of his time, summoned before the Council, like an undergraduate before the dean of his college, for insufficient attendance at Divine worship. As Prior of St. Victor, Bonivard, though not a priest, must no doubt have been a celibate; but in his later days at Geneva he made up for lost time, having married four times between his release in 1536 and his death in 1570. His fourth wife, Catherine de Courtavone, was the person mentioned above; her subsequent history affords a terrible illustration of the stern discipline maintained at this time in the Republic. She was accused after her marriage with Bonivard of mis-

conduct with an ex-monk; on their conviction, he was beheaded, and she sewn in a sack and thrown into the Rhone.

It was probably in Bonivard's later years, when the stirring scenes of his political life were over, that he turned his attention to literary work. We are told, indeed, that during his imprisonment at Chillon he composed '*tant en latin qu'en français beaucoup de menues pensées et ballades*;' but his *Chronicles of Geneva*,* a considerable work, relating chiefly to the history of his own times, was more likely to be composed during his long residence in the city. He also wrote a book—apparently no longer extant—against the old religion, in which we may conceive that he could be heartier in his attack on the old than in his defence of the new. Indeed, in another work, a history of the Popes of the day, entitled *Advis et Devis de la Source de l'Idolâtrie*, he gives his opinion very plainly of the '*difformes réformateurs*,' as he calls them. '*Nous avons dit par ci-devant beaucoup de maux des papes et des leurs; mais quel bien pourrions-nous dire des nôtres. Ce monde est fait à dos d'âne; si un fardeau penche d'un côté et vous le voulez redresser et le mettre au milieu, il n'y demeurera guères, mais penchera de l'autre. Aussi Cicéron en la guerre citoyenne entre Pompée et César, requis d'un chacun côté disait, "Quem fugiam scio, ad quem nescio."*' Thus in matters of religion Bonivard, though far inferior to Erasmus both in mind and character, yet seems to have occupied somewhat the same position, unable to go heartily with either party—seeing the evils of the old too clearly to be a Conservative, and perceiving the dangers of the new too keenly to be a Reformer; standing somewhat apart, refusing to utter party cries of which he could discern the hollowness, and inclined to exclaim sadly, '*A mad world, my masters!*' In politics, too, Bonivard was an eclectic; he declares that he had always preferred a republic to a monarchy, especially a hereditary monarchy; but he liked a democracy no better than a despotism, and seems to have been feeling after some kind of representative government which should avoid the

* Called by M. Rey, '*La source la plus précieuse de notre histoire.*'

tyranny both of the one and of the many. Some lines of his are extant which express in admirably epigrammatic form the good-humored cynicism of the man :

Quand seront heureuses provinces,
Royaumes, villes et villages?
Quand l'on fera sages les princes
Ou (qu'est plus court) princes les sages.

There is something in Bonivard which reminds one of Horace; but the 'Epicuri de grege porcus' was more at home in Pagan Rome than he would have been in Christian and Calvinist Geneva. We can fancy that if Horace had been compelled by a decree of the Senate to attend sermons twice a week, and to give up his stroll on the Via Sacra on Sundays, he would have shrugged his shoulders and complied with as good a grace

as he could, especially if he had been in receipt of a yearly stipend on account of his good service at Philippi; but he would have been likely to take a less genial view of men and things, and to conceal a cynical contempt under a decent outward conformity. Times of violent change are sure to produce this effect upon some characters; men who can see two sides to a question can rarely be eager reformers or zealous party leaders; their place is rather to criticise, to moderate, to mediate if possible between extreme views. Such men must needs stand aloof from the battle; but it is in the battle that great deeds are done. Bonivard and Erasmus could see the weak as well as the strong side of the Reformation; but Calvin and Luther fought the battle of religious freedom.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

POWERS OF THE AIR.

It is lamentable and discouraging to reflect how little progress the human intellect has been able to make towards the solution of some questions among the most important that can occupy it. One of these questions, the existence or non-existence of spirit in the universe, was disputed between the Pharisees and Sadducees in the days of the apostles, has been disputed ever since, and, in these latter days, has separated disputants more widely than when the argument was young. For although one must suppose that the extreme of materialism had been reached by the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of the dead, and acknowledged the being of neither angel nor spirit, it is certain that until the last century no philosopher went so far in the opposite direction as to deny altogether the existence of matter, and to affirm of spirit what the materialists affirm of substance—namely, that it is alone sufficient to account for everything in nature. Idealism, or the doctrine of the non-existence of matter, has had very little success, because men can hardly be persuaded to discredit the evidence of their senses.

"When Bishop Berkeley said 'There was no matter'—
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said:
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,

Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet who can believe it?"—

wrote one of our wittiest poets; and Materialism, or the doctrine of the non-existence of spirit or soul, also finds it difficult to make converts, because men refuse to surrender an internal conviction that they are in part immortal.

Between idealism and materialism there have been very numerous shades of opinion—more, probably, than I ever heard of, and far more than I could presume to claim acquaintance with. I cannot write philosophically about any; but about two doctrines, which are more or less attracting attention at present, I should like to set down a few words.

The former of these is Spiritualism. We hear constantly that the existence of innumerable spirits is easily and frequently made plain to the senses; that our atmosphere is thick with spirits who, under certain conditions, can be seen, heard, and felt; that the powers of these spirits are very great and, to us, marvellous. Spirits, we are assured, are not only willing to manifest their presence when invoked; they often intrude themselves where they are not wanted, and can be disagreeable and annoying. Every one in England and America has by this time heard or read testimony of the doings of these spirits; if he has not, as

many affirm that they have, made acquaintance with them personally. It is not, therefore, necessary to cite numerous instances, or to state all that is contended for on their behalf. But I will mention the last striking narrative that has come in my way, not doubting that it will be found closely to resemble the majority of modern experiences in the same field.

It happened that, a few months since, I was in a foreign city where a well-known medium was also residing. He was frequently to be seen in public; but I did not, during his stay, hear of any appointed *séance*, or any spiritual manifestation in that city. After his departure it chanced that I sojourned in the hotel where he had been staying, and where many of those who had been his fellow-guests still remained. A few days after my commencing my residence there, some other new-comer complained at dinner of noises which disturbed his rest at night. "Noises!" echoed half a dozen voices; "why, it is the quietest house in the city—notoriously so." The stranger didn't know: he could only say he heard people constantly moving about in the night, and the oddest sounds as of things thrown or dragged about, workmen at their work, persons shouting or laughing at a little distance, and so on. At this there was quite an excitement, the majority of the hearers, jealous for the peaceful character of the house, protesting in earnest tones that the new-comer must be mistaken. He, however, was not going to be talked out of belief in the evidence of his senses; and the contention waxed warm, and might have become angry, had not an elderly lady interposed by asking the complainant if he did not inhabit a certain number on a certain flat? When he said that those were his number and *étage*, she answered quietly, "Yes, I thought so. Those are the apartments which were inhabited last by Mr. —" (the medium). "I am not surprised at your hearing noises there." Then a general conviction lighted on all the champions of the house. "Oh, if its that," said they, "of course it's another thing: those noises are different." Little by little, then, it came to be mentioned how the great medium had really desired perfect quiet during his stay;

but the spirits would not let him rest, and were always calling his attention night and day; there used to be such curious sounds about those rooms! I ventured to observe that as the medium was now in another and a distant place, that was a reason why the spirits who were so fond of his company should *not* make noises in the hotel. But all the answer I got to this was, "Yes, you would think so; but they are not quick to leave a place once they get used to it." It certainly seemed to me that the conduct of the spirits would have been more consistent if they had not remained to make themselves disagreeable after he for whose sake they came had departed. And I thought but little more on the subject, these vulgar nocturnal disturbances not recommending spiritualism to my consideration at all.

Some days later I and one or two more of the lately-arrived guests sat together in the *salon* conversing, when we were joined by a lady who had been resident in the house for two or three months. She happened to mention the medium, whereupon we asked whether she had known much about him while they were in the house together; and she said that she had been acquainted with him since the time of her coming thither, and that towards the end of his stay she had known him rather intimately. He asked whether she believed that the nightly noises had any connection with him, and she said she really could not tell; everything about the spiritual world was so strange that she did not know what to think. Had she ever witnessed any of these strange things? we asked. Well, yes; she had witnessed a great many strange things. Let me state in brief that she did not at first answer at all readily to our inquiries, but that she yielded by degrees to pressure, spoke after a time with less reserve, and finally became communicative. The substance of what she told was as follows. The company in the house, knowing that they had a person of some celebrity among them, greatly desired to witness some manifestation of his power. They besought him to hold *séances*. But this he persistently refused to do, saying that he was there for repose—repose, indeed, from these very *séances* which had been

wearing his nervous system more than he could endure. Howbeit, though this was his answer to the guests as a body, he had some few intimate acquaintances whom he invited occasionally to spend an evening with him, and to whom he would say that, although he would do nothing calculated to bring spirits to meet them, yet they must not be surprised at anything they might see, as spirits would present themselves unbidden sometimes, and be very demonstrative. The strange things which occurred at these reunions were a good deal talked about in whispers, and led the excluded portion of the guests to make strong efforts to obtain the *entrée* to the medium's rooms. Very few, however, succeeded in this. The lady who narrated these things made no endeavor to be admitted, but rather shrank from that which so many desired, being inclined to look on spiritualism as imposture, and having a great dislike to tricks and surprises. But a friend of hers who had been greatly impressed by what she had seen on her visits (being one of the *élite*), induced the medium to invite her, and then importuned her until she accepted the invitation. Her first astonishment after she entered the weird precincts was caused by the table at which she and others were sitting, mounting suddenly towards the ceiling *apropos* to nothing. She was so much frightened as to be incapable of motion; but one or two gentlemen who were present ran, as the table descended, to catch or steady some lamps and other frangible articles which, having been lifted with it, were now greatly inclined from the vertical. The medium entreated them not to trouble themselves, as no mischief would happen—they would take care that nothing fell off. Presently the table came down with a bang, all standing. There were several other incidents in the course of the evening, all of which I do not pretend to remember, my attention having been mainly directed to what befell my lady informant personally. She was sitting on a chair, not very close to any one: the medium at some distance, and opposite, was sitting with his arms folded. She felt her dress pulled, and, looking down towards her feet, saw a hand at the place where the pull had been given; then she was sensible of a hand pressing hers, which it continued

to do for some little while, and a voice said to her softly, "I am — —," (giving two names); "don't go on crying so much on my account." She had lost a son some months before at another place. The names given to her were the Christian names of that son. She assured us that she recognised the hand, and that something was added to the above spoken sentence, which she did not believe it possible for any one but herself in that city to have understood. Replying to a question from one of us, she said she did not know what to think of the occurrence: some being with extraordinary knowledge had addressed her, but whether that being was the spirit of her son, or some other being personating that spirit, was doubtful to her. The whole scene was very painful, and had not been repeated. Subsequently, through the sickness of a third person, the acquaintance of this lady and the medium became rather intimate, and she sometimes walked abroad under his escort. On such occasions she would feel her dress pulled from the side or from behind more or less frequently in the course of her walk. When first this happened she involuntarily looked round to see who had claimed her attention; but, seeing no one, she walked on much puzzled by the circumstance. After she had made one or two of these halts, the medium told her that he perceived what was the matter, and recommended her not to notice the pulls if they should be repeated, adding that he could hardly ever stir abroad without encountering them, and that it was probably in consequence of his companionship that they were occurring. When she had finished her narrative we naturally expressed our astonishment at beings coming from another world to do errands to this world, and either not caring to furnish satisfactory evidence of their identity, or else being unable to give a convincing account of themselves. To this the lady replied that she had made remarks of the same purport to the medium, who had said that he was obliged to take the spirits as they chose to present themselves, and that he was quite unable to explain their habits, or to control them in any way.

I give entire credit to the sincerity of this lady; and I believe there are very many persons as impartial as myself as

to this subject who have heard equally honest evidence of similar facts. I know of one instance where the spirits were either unable to indicate clearly what they meant, or else where they diverted themselves at the expense of human feeling. A young lady, a near connection of mine, not a spiritualist, was absent from her home on a visit, and one day spent a few hours at the house of a lady who was a medium. She was one of several guests. It was proposed that there should be a *séance* during the visit, and the hostess having consented, a good many of the not uncommon phenomena were exhibited; that is, a table was lifted, persons holding pencils were made to write words by extraneous direction of their hands, announcements were made by rapping, and so on. During the proceedings the medium announced that a message had been given for my relative, who was simply an observer of the proceedings. The purport of the message was that the young lady's mother was very ill. She was seriously alarmed at this announcement, knowing that oftentimes these communications were correct, and she at once made a reference to her home, asking whether or not her mother was ill. Her mother was not ill, and the error was never explained. It is only to be regretted that those spiritual appearances and acts cannot be exhibited publicly before both sides, spiritualists and anti-spiritualists, so that the controversy might be brought to issue. Yet, as things stand, some opinion may be formed of the doctrine.

I think it ought to be taken as proved that very many things have been, and are continually being, witnessed which are not traceable to any known terrestrial agency, or to any agency, with the terrestrial effects of which men are familiar, though it may not be itself terrestrial (as the light of the sun, the attraction of the compass-needle), yet which must proceed from rational beings. Once this is admitted, the existence of spirits will hardly be denied. This is something gained; but, against the materialist, not much. For the latter may still say: "I don't care whether or not spirits may exist somewhere in nature; I say that there is no need of spirit to account for anything we know or experience."

I might here be reminded that he who believes these spiritual manifestations to be genuine, has the witness of the spirits themselves as to many of them being the souls of human beings who once lived on the earth. But I have not let slip the recollection of their testimony; I am only troubled with doubt concerning it; I think there is question of their credibility. The fondness of the spirits for darkened rooms, their decidedly mysterious proceedings, their sparing and unsatisfactory communications, and the utter uselessness of many of their most startling deeds, are fatal to confidence. Thus spiritualism does not, I fear, prove that which many believers would be glad to prove; namely, that those who have preceded us on the earth certainly had souls—that there are spirits who influence and control matter—that matter is the creation of spirit. They already know this by faith; but their faith will not confound profane opponents as sensible demonstration would. Hope to convince materialists and infidels we may not, even if we were able to confront them with disembodied spirits; for have they not refused to hear Moses and the prophets? But we might by such means do much to prevent the spread of their doctrines.

If the spirits who rap, and whisper, and direct elbows, and pull dresses, do not help us to prove that they are what they represent themselves to be, the next question is—Can we learn anything at all from them, or by means of them? We can judge them only as we should judge human beings who might act as they do. We must credit them with a knowledge of much that has happened on the earth, and of our relations to occurrences. They show us that they possess certain powers over matter; but these powers would seem to be much restricted, and in open daylight and before numerous witnesses, inoperative. The spirits act under control. Their preference of darkness, their want of candor, their impotence for good, would make them appear bad characters: they lie open to the suspicion of being evil spirits. One can form no opinion of their dispositions; they do not show themselves to be malignant or benevolent. It is only by a knowledge of spirits acquired otherwise than through them—

that is to say, by a religious belief—that one knows what to think of them.

Some of those who interest themselves in spiritualism affirm that spirits such as those about whom I have been writing can and do influence men's minds. They might possibly give proof that they do so; but I think this has not been proved. If it be true, however, how completely does the truth harmonise with the teachings of Scripture! And there is another idea suggested by the somewhat annoying and wanton tricks of these spirits. The affairs in which they choose to make their agency appear may be unimportant; but we can imagine cases of more importance where the agency is concealed, but where it is hurtful or destructive. Accidents or diseases may be spirits' work, if table-lifting, dress-pulling, music, or drawing be so. And possession by spirits as exhibited in the New Testament no longer looks obsolete, but is once more frightfully real and modern to the mind when we reflect that there are spirits continually about us whose nature permits them to meddle freely with matter. Most serious views are thus opened.

I have read sometimes of philosophical persons attending *séances* with the intention of testing the reality of the apparitions; but they would appear to have tested the media, not the spirits. The trials were as to whether the media were or were not impostors and mere practisers upon human credulity. But these philosophical persons, though they may have damaged the reputation of some of the mediums, have not succeeded in proving spiritualism itself to be mere imposture. And such being the case, it is greatly to be desired that some sober-minded persons who do not deny that spirits manifest themselves to those in the flesh, would take pains to try the dispositions, powers, and conditions of the spirits, and would let the world know the results of their experiments. If nothing can be elicited from or of them beyond the *coups-de-théâtre* now so well known by experience or report, the suspicion of their being untruthful and otherwise evil will be strengthened; if anything can be made clear concerning them, our science will have advanced.

The second doctrine which I design to consider is the disbelief in the exist-

ence of evil spirits. If this had been the creed of only one or two eccentrics, it would hardly be worth notice; but it is to be feared that a postponement of all recollection of bad spirits has of late been becoming only too common among us. It boots not to inquire why, in this age, the idea has become wearisome and disagreeable; perhaps it is because in former ages it was made too prominent, and led to superstitious belief in witchcraft, incantations, traffic with fiends, and so on: but for some reason or other it has certainly become unpalatable. Now it should not be a question of liking or disliking, but a question of faith; and those who will think seriously must soon perceive that our religious system will not cohere without the evil spirits, and that, however godly-minded we may be, we are safe neither in our understanding of the divine will, nor against the assaults of the infidel, if we do not confess the possible existence of these too important beings. It seems a contradiction to call one's self Christian, and then to deny that there are malignant spirits who possess tremendous powers, who can misdirect the course of things in this world, and to a certain extent dispose of worldly things, opposing and thwarting in a permitted degree the providence of God. Our hopes for hereafter may in a sense be said to rest upon the personality, wickedness, and power of evil spirits, because we are distinctly told that God sent His Son into this world that He might destroy the works of the devil. In another place we read that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. Thus the salvation of the human race, and the destruction of the devil's work, would appear to be one and the same thing. How can we dare to make so light of this fundamental truth as to say that these Scriptures are figurative as far as they relate to the devil? But the Scriptures are consistent from first to last in representing the devil as a person. They affirm, too, that he has the power of death. Surely this being is far too dangerous to be lightly ignored.

I should like to hear, too, how they who object to the recognition of a devil can account for the confusion which is so prevalent in this world. They cannot believe the perversities, the injustice, the suffering, the sorrow, the destruction

which are continually showing themselves, to be directly the work of the Almighty. To account for these it is absolutely necessary to acknowledge the continual action of a hostile power who is permitted to a great extent to have things his own way here. True, the earth is not his, and, as we believe, the days will come when he will not retain the slightest influence therein: but, for the present, he has been able to pervert that which was created "very good;" he can presume to dispose of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and he has made rebellion against the rightful sovereign of the earth to prevail over all its regions. That fearful sentence, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," would appear to have involved the introduction to it of the power of the devil. I have seen it stated that that original curse was recalled after the Flood, when it was said, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake;" but the present state of the earth would furnish a strong argument against this promise having involved a revocation of the first curse. The sorrow only too surely remains, as well as the thorns and thistles, to prove that the first curse remains in force; and, from all the Scriptures that relate to him, there is good reason to believe that the devil, as the prince of this world, is the agent through whom all the sorrow and perplexity are brought about. Dispense with the personality of the devil, and mark what an opening you immediately make for the infidel! The scoff of the unbeliever is pointed at the misery, the iniquity, the imperfection, the wondrous destructive powers that confront us on the earth; and he blasphemes Him who has said "I do all things well" with the reproach that creation is a blunder—that it is the work of knowledge without power, or of power without knowledge—that the ordering of the world is always in excess or in defect—that the amount of misery upon the earth discredits the government of it. How can this be answered if there be no devil to charge with the evils complained of? The facts are patent and undeniable. We may answer, perhaps, the Creator could have done His work otherwise, but He chose to do it as we see; and having said so, we shall be

met with the sneer, "Where, then, is the goodness of your God?"

But, having recognised the devil's personality as we are bound to do, we have at once an answer for the caviller. The world, and that which appertains to it, though created perfect and blessed, has temporarily passed under the power of an evil being in whose nature it is to propagate mischief, and suffering, and confusion. If conscientious Christians who, by force of example, may almost insensibly have eliminated the devil from their thoughts, would but carefully study the numerous passages in Scripture, from the Book of Genesis to that of Revelation, that relate to him and his angels, they will, I am persuaded, soon acknowledge that these are not allegorical, but that we have, only too certainly, a persistent, powerful enemy, who is God's enemy also.

If the philosophical objectors against the Christian faith could propound a faith more intelligible, better authenticated, and more hopeful, it would not be surprising if they were able to entice many to follow them. But, as far as I can see, their imaginations are hard to be comprehended, rest upon no testimony whatever, and, as to hope for the future, have absolutely nothing to offer. The mere materialist must of course believe that all the evils of the world are inherent in matter; he can give no account of them further than that they are; he can see no way of escape from any of them except such expedients as the wit of man may devise; and he is weighted with the fact of a fearfully and wonderfully composed and related universe which he is forced to ascribe to chance. Other unbelievers who cannot be satisfied without a First Cause denounce this Cause as unequal to the well-doing of His work; and their religion would seem to consist in finding fault with the handiwork of the Creator, seeing little good in the present, and having literally no expectation of a future life. Others, again, put forward the clumsy idea of more than one creator having contributed to the formation of the universe, and of these beings of various powers and dispositions, so as to have effected harmony in parts, and in parts great ineptitude. Each of these schemes

is, one sees, more difficult to comprehend and to believe than the revelation of Scripture. And yet each has its adherents who prefer it to revealed religion. The reason of this I take to be, that these men replace the Christian religion with another, not so much because they find it (the Christian) more difficult to receive, as because they are offended at and dislike its precepts and restraints. Whatever may be the cause of their attacks, their readers and hearers must not suppose that because they can show that there are in it many points of faith which a finite understanding cannot comprehend, they have weakened our position as compared with their own. They cannot state their own schemes of the universe in forms a bit more intelligible to our minds. A large degree of *faith* is required for whatever system a man may adopt—even for materialism. And if this be granted, the advantages of Christianity in point of testimony, completeness, and future benefit, are enormous.

Independence, unfettered thought that will not yield to priestly dogmas or to any belief which does not commend itself to the understanding, are terms which the philosophic are fond of using when they desire to describe the unbiased judicial state of their own minds. But one who may agree with me in what I have written about the devil, will probably think that in casting away the influences under which in a Christian land they have probably been reared, free-thinkers do not bring themselves to the absolutely neutral state of mind of which they boast. There is reason to believe that in regard to spiritual things such a state is impossible. When grace is shut out, the mind does not remain uninfluenced. Another sway is immediately established. It is written, "He that is not with me is against me," and these are very solemn words. They show that they who flatter themselves that they are free from bias have already ranged themselves against the divine authority. In that attitude we know who their ally is. And is it at all wonderful that, where the devil can suggest and teach and color learning and knowledge, he will make them misleading and impious? Is it not to be expected that he will pervert the lessons derivable from the natural world until it is made to declare the very

opposite of that which its voice, faithfully rendered, is telling out to the ends of the world? It is this very creation of God's with which many of the philosophic think fit to reproach Him. He has said that the heavens declare His glory. And now, made clear by the unbeliever's course in this respect, appears the connection between the former and latter parts of the 19th Psalm. Until it is seen what use is made by unbelievers of the mechanism of the heavens and earth, it seems as if the Psalm sang of two distinct subjects: first, God's glory in His works; and, secondly, of His justice and holiness, and of the dangerous character of presumptuous and secret sins. But the utterances of scientific unbelief make it clear that the adoration of God's perfection and the terror of falling into presumptuous sin or into secret mental doubt, were in the writer's mind natural sequences of the contemplation of God's wonderful works. The danger of our misreading, or of our allowing others to misread for us, that awful handiwork which we cannot, by reason of our imperfections, read clearly and fully, is very obvious; and therefore it is that the Psalmist deprecates presumptuous and secret sin in contemplating the work of creation. If, then, the mere observation of God's work is to be made with reverence and awe, and a suspension of our judgment which is quite unable to embrace or to reach the whole subject, what must we think of the man (intelligent and learned though he be) who, having gained a crumb, a speck, an atom of knowledge, a drop from the great fountain of truth, stands up, intoxicated therewith, and charges with incapacity and error the Being who made heaven and earth? Surely we do not employ unwarrantable language if we say that such a one is guilty of presumptuous sin! But there is something more than this. We must not be enticed at all by the ungodly speculations of philosophy, however specious they may be. We must not entertain them for a moment (mind, I am saying nothing about facts), lest we commit the secret fault of doubting, though never so little, the divine affirmation which once for all pronounces the creation to be "very good." If our powers were capable of dealing with so vast a subject, it might seem

arbitrary and unfair to forbid our examination of it; but experience proves that we only file our minds in vain when we attempt this impossibility, and while we gain no knowledge we expose our faith to trial, so the restriction is simply salutary. I think that now I see a sufficient reason why one who has been studying natural philosophy should keep a guard over the words of his mouth and the meditations of his heart.

Having thus delivered myself after a homely fashion—for I do not pretend to write like one of the learned—on the two points which I proposed for notice, I go on now to make a few remarks suggested by the general subject. There is a story in the 'Percy Anecdotes' of a bookseller who was for a long time afflicted by the sight of unearthly forms, which after a time haunted him continually, by day and by night, in large numbers. Some of these forms, if I recollect the anecdote aright, were those of deceased persons whom he had formerly known—others, of persons still in the flesh—others, again, were unknown forms. The figures were all clad in some way or other, and they were, while his disorder was at its height, quite distinct in outline, and their clothes and flesh were colored. He was treated for his complaint by cupping in the back of the neck, and, after a little, the visions began to change. They became more shadowy, and their outlines grew less firm. Then the colors faded, the outlines almost vanished. By-and-by the spectres became quite hueless and very indistinct, and at last they altogether disappeared. The bookseller remarked that when living persons entered his apartment he could always distinguish them from the spectres, although the latter were very lifelike. I have very little doubt of the truth of this story, because not many years since I knew of a case similar in kind, though not in degree. In this second case also, the disorder yielded to treatment.

Before the second case occurred, I remember speaking of the bookseller's case to a gentleman who was very fond of mesmerism and other mystical studies. I regarded the case as one of simply hallucination, but this my acquaintance would by no means allow. He thought it possible that the patient's condition,

though it may not have been what we call healthy, fitted his organs for the perception of beings not ordinarily apparent to human sight. And I was rather inclined to ridicule his fancy. Since, however, I have heard so much about spirits, and of their densely peopling the atmosphere of this planet, which it is possible that they do, I am less offended at this gentleman's suggestion. I think it is a question whether the sick bookseller saw shapes which were really present, or whether the whole was an optical illusion.

Moreover, after reading of these apparitions to waking persons, and after attributing them to spirits, one is easily led to fancy that spirits may have something to do with our dreams—those common but unexplained phenomena. Dreams are often fantastic, meaningless, fragmentary; but in these respects they closely resemble the tricks of the spirits who lift tables and pull dresses. On the other hand, dreams are sometimes remarkable and truthful to a perplexing extent; sometimes they are perplexing without being truthful. Nobody has ever been able to tell us what these dreams really are, and yet there are hundreds of persons ready to scout the idea of their being produced by immaterial agency. If it be said that they are notoriously dependent on the state of the dreamer's body and mind for their general character, the truth of this assertion does not exclude the agency of spirits. What my mesmeric friend said regarding the bookseller's apparitions may be applicable here. Peculiar physical conditions may induce susceptibility to a certain class of impressions; but this is widely different from pronouncing these impressions the product of matter alone. We who believe the Scriptures know that in certain cases dreams have been spiritual revelations. If they have been so in one case, why not in others? The morbid, false, or silly character of the visions might help us to a negative if spirits were always grave, rational, consistent, and good. But the spirits appear to have characters so curious that the uselessness of the dreams is no argument against their agency. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, I remember, published a little paper on "The art of procuring pleasant dreams." His method, if my recollection is right, was very simple

He recommended his disciples, if they were not sleeping comfortably, to rise and walk about the chamber for a while, and to lay bare the lower sheet completely while they were absent from the bed. Indeed we should include the plan, nowadays, under the head of ventilation; and probably we should add a few precepts akin to his, but which had not been thought of in his day. If, however, spiritualists were required to accept his remedy (supposing its efficacy admitted) as an evidence that dreams depend wholly on the state of the body, they might reply that it only proves that the state of the body influences the character of dreams, or that in one condition a man is more accessible or attractive to one class of spirits, and in another to another. But I am afraid the Doctor's prescriptions will be found of little use to those who most require them—that is, to those whose bodies or minds are harassed or out of tune. Mr. Locke, by his doctrine that the soul always thinks, would appear to regard dreams as thoughts, sometimes serious, but for the most part wild and fantastic; but he does not in his essay investigate the manner in which thoughts are suggested, but only the manner in which we become possessed of ideas or the materials of thought. But many modern doctrines would seem to dispute this position of the soul being always engaged in thought. Psychologists rather incline to the belief that dreaming takes place only during particular, and limited, portions of a sleep. If this be so, Locke must have assumed too much; but, indeed, when one reflects on how much of what has been thought in sleep may have been *forgotten*, one does not see how the question concerning the constant or interrupted thought of the soul can be settled.

There is much reason to believe that the inferior animals dream; and this may be put forward as an argument for dreams being mere conditions of matter. But before we receive this we must be convinced that spirits do not influence animals. The general belief of mankind has certainly been against such a conviction—and to the believers in Scripture such a conviction is impossible. The serpent and the swine certainly receive bad spirits; and the ass saw the angel while he was invisible to her rider.

I do not affirm or deny anything on this subject of dreams. I only put forward suggestions, which I hope readers will not set aside as unphilosophical trifles. It is these new teachings about our constant propinquity to a spiritual world that have led me into this groove. And I would remind any one whose superior intelligence may feel offended by these my musings, that it is only our familiarity with dreams, and their general lack of importance, that causes us to treat them with indifference. They are unexplained phenomena, the nature of which is well worthy of investigation: and when the world is presented with a new science, which may possibly make their nature clearer, one may reasonably suggest a patient investigation of it.

The more one thinks on spiritualism (simply as a fact, and putting aside what spirits may pretend to teach), the more one is persuaded of it being in nowise repugnant to the teachings of Holy Writ. We find passages which not only recognise the existence of immaterial beings, but also seem to imply that they are about us in numbers. There is a remarkable passage in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which it is affirmed that a woman ought to be covered by her hair, *because of the angels*. By the manner in which this expression, "because of the angels," is introduced, without preface or explanation, it is most probable that it referred to a subject widely understood in apostolic days; but we seem to have lost the point of the allusion. Angels may be good or bad, and the kind of angels intended is not specified. Is there, then, any liberty taken with the passage if we suppose that a number of immaterial beings, habitually within ken of us, is meant? If the answer to this question be in the affirmative, as I expect it to be, here is a corroboration of the spiritualist's doctrine, so far as it relates to our having numbers of spirits about us. But then we would like to know why, because of these spirits, women should wear a covering. It is evidently a point of modesty and decency that is insisted on; if so, one is led to ask, why it would not have been enough to enforce it because of the male sex, or because even of other women? And a little thought in this direction leads to the probability that long hair was prescribed to women as a covering

of which they could not readily divest themselves as they could of their clothes. Decent women would not be likely to have their persons uncovered before men, or before other women; but there were occasions when they were entirely private and unseen, as far as humankind were concerned, when it would be necessary to cast aside garments; but here the hair, nature's covering, would be a veil, because of the angels who could be present without being seen. And now the matter might be dismissed, with this reflection:—It is commanded that women have regard to the presence of the angels. But one text leads the mind to another in strange ways, and as the view seems to open one is loath to turn away from it. There is in Genesis a remarkable passage, which has been much disputed, but which can hardly fail to present itself to the memory after a person has followed the line of thought which I have been taking. It is this: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." I am quite aware that many learned men, of whom Milton* is one, have been of opinion that this text does not relate to spirits, but that the "sons of God" are the male descendants of Seth, who were reared in the fear of God, as distinguished from the progeny of Cain, whose daughters are called "the daughters of men." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," says St. Paul. We read nothing, be it remarked, of the male Cainites having married the daughters of Seth. Then, on the other hand, others have not scrupled to regard "the sons of God" here mentioned as heavenly beings; and we know that two of our foremost poets, Byron and Moore, have in their works adopted this latter view. And surely there are grounds for their choice of it. This connection, whatever it was, seems to have been so displeasing to the Creator, that He repented that He

had made man, and determined to destroy him. The intermarriage of the descendants of Cain and the descendants of Seth does not, so far as we can judge, appear of so heinous a complexion as that it should move the divine wrath so fearfully. But the intermarriage of spirits with human beings, if it were forbidden and unnatural, would, no doubt, have brought down condign punishment. Obedient spirits could not have been guilty of it, the sin must have been that of devils; and the sin could not have been committed unless these devils had been susceptible of earthly love. Some of these spirits may in their natures come very close to us. We are made only a little lower than the angels, and the lowest grades of angels may have much in common with us. We must remember that in old times angels frequently appeared in human forms. They are shown to us as eating before Abraham's tent; and an angel wrestled with Jacob. So like did they appear to human beings, that St. Paul speaks of it as a possible thing that men might entertain angels *unawares*. Here, then, on these suppositions, is a very sufficient reason why women should not be without a veil, because of the angels.* It is true that disobedient spirits would, since the Flood, appear to have been restrained from the actual contraction of these unhallowed marriages, but they may still retain the inclination for them. It is a point not to be overlooked, that spirits, having the power to introduce themselves, as they are said to do, into houses and chambers, might be supposed to possess powers of vision that would pierce through matter; and, that being so, a veil would be of little use against them. But we do not know that they see through matter; and upon examination there is reason to think that they do not. The seraphim are represented as covering themselves with their wings, which would be a meaningless act if it had not the effect of concealing, or of shutting out the light.

I have set down these thoughts as they

* Milton, in the 'Paradise Lost,' favors the belief that the "sons of God" were men; but, in the 'Paradise Regained,' Book II., he introduces a contrary idea, and makes Satan charge Belial and his "lusty crew" with being the husbands in these marriages.

* Though the remark is foreign to the subject treated of in the text, I cannot forbear to say, that believing women, if they take heed of the things said in this chapter, which speaks of their wearing veils because of the angels, cannot possibly entertain popular ideas as to woman's rights.

occurred to me. Wiser heads than mine may perhaps furnish an explanation of these difficult texts that will demolish all my fancies. It is certain that among all the things that I have heard concerning modern spiritualism there is nothing, so far as I remember, about spirits having professed or exhibited admiration for women. But now that I am recommending that some tests be applied to the spirits instead of to the medium, it is not unprofitable to remember all these things, doubtful though they be as to the meaning.

I am unwilling to turn from these thoughts about spirits without some notice of subjects apparently connected with these beings, which have made their noise in the world, and have been very differently regarded by mankind in different epochs. I mean divination and witchcraft. Two or three centuries ago scarcely a soul doubted the existence everywhere of these practices. So ready was men's belief, that they made most absurd imputations of these crimes, committed horrible cruelties, and at last, by their very zeal and intolerance, produced a reaction in feeling and opinion which steadily increased up to the point which it has now reached, when every person pretending to be educated treats everything relating to the black art as imposture. There is no doubt at all that the pendulum swung much too far in the direction of credulity and persecution. It is just possible that it may have oscillated much too far into the other extreme of complacent, lofty incredulity. The testimony which may be heard in these days of the frequent appearance of spirits suggests the propriety of giving at least a little patient consideration to these things. Beyond all doubt there have been pretenders to a knowledge of sorcery who were the rankest impostors; also a multitude of harmless people popularly suspected of sorcery whose efforts against the tide of opinion were ineffectual to clear their reputations. But besides the jugglers and the persecuted, there may have been some few real accomplices of familiar spirits who have been whitewashed along with the general crowd by the verdict of this superior age. Enchanters there certainly were in Egypt in the old days, and witches and wizards among the Jews throughout their

abode in Palestine. What we have heard of magic in other nations may of course be contemptuously rejected by those who will not tolerate the idea of such a thing; but I do not see why it should be so treated. If we could prove the impossibility of the action of familiar spirits in general, we should be justified in the rejection of every particular story and of the whole lore of witchcraft in the mass, as is our method this day. But we can prove nothing of the kind, whatever we may choose to affirm, and evidence is setting in the opposite direction. A man in these days may reasonably examine well-attested accounts of uncanny operations, notwithstanding that a few years ago he may have thought such investigations mere waste of time, and quite beneath a person pretending to enlightenment. I must say that I am disposed to look on now as very suspicious circumstances some things which in former days either happened within my own knowledge or were told me by persons on whom I could entirely rely; although there was a time when I put them by as mere nonsense, not because I could say anything against them, but because I did not choose to receive such stuff, and the proper enlightened way was to scoff at them. I believe that some feats of so-called sorcery are known to have occurred in India, in which the keenest observers were unable to detect imposture. Very strange and inexplicable things are also reported to have occurred in the West Indies among the Obeah people. And we are all well acquainted with the pretensions of the gipsies to the power of divination. A black or colored woman informed the Empress Josephine that she would one day sit on a throne, long before Napoleon was heard of by the world, and long before she knew him. A lucky shot, or a curious coincidence, condescendingly say those who cannot dispute the fact; but why may it not have been the forecast of a spirit of divination, if we can believe that there are about us everywhere spirits who are willing to communicate with men? When I was young I once was in a town which I did not often visit, at some distance from my own home. Just without the town I met a gipsy woman, who asked me for silver in the usual way. I gave it; and she immediately told me something which rather

startled me, and demanded a further fee for more particular information. I was led on in this way until I had parted with several shillings, but the woman told me things concerning myself which I hardly thought it possible that any one could know by ordinary means. It might, perhaps, with some trouble have been learned, but I have not the least idea that it was so learned; and I believe my meeting with the gipsy to have been as accidental on her part as it was on mine. Again, two near relations of mine, sisters, were at school together in Scotland, and went with several companions to visit a magician then celebrated. A good many of the party received vaticinations in return for their money; but my two relatives, though they made repeated attempts to get an augury, never succeeded. The wizard at length, not knowing how longer to excuse himself, spoke aside to a lady who had gone in charge of the party, and said, "I wish to avoid saying anything to those two young ladies, for they have lost a near relation, and do not know it." Soon after this the party left. Some little time after arrived a ship from one of the northern islands with the news that their mother had died there about the time of the consultation of the seer. There had been no earlier communication from their home since the death; the young women had not the least expectation of such an event. They were not informed of what the man had said until after his saying had been proved to be correct. The thing happened long before the days of electric telegraphs. I never heard any probable explanation of it suggested. I give one more case, trusting that I do not try my reader beyond endurance. In one of our West India Islands there went about a rumor that a certain house and premises in the country were enchanted. I heard of it and laughed at it, as did many others. One is never surprised at anything of this kind being believed by the black people, who have entire reliance on the powers of Obeah. But after a while some white people began to speak of the thing as a fact and a nuisance. Magistrates were applied to, and went and saw the state of things for themselves: they also stationed white policemen on the premises, because it was said that a person walking in the grounds had been seized in some mysterious man-

ner and maltreated, though not seriously injured. I went myself as a matter of curiosity to the place, and at first saw nothing unusual; but a negro took me into a yard at the back of the house, and desired me to call out, which I did, and immediately there descended into the yard a shower of sticks, stones, mangoes, and leaves. I called again, and the same thing occurred. This was in daylight. We searched all round, but could find no person lurking about. It must have taken several people placed about in the trees, and at different points, to have produced the effect. Afterwards, when I tried the shouting, the shower was not invariably so plentiful as at first, but there was always a fall of some kind. I remained at the place all that day and through the night assisting the police, and very anxious to find out the perpetrators of these marvels, but nobody at all was seen about. Next day I left, deciding that though I couldn't see into the affair, it was some piece of jugglery not worth thinking of; and so I dismissed it from my mind, and soon forgot it while occupied with the affairs of life. What other persons reported was all in the way of knocking things about and wanton disorder. Now, on looking back to it, it seems so like to the tricks reported of spirits in its perplexing and yet meaningless character, that it is more easily accounted for as some of their diversions than in any other way.

I ought to state that, although I appear to favor belief in spiritualism, I do so entirely in deference to what seems to me to be candid testimony. My natural bias did not prejudice me in its favor; and I never in my life attended a *seance* or witnessed any medium's performances. The evidence for it seems strong, and has never been fairly rebutted. If we reject testimony simply because it witnesses something disagreeable to us, or something that we arbitrarily pronounce to be false because it is extraordinary, how much are we better than those opponents of Christianity who have decided to reject the miracles of Scripture "because they are contrary to experience"? We reasonably expect that the record of eye-witnesses and contemporaries should have more weight than a philosophic idea or axiom which a man may have taken into his mind.

By the same rule, if unimpeachable testimony of the existence of these spirits can be adduced, we must not put it aside except on still stronger testimony which can show the first to be mistaken. I am not so much in love with spiritualism but that I could give it up without a regret if I could receive satisfactory proof that it is a delusion; but if the weight of

sound credible evidence is in support of it, I must (notwithstanding that a mass of roguery and imposture may also have collected around it) yield it belief. I have written, I hope, not like a fanatic, but as one who is as ready to hear reason from one side as from the other.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



A RHYME OF ONE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
 Your race begun,
 A welcome, long a wish'd-for guest,
 Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why
 You cannot run;
 You try to talk—how hard you try!—
 You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce;
 You'll eat your bun,
 And fly your kite, like folk who once
 Were only One.

You'll rhyme, and woo, and fight, and joke,
 Perhaps you'll pun;
 Such feats are never done by folk
 Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,
 And envy none;
 Yes, you, yourself, may own a boy
 Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do
 As you have done:
 (You crown a happy home, tho' you
 Are only One.)

But when he's grown shall you be here
 To share his fun,
 And talk of days when he (the dear!)
 Was hardly One?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be
 My little son;
 I'm glad, though I am old, you see,—
 While you are One.

Cornhill Magazine.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE long bright morning hung heavily on Kate's hands. She wrote a description of the previous day's adventures to her friend and partner; but that did not fill up all the time, though it carried her on well towards her midday chop. She tried to read, but an odd nervous anticipation distracted her attention. That Hugh Galbraith would make his appearance, she was quite sure—the only question was, when? Kate was too wise and womanly a woman, however, to be without the resource of needlework, which, as many a weary sister could testify, has a calming, satisfying influence of its own. She had carried with her a large piece of cloth appliqué work, and the intricacy of the pattern served to divert her thoughts. She had, however, hardly thus disposed of an hour, when the sound of a rapidly-approaching cab woke the echoes of the dull little street. The sound came near, ceased an instant, and then the conveyance seemed to drive away. An uncomfortable, uneasy beating of the heart made Kate's fingers unsteady.

"What folly and weakness!" she exclaimed to herself. "I must conquer both."

"A gentleman for you, ma'am," said the landlady, throwing open the door, and the next moment her hand was in Hugh Galbraith's.

"I had hoped to be here earlier, Mrs. Temple," he said, in the easiest tone possible; for all his native pertinacity was roused and concentrated on preserving the character of friendship which he had adopted, until it led him—where?—well, he did not at present care to ask. "I had hoped to be earlier, but I was kept waiting for an immense time in Scotland Yard, and then sent to another office; however, here I am at last." He laid aside his hat as he spoke, and sat down, uninvited, at the opposite side of the table.

"And I fear," said Mrs. Temple, taking courage as she noticed his manner, and the tranquil glance with which he

met her eyes—"I fear you have had your trouble for nothing."

"Not absolutely. The police are not quite without hopes of recovering your money. They know that a certain swell-mobsmen was at a sale of somebody's stud, near Lillington, and they are on his tracks. If you knew the number of your note, I fancy it might be all right."

"It is very unfortunate! I drew it out of the bank the afternoon before I started for London, last Monday, and as I was very busy, I omitted to enter the number—a disgraceful oversight for a woman of business," she added smiling.

"I fear you will have to pay a rather heavy forfeit in consequence. By the way, the bank people would know the number! Why don't you telegraph to them? I'll go to the nearest office and do it for you—they can telegraph back directly—and if you send me a line to-night, I can see the inspector to-morrow, the first thing." He stretched out his hand towards his hat as he spoke.

"Stop, stop!" cried Kate, "let me think for a moment."

"There is really nothing to think about," said Galbraith, who could not understand her hesitation, while she confusedly thought of all the mischief that would possibly and probably arise from his becoming mixed up with her affairs. It would be better to telegraph herself, so she said, looking earnestly into Galbraith's grave eyes, and then she remembered her bankrupt condition.

"But the nearest office is a long way off," he urged—"somewhere near Oxford Street, I suspect" (it was before the days of postal telegraphs)—"better leave it to me."

"But the bank people will not tell you anything—they will only do so to me."

"I will telegraph in your name, and give your address."

"Then telegraph to Fanny!" cried Mrs. Temple eagerly. "She can go to the bank; they know her, and will give her the information, and she will lose no time."

"What's the hour now?" said Galbraith, looking at his watch—two-thirty.

—barely time. I wish I had not sent off my cab. I will drive down to the office as quickly as I can and return immediately."

"I am sure, Sir Hugh——" began Mrs. Temple, but he was gone, and a vigorous slam of the front door announced his exit. "He is really very good," thought Kate. "It is a great pity we ever became enemies, or that he made the ridiculous mistake of fancying himself in love with me. He has evidently got over it, and is anxious I should think so. I must not on any account seem to look on him as a lover, but accept his friendship frankly! I wonder why he is coming back—he has said his say, and we really have very few topics in common? Perhaps he will not return. He is wonderfully alert—quite another creature!"

But he did return, and sooner than she thought possible.

"I have accomplished my errand," he said cheerfully, reseating himself in the place he had occupied, and throwing open the front of his overcoat, as if he intended staying.

"But you must forgive me for exercising a little discretionary variation from your instructions. I sent the message straight to the bank—there was really no time to spare."

"I suppose it was best; but I trust you used my name. The whole of Pierstoffs would be hysterical with curiosity if *you* telegraphed on my behalf!"

"I am not quite blockhead enough to do so," replied Galbraith a little indignantly. "I daresay," looking at his watch, "you'll have the answer before six."

"I hope and trust he is not going to sit there and wait for it," thought Kate. His next words reassured her,—

"If you can post to me by six, I shall get the note to-night. There is my address," laying his card on the table; "and I know yours is the pen of a ready writer."

Mrs. Temple smiled, and tried to keep back a slight blush that would come in spite of her.

"It's so unfortunate that I—I mean my friend Mr. Tom is away, or I should not have given you all this trouble; but indeed, Hugh" (the name slipped out quite unnoticed by her, so accustomed had she been for years to think and

speak of him as "Hugh.") He shot a quick, keen glance at her, saw her unconsciousness, and shaded his face with his hand for a moment while she finished her sentence)—"indeed, you need do nothing further in the matter. To-morrow I shall be liberated, for I am certain to have money from Fanny, and I can follow up the quest myself, if you will be so good as to tell me the proper quarter to apply to."

"Ah," said Galbraith, looking at her, "then you did not go down to your solicitor as you said you would?"

"No," she returned; then, laughing at his suspicious air, added, "I *have* one, nevertheless, I am sorry to say; but on second thoughts I resolved to send home for what I required."

"I suspect you had not the wherewithal to charter a cab," said he, laughing. "That came of being too proud to borrow a little filthy lucre from me."

"A cab, indeed!" cried Kate. "Do you suppose a hard-working tradeswoman like myself, up in town on troublesome business, would indulge in cabs? No; an omnibus is the extent of my luxury. At any rate, I shall be in funds to-morrow, and able to manage my own affairs, so pray take no further trouble. I do not see why I need write to you to-night. I can see the inspector and give him the number of the note myself."

"You must not think of doing so," replied Galbraith, very earnestly. "It is not pleasant for a delicate, refined woman to go about alone to these places. I cannot allow you to do so, unless, indeed, you will let me accompany you. Besides, as I began the affair, you had much better let me finish it. Two inquirers will only create confusion."

Kate thought a moment. "Has my name appeared at all?"

"No," said Galbraith; "there was no necessity to mention it. A lady had lost her purse, and I was the agent in the matter."

If, then, no one was to know of her being even temporarily mixed up with her enemy, she would not mind so much.

"Well, then, as you are so good," she said slowly, and looking down, fairly beaten by his pertinacity and resolution. "I suppose a day or two will see it ended one way or the other? If not, you must promise me to give it up. I can

always get my solicitor to assist me, you know."

"Ay, and he will charge no end of six-and-eightpences! Believe me, you had better leave it to your unpaid *attaché*."

"Let me substitute unattached assistant," said Kate, laughing and coloring most becomingly, "and I agree."

"So be it," returned Sir Hugh thoughtfully, "so be it;" after an instant's pause he added, "and you will write, then, this evening?"

"Yes, I will write."

"As soon as I have seen the police people in the morning, I will come here. In the meantime, what a frightfully dull day you will have of it!"

"I do not mind being alone—at least I should not if I had not an interview with a solicitor before me," she replied with a little sigh.

"How long do you remain in town?" asked Galbraith, standing up and taking his hat, yet lingering still.

"That depends on my solicitor. I hope to leave on Tuesday. It is not very cheerful here."

"I should think not. I must say good-morning, Mrs. Temple."

"Good morning, Sir Hugh. By-the-by, I shall be out to-morrow morning, so pray do not take the trouble of coming all this way—a note will tell me all that is necessary."

His face clouded over. "I believe you are frank enough to speak the real truth," he said. "Do you distinctly wish me to stay away?"

Kate hesitated; she half wished he would, but only half. Moreover, if she forbade his visits, would it not be confessing that she did not consider him emancipated from his character of a lover? No, she would secure his kindly, friendly feeling—that would be some provision against future difficulties. So looking straight into his eyes, she said, with a bright smile,—

"No, I do not. You know we can be friends for a few days while the shop is out of sight, and inequalities forgotten," and she held out her hand.

Galbraith took it quickly, pressing it for an instant almost painfully tight. "Friends, anyhow," said he, "shop or no shop!" Then, turning away with the words, "Till to-morrow, then," he left the house.

When he was gone, Kate sat down, leaning her elbows on the table and burying her face in her hands. "I wonder if I am doing right in letting him have so much of his own way? Will he think me a treacherous wretch by-and-by? What can I do? I cannot forego my rights to save his feelings. I am almost stupid enough to do so; but what would Tom and Fanny say! I could not be so weak; besides, I may never succeed, and if I fail I shall hate him again—there is such unreasoning prejudice in his contemptuous disregard and disbelief in any caste save his own. He chooses from some whim to credit me with an ancestry, because he knows nothing about it. I almost wish I had no drop of so-called gentle blood in my veins, were it only to contradict his theories. How out of place such a feudal individual is in the middle of the nineteenth century, and yet—" What extenuations her intellect or heart might have urged on Hugh's behalf remained unsuggested, for the landlady put in her head.

"I was thinking, ma'am, as the gentleman is gone you'll be wanting your tea."

"Thank you, Mrs. Small, I shall be glad of some."

Meantime Galbraith walked away south-eastwards, in deep self-communing.

There was no mistake about it. Mrs. Temple had called him "Hugh" familiarly, unconsciously; and never had the harsh name sounded sweetly to him before. It was impossible she could have made such a mistake (as she would have considered it) had she not thought of him tolerably often; not as Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart., of Kirby Grange, but as one near enough, if not dear enough, to be enshrined in her memory as "Hugh" simply. What did it mean? When he so abruptly, and almost rudely, asked her to be his wife, her tone and manner indicated complete freedom from the least tendency to reciprocate his feelings. The most conceited blockhead that ever curled his whiskers and waxed his moustaches could not mistake it for concealed preference or any other sentimental indication. It was as downright a refusal as ever man received, though not unfeeling. Yet—she called him "Hugh!" Was she coming round to him? Galbraith's veins thrilled at the

idea. Though by no means a self-conceited man, like most others of his stamp, it never occurred to his mind that any woman in the world was too good for him. Still Mrs. Temple had hitherto been an unattainable good; and now a gleam of hope, faint though it was, seemed to dazzle him. But how about those battles which he had fought with himself during his lonely rambles and cruisings in the north? He had then come to the conclusion that it was well, after all, he had been rejected, though he should never again have the chance of finding such a glorious helpmate as Kate would be; but that past of hers, which she was so unwilling to reveal, what did it contain? Nothing really bad—nothing. Of that his whole heart acquitted her; but something brought upon her by others, that was possible, and would he not brave that for her sake? Yes, if she had loved him; but was it not well that she did not? Hugh Galbraith was sensitively alive to the honor of the family name. True, his father had somewhat tarnished it, but not in the world's estimation, for he (Hugh) had helped him to pay his debts; but to marry a woman who was in any way touched by disgrace, no weakness would tempt him to such a step he once thought, and now accident, the drift of a woman's fancy, was perhaps his only safeguard. If, therefore, the unconscious use of his name was an indication that the tide was turning in his favor, would it not be wise to seek safety in flight, instead of courting danger by every means in his power? Common sense had no hesitation in answering, but passion, imagination, and self-will are a troublesome team; and if Galbraith could have brought himself even to will obedience to the dictates of prudence, I doubt if he could have followed them, though it is a moot point. "To will" anything is, I suppose, to do it; but this is not a metaphysical treatise. Willing or not, Galbraith determined to see the present act of the drama played out. "If I impress her with an idea of my friendly interest, she may open her heart and tell me her story. She is evidently very much isolated; and at any rate for the next three or four days I shall have her all to myself in this wilderness of brick and mortar."

So reflecting, Galbraith hailed a hansom and rattled away to his club.

The next morning, having been relieved from her embarrassing penniless condition by a post-office order from Fanny, enclosed in an effusive letter, full of dismay and sympathy, Kate sallied forth to leave a note she had written, requesting an interview the following morning at Mr. Wall's office, intending to assure herself that he had arrived the previous night.

Her note to Galbraith had cost her much thought. The "reply wire," as it is familiarly termed in busy offices, did not reach her till seven o'clock the evening before; and she decided to enclose the telegram as it was, which she did, merely saying, "This moment received. Yours, with many thanks, K. T."

She felt a joyous feeling of relief at being able once more to walk boldly forth, and this buoyancy carried her lightly and rapidly to her destination.

She was recognised by the clerk, who sat in a sort of wooden cage near the door, where he noted down the entrances of the seekers of justice or injustice, and he paid her immediate and polite attention.

"Note for Mr. Wall, madam? Certainly, it shall be given to him directly he arrives."

"I am told he was to return last night."

"Unfortunately he is detained at Dieppe by a severe cold, and fears he cannot travel till Monday."

"I am very, very sorry for every reason;" and Kate felt almost choked with a lump that would rise in her throat.

"Will you step in, madam, and speak to Mr. Wreford?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no avail." She turned away, all her buoyancy gone—everything seemed against her. Five pounds lost, and another costly week in London probably before her, while her presence was so sorely needed at Pierstoffe. She felt too much cast down to face the long walk back, so she took refuge in an omnibus.

The next day was Sunday, a rather wearisome day under any circumstances, but doubly so in a small temporary London lodging.

Kate was half amused, half angry with herself for the sort of disappointment she had felt at the nonappearance of Galbraith on the previous day. She was naturally anxious, though not very hopeful, about her five pounds; but over and above this motive she would have been thankful for the seasonable break in the depressing monotony of the day, which his presence, and perhaps a little argument, would have afforded.

To-day he would not of course come. Men like him generally went away somewhere to avoid the sepulchral aspect of a London Sabbath. Moreover, a Sunday visit implied a certain degree of intimacy. "To be sure," thought Kate, as she tied on her bonnet before going to church, "our acquaintance is altogether exceptional—a sort of byway not amenable to the rules that govern the turnpike-roads of good society."

She walked some distance to hear a celebrated preacher, and then, as the weather, though not wet, was dull and chill and misty, resigned herself to remain indoors, made up a bright fire, and drawing a low folding-chair—the only tolerably comfortable seat in the room—near the hearth, selected the toughest book of those provided by Tom Reed's kindly thought, and settled herself for a few hours' reading. But her attention was not quite so steady as she expected; she caught herself listening to the passing vehicles, which were few and far between, although she had quite made up her mind that Galbraith would not come on Sunday.

Half an hour had hardly passed thus, when something drove up very rapidly and stopped suddenly. Then an impatient rap with the diminutive knocker, which sounded on the thin, unseasoned wood more like "the woodpecker tapping on the hollow beech tree" than the regulation "thunder claps" which "Jeames" used to discharge upon aristocratic entrances before bells had superseded knockers. The next moment Galbraith was bidding her "Good morning."

"Could not manage to come up here yesterday till it was later than you might have liked," he began, drawing a chair opposite her, as she resumed her seat, making himself quite at home, to Kate's amusement; yet her amusement was tinged with shades of compassion and

regret. "I did not get your note till nearly twelve o'clock yesterday," continued Galbraith. "I stayed at the club till after the last delivery the night before, and began to think you had changed your mind, and were going to cast me adrift. However, your note explained all, short as it was. I have received very few letters from ladies in my life, and I have always understood that brevity is not their characteristic, but yours was literally but three words."

"Yet it told you all that was necessary," said Kate smiling.

"Very true. Well, when I got down to the — Street Station the inspector was gone away somewhere, and I had to wait some time. He was very glad to get the number of the note, and said he thought they might manage it now. That is literally all I have to tell you, Mrs. Temple."

"Thank you very much." Then, after a little pause, she added, "Of course I must give some reward; there will be something to pay?"

"A mere trifle. The police are paid for their work by Government, and I dare say you contribute quite enough in the shape of taxes towards their maintenance."

There was a pause—neither knew exactly what to say next, though their hearts were full enough.

"And are you off on Tuesday?" asked Sir Hugh at last.

"No. I am sorry to say I find the solicitor I wanted to see does not return till Monday, and" (with a sigh) "he may not return even then. So I have not a very lively prospect before me; and I want so much to return."

"It is very annoying," said Galbraith sympathisingly, though a subdued smile lit up his eyes. "However, I hope you will have as little as possible to do with lawyers and law."

"I am on the brink of a lawsuit, I believe," replied Kate, urged by she knew not what impulse to approach the deep but narrow gulf between them, of which her companion was so unconscious.

"Well, pull up before you are absolutely over," said Galbraith earnestly. "I was once very near going in for one myself."

"Why did you not?" she asked, gazing away into the fire.

"Because I got what I wanted without it."

"I will give up mine on the same terms," retorted Kate, with a thoughtful smile. "Perhaps my adversary may come to some accommodation, as it is termed. Tell me, have you ever found any trace of the lady you were in search of?"

"What lady?" asked Galbraith, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps I am indiscreet in alluding to the subject; but in a letter I once wrote for you, you made some inquiries about your uncle's or some relation's widow."

"Yes, yes, of course. I am not in the habit of thinking of her as a lady. You mean Mrs. Travers. No; we can find no trace of her whatever. It is very curious," he continued musingly, "the way she has vanished. I mean, I cannot account for her rejection of my offers; it is not in keeping with what I imagine the character of her class."

"What was her class?"

"Tradespeople; at least, I heard she was niece or relation to a man who used to supply old Travers with fishing-tackle. I think Travers took the lodgings, where he met her, through him. She was daughter to the woman of the house. Whether she acted as servant or not, I do not know; at any rate, she fascinated my deduced relative; but if the right will had not turned up she should have had a tussle for the property."

"Do you imagine she will ever try to disturb your possession of it?" asked Kate, leaning forward to replace a piece of coal which had fallen from the fire.

"No; that is quite out of the question. The will could not be upset; but I confess it is very hard lines for her to be sent adrift upon the world without a rap, after living in luxury for a few years."

"It seems cruelly unjust."

"It does," returned Galbraith thoughtfully; "and I always fancy poor old Travers must have found out some wrongdoing of hers to induce him to make so great a change in his intentions. My own idea," he went on, as if speaking to himself, "is that there was something going on between her and that clerk."

"What clerk?" asked Kate quietly.

"Ford, the manager. He knew her

before her marriage—knew her well, from what he has admitted to me; and there was always something devilish queer, a sort of sentimental kind of restraint in his tone when speaking of her, that suggested the notion that all was not right. Then there was the five hundred pounds bequeathed to Ford in the first will, and never mentioned in the second. I think it is all very suspicious!"

"What do you suspect?" said Kate, rising and taking a paper screen from the chimney-piece to shade her face.

"Various delinquencies," returned Galbraith with a grim smile. "Perhaps they agreed to marry, and share the money after the poor old fellow's death. If such a thing came to his knowledge—and a stray letter or a moment's incaution might betray them—such a will as Travers left would be the best sort of revenge."

"But have they married—this Mr. Ford and your friend's widow?" asked Kate.

"No—not that I know of; though they may. I can hardly believe Ford to be as ignorant of her whereabouts as he pretends. They may have married privately, but in any case I do not think either can disturb *me*. I hope you are as safe to win your cause, whatever it may be, as I am in my possession!"

"I should expect any wickedness from a woman base enough to plan marriage with another during her husband's lifetime."

"Well it is only my supposition, Mrs. Temple, and you must remember her perception of right and wrong was no doubt much less delicate and acute than that of a woman of your class. It is absurd to attribute the feelings and motives of our grade to those in a lower strata."

"My class, 'our grade,'" repeated Kate, turning her eyes full upon him. "What difference is there between your cousin's wife and myself? I keep a small shop—I let lodgings—"

"With as fatal a result," put in Galbraith, an unusual sparkle of fun gleaming in his eyes. The remark was irresistible.

"Hush, hush," returned Kate good-humoredly, pleased at the lightness of his tone. "We have agreed to forget all temporary insanities; but why should

not this lady—well, this young woman—not possess as keen a sense of honor as you credit me with?"

"Because it's not natural. She might be honest enough to keep from any wrongdoing during her husband's lifetime, but not have the delicacy to resist planning what would do him no actual material harm. It is the associations, the habits of life, the tone of every one and everything around that makes a gentlewoman what she is, or ought to be."

"Ought to be," is well put in, Sir Hugh. Does nature, which is, after all, the groundwork for our embroideries—forgive a professional illustration—does nature count for nothing? The true kindly instincts of the heart—and, remember, the highest good breeding is but the outward and visible sign of this inward grace—will often make the humblest woman act with both delicacy and tact. Have you never met with absolute vulgarity in high places? And let me assure you, though you choose to imagine me—I scarce know what—my people are and were what I am, shopkeepers, not on a large scale."

"I do not care what they were. I only know you look like a princess very slightly disguised." As Galbraith said this he leant his arms upon the table, looking straight at her, pleasantly, frankly, but not in the least like a lover.

"I claim to be more than a princess, whatever my faults may be," returned Kate, speaking softly as if to herself. "I claim to be a true-hearted woman."

A silence ensued, which both felt to be dangerous, yet Galbraith dared not speak. At length Kate's thoughts, having shot along some curiously interwoven lines of association, suddenly stopped on the topic of Galbraith's antagonism.

"But why have you so strong an antipathy to this woman—this widow?"

"I certainly had a very strong antipathy to her."

"Had?" repeated Kate. "Is it, then, passed by?"

"Well, yes; one generally feels more amiable to a defeated enemy."

"True; still why did you hate her? Did she injure you?"

"She did. She extinguished the hopes of my whole life," returned Galbraith earnestly. "Travers always led me to suppose I was to be his heir, and I had

perfect trust in his justice. He was as cold and dry and hard as a piece of granite, and he was a gentleman of the same blood as myself; if it did not sound absurd to talk of sympathy (I have picked up the word from you, Mrs. Temple) between two such men as Travers and myself, I should say there was a good deal. I really felt like a son, or rather a younger brother, towards him. If he had come to grief, I would have shared my last shilling with him; not as a mere duty, for I owed him that much, but gladly; and then to find him throwing me over for a mere bit of vulgar prettiness, a girl nearly young enough to be his granddaughter—not even a gentlewoman!—at his age! I never felt so disgusted, by heaven! I was as much cut up at having my respect for the old man destroyed, as at seeing my prospects go overboard. Nor do I believe Travers would ever have been so unjust, so unlike himself, if a strong pressure had not been brought to bear upon him. I think his ultimate action proves that he found he had made a mistake, and was anxious to atone. Still he must have had some strong reason for disinheriting the wife; and they lived peacefully together to the last. That is the strangest part of the story," added Galbraith thoughtfully.

"It is, indeed," said Kate, who had listened with avidity and a beating heart to this long speech—unusually long for Galbraith—and now only forced herself to speak, lest her silence should permit him to wander from the subject. "I cannot, indeed, wonder at your hating this obnoxious woman." She was unconscious of the earnest, appealing gaze she poured into his eyes as she spoke, but it riveted his attention, and swept the wicked widow and his wrongs out of his thoughts. "Still," urged Kate, speaking soft and low, "she may have been innocent of any intention to harm you. She might have been very poor and desolate, as I think I suggested to you once before, and poverty is more terrible than you can know—real poverty. When your kinsman asked her to be his wife, she knew nothing of you or your hopes; she may never have influenced him against you. Are you sure that in your anger you did nothing to offend this Mr. Travers?" How strange it was to speak thus of her dead husband to her foe!

"Why, yes. I certainly wrote a letter on the spur of the moment which could not be exactly pleasant to him or the female he had been pleased to bestow his name on. But I don't regret it; I should do the same thing again. However, he did not like it, for he never replied, and I only heard vague reports of him for the next two or three years. Then came the news of his death, and of that infamous first will. The widow wrote me an insolent letter through her solicitors, offering me a third of the property as a free gift; but the idea of being under an obligation to her for what ought to have been my own, was more than I could stand," and Galbraith, warming with his subject, started up as if to pace the room; but its narrow limits forbid that favorite exercise, so he resumed his seat, and listened attentively to his companion's words.

"It was not such an illiberal offer after all," she was saying thoughtfully.

"I grant that. It was more; it was rather an extraordinary offer, and meant to keep me quiet; for I fancy she knew the second will existed, or feared I might find a flaw in the first. Of course, had I agreed to accept her terms, I could have made no move against her under the first will; and no one could have foreseen that a curious accident should have led Ford to discover the second one. Fortunately he was an honest man, or, rather, rational enough not to risk a felony, so he handed it over to my solicitors or her solicitors, and it was all right."

"For you—yes! Then, the sum of your opinion is, that this Mrs. Travers strove to alienate your benefactor's affections from you; was found out in some disgraceful intrigue; was ready to bribe you to silence, and to destroy the will made by her husband under the influence of his just indignation against her?"

"Yes; that is a tolerably accurate outline."

"Never say again that you are an unimaginative man, Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Mrs. Temple slowly, in an altered voice. "You have built up an ingenious theory on very small foundation."

"Perhaps so. I confess this woman's disappearance has puzzled me. Sometimes I think it shows that she is all right, with more in her than I gave her

credit for. Sometimes I think her keeping out of my way a confession of guilt; still I don't like to think of her being in want or difficulty. And, by Jove, I will find her! But I must have bored you with my affairs, Mrs. Temple. One of the privileges of friendship, you know! I can't tell how it is, but I think I talk more to you than to any one else."

"I am interested in your story, Sir Hugh; that is the reason. But I tell you candidly I am disposed to take sides with the widow against you."

"That of course. You are always in opposition. Still I fancy I am right in the main. I have heard traits of Mrs. Travers—small indications of the current that show she is grasping and selfish and mean. She cannot be so pretty either! Ford said she had reddish hair, and of course she was bad style."

"I suppose she was," said Kate composedly; "but if she were to make any attempt to disturb you?"

"Oh, I should fight every inch of ground. If my whole fortune went in law, she should have none of it."

"Would you resist a *just* claim?"

"It could not be just, you see. Nothing could upset the last will."

Kate sighed.

"I have been trespassing on you unconscionably," said Galbraith. "The shades of evening are closing, and I had better go. If you admit me to-morrow, I will promise not to prose about myself."

"To-morrow," returned Kate dreamily. "Are you coming to-morrow?"

"Yes, of course," cried Galbraith boldly, though for half a second he had hesitated whether he should say so, or ask permission to come. "I hope to bring you your money to-morrow. When is this solicitor of yours to return?"

"To-morrow, I hope," said Kate, with a sigh.

"I suspect you will be in the down-below until you see him."

"And perhaps after," she said smiling.

"Good-bye, Sir Hugh."

"The fight will be a bitter one," thought Kate, as she sat alone after her tea. "But I am bound to carry it through. In justice to myself I must show that my poor husband never for a moment doubted me. I wonder if Hugh

Galbraith's friendship,"—even in her thoughts she emphasised "friendship,"—will stand the test of discovering my identity with 'the female to whom his cousin was pleased to give his name!' Will not the surreptitious winning of his—well—regard, be my crowning iniquity? Oh, Hugh! I do not want to rob you of what ought, indeed, to be your own."

But Monday brought no Mr. Wall, nor Tuesday, nor Wednesday; nevertheless they brought Hugh Galbraith with almost undeviating regularity to the commonplace little cottage, which was a corner of paradise, though an uneasy paradise to him.

Kate felt a little worried by his visits. She felt she ought not to allow them; but she was an exceedingly unconventional woman, and a fearless one. Moreover, she was interested in her visitor. She did not acknowledge it to herself, but she would have missed him. There was a subtle pleasure to her in the sense that she was charming to him; that Kate Temple was thus revenging the injuries of Catharine Travers. Yet she did not intend any cruelty, any real revenge. "When he knows who I am, he will find the knowledge sufficiently repulsive to give me no more trouble," she thought; "and if he is brought to confess that he did Mrs. Travers injustice, he may agree to reasonable arrangements with Mrs. Temple."

It was very strange to have him sitting there familiarly with her by the fireside in the dusk of the October evenings, just as he might have sat with her in her more stately home had he come back from India on good terms with her husband. No, not exactly. Hugh Galbraith would never have permitted his eyes and voice to speak the language they often did—friendship notwithstanding—had he known her as his cousin's wife; and as she thought so, her heart leaped up in a great throb of delight to know that she was free.

It was very strange to be thus swept by the eddy of her life's current into this still pool for an instant's rest before she was hurried on again into the rapids. Strange, but also delightful—more delightful than she confessed even to her-

self. But then it was only an instant's lull. It must not, should not, last longer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE only result of Mrs. Temple's daily visits of inquiry to the office of Messrs. Wall and Wreford was the promised communication from Captain Gregory enclosing a letter of his late father's with his signature, which she placed carefully with the documents Tom Reed had left her for Mr. Wall's information. Kate felt greatly tempted to proceed to Doctors' Commons and compare the writing with that upon the will, but she feared to take any step without either Reed's or Mr. Wall's knowledge. She therefore strove to possess her soul in patience till the moment for action came.

Tom wrote also. He had paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of his chief, and hoped to be in London within another week. So far there was a slight movement in her enforced stagnation. At last, on Thursday morning, when she had gone down to the office more mechanically than hopefully, she found good tidings. Mr. Wall had arrived the night before, had been at the office that morning for half an hour, had read his letters, and left word that he would be happy to see Mrs. Travers the next day at eleven. (She had left no address, not liking to acknowledge that she bore a feigned name at her lodgings.)

This sudden fulfilment of her long-delayed hope sent her back to her temporary abode somewhat tremulous, with a curious confusion of thought seething and bubbling round one central idea. "To-morrow I am to lay the first charge in the mine that is to shatter Hugh's fortunes! Will he ever accept the fragments back from the hands that wrought the mischief?"

She felt that in her present mood she could not meet Galbraith, so purposely made a long *détour* in order to reach her lodgings after his usual hour for calling.

"The gentleman has been here, ma'am," said the landlady, as she opened the door. "He was very sorry to miss you, and asked to come in and write a note: it's on the table."

Kate walked in, looked at it, and then stirred the fire, took off her bonnet and wraps, and even folded them up with me-

chanical neatness before she opened the missive. How would this straightforward, rather rigid nature judge her? Would she not seem false and double-dealing in his eyes? Would not his idea of his cousin's widow be on the whole confirmed by the line of conduct she had adopted? What did he write about? Perhaps to say he was obliged to leave town and should not see her again. She hoped so; it would be better and wiser. She opened the note, and colored with pleasure to find her conjecture wrong.

"So sorry not to find you," ran the epistle, in large, ugly, but legible writing; "for I cannot call to-morrow. Obligated to run down to see my sister at Richmond; but hope to call the day after with some intelligence of your five pounds. I trust you have caught the lawyer at last, and found all right.—Yours very truly, HUGH GALBRAITH."

Something had been begun below, and had been carefully obliterated. She had to-morrow, then, perfectly clear for her interview, and for reflection afterwards; but the day after she would see him for the last time as a friend, probably for the last time in any character. Soon he would be a bitterer, probably a more contemptuous foe than ever. And then the thought arose—ought she to see him again? Would it not be wiser and kinder to avoid any further interviews? She blushed to think she had not hitherto avoided them as she ought—she might! Well, now she would check the culpable weakness; she would be firm. If it were possible, after her interview with Mr. Wall the next day, she would leave town on Saturday, and send a few lines of polite acknowledgment to Galbraith. Of the lost five pounds they had almost ceased to speak. She felt it was now but an excuse for meeting. Not altogether blinded by his tolerable assumption of friendliness, Kate had formed but a faint idea of the depth and reality of Galbraith's passion for her. In truth, though mature in some ways, especially in a genial mellowness, resulting from richness of nature rather than the ripening of time, Kate was only learning the A B C of love. As yet she did not quite recognise the direction in which her own feelings were drifting. The ice of an uncongenial marriage closing over the warm currents of

her heart kept it pure and free from all the false mirage-like shadows of the real deity, but ready to receive the fullest, deepest, most indelible impression of the true god once he either smiled or frowned upon her.

As to her lover, whatever chance of recovery he might have had before, the last week of quiet, delicious intercourse had utterly swept away; and with all the force of his will he resolved that nothing but her own resolute rejection of him should separate them. Her past might be doubtful. He felt certain she could explain everything. That any shadow of dishonor should ever dim those frank, fearless eyes, he would not for a moment believe. Whatever was in the past or future, the spell of her presence had struck the imprisoned fountain of youth and joy that had so long lain congealed in the dark recesses of his soul, and all the world was changed to him.

Having fully determined to explain everything to Mr. Wall, and arrange, if possible, to leave town the next day without seeing Galbraith, Kate started to keep her appointment. It was nearly two years since she had gone into that well-remembered room with a suppressed sensation of bitter wrath and defeat, to place the will that laid her fortunes low in the hands of the lawyer, and now she was taking the first step towards the recovery of her rights with feelings not a whit less painful.

"Well, Mrs. Travers," said Mr. Wall a little stiffly, "this is a very unexpected visit indeed. I thought you had disappeared altogether."

"And you are not the least glad to see me?"

She took the lawyer's wrinkled hand as she spoke, smiling with pleasant reproachfulness.

"I confess I should have been better pleased had you treated me with more confidence, of which I flatter myself I am not undeserving," replied Mr. Wall, visibly relaxing.

"You deserve, and you have my confidence, my dear sir. I know you are displeased at my concealing my abode from you."

"I am, and naturally. Nor was it judicious to have for your sole confidant

a young man—a young man of attractive manners and appearance,” he interrupted.

“Instead of one older, certainly, but similar in other respects.”

“Ah, my dear lady, that will not do,” returned Mr. Wall, smiling in spite of himself, so sweetly and brightly was this morsel of transparent flattery offered.

“Well, well, Mr. Wall, let us speak seriously. I am going to tell you everything—everything—under the seal of confession. Had you known my abode you would have persecuted me to accept Sir Hugh Galbraith’s splendid offer of three hundred a year, would you not?”

“I certainly would have urged your acceptance of it,” he returned, entrenching himself behind his professional manner once more.

“Well, you see I have escaped *that* by concealing my whereabouts,” resumed his client. “Moreover, my chief reason for hiding it was to save you the shock you would have probably felt had you known that I had made up my mind to keep a shop, instead of adopting any genteeler method of earning my bread.”

“A shop!” echoed Mr. Wall, infinitely surprised, not to say horrified. “My late respected friend and client’s name over a shop!”

“Considering that you believe your respected client capable of leaving the wife he professed to love unprovided for, penniless, to battle alone with the world, you have no right to exclaim at any honest use I may put his name to,” said Kate very quietly. “But as I have a higher opinion of him than you have, and never will believe that he was guilty of the cruel will *you* accept, I preserved the respect due—you would say to his name, I say due to his natural prejudices—and did *not* put his name over my—shop,” a little pause, an arch smile as she pronounced the obnoxious word. “Nay, more, Mr. Wall; I dropped the name altogether.”

“Have you been living under a false name, then?” asked Mr. Wall drily, in a tone which implied the highest moral disapprobation, and not only expressed his real feeling, but was a *quid pro quo* for the tone of quiet rebuke she had adopted, and which nettled the orthodox lawyer, as showing too high a spirit of independence for a woman, and a poor woman

to boot. Mr. Wall was a very good, honest man, but thoroughly imbued with the “respectability worship” which pervades so large and so valuable a section of English life. He flattered himself that he had the presumptuous young widow, who was after all only reduced to her original nothingness by her husband’s eccentric will, at his foot, morally, by the admission she had just made. “You have been living under a false name, then?”

“Precisely,” she replied, looking straight into his eyes, with an expression he did not quite like, and very different from the smile that played upon her softly-curved lips.

“And may I ask if you consider such a proceeding respectable?”

“I really never thought about it,” she said, slightly raising her eyebrows. “I don’t suppose *you* think so. Our habits of thought are no doubt widely different. At any rate, I adopted the name of Temple, and started in the Berlin-wool and fancy-work line. You see, my intercourse with poor Mr. Travers developed my commercial faculties,” she went on rapidly. “I established myself at the little seaside town of Pierstofte; and I have succeeded fairly. I determined to wait there in humble independence until I could find some evidence on which to found an attempt to upset the will that robbed me. I have found it; and I am come to lay it before you.”

As she spoke she drew forth a paper, in which she had written as shortly as possible an account of Tom Reed’s interview with Poole—the expert’s opinion; Captain Gregory’s assertion that the will his father signed must have been executed before the 10th of March, and drawing the lawyer’s attention to the great improbability that another totally different will had been made within ten days of that drawn out by Gregory. This she placed upon his desk.

“You are really a wonderful woman, Mrs. Travers,” said Mr. Wall, with a sort of reluctant admiration. “Before I look at this, may I ask who supplied the capital for your undertaking?”

“I did, myself. You know Sir Hugh Galbraith could not claim my jewels. I have been completely on my own resources; and I owe no man, or woman either, anything.”

Strange! in that office she could speak

of Galbraith with something of her old enmity.

The lawyer applied himself to the memoranda she had handed him, without another word: even in the eyes of respectability, a woman who can make money is free of this world's guile.

Kate sat very patiently while her adviser perused her statement slowly; oh, how slowly! She even forced herself to take up a morning paper which lay on the office table, that Mr. Wall might feel himself at liberty to take his time. But she did not follow the arguments of the leader with much attention. She kept repeating to herself, "I must not be cast down by anything he says; he will be sure to decry the value of this information." She kept very still, just speaking the exact words necessary to answer an occasional question.

At last, after what seemed a whole hour of suspense, Mr. Wall laid down the paper, stared for a moment or two across the room at vacancy, then, putting his hands in his pockets, he exclaimed, "This is very curious, very!" Kate refrained from speaking, although he was looking to her for words. "I suppose it seems to you proof positive that the will under which Sir Hugh Galbraith takes—is a forgery?"

"Presumptive, at any rate. What does it seem to you?"

"Well—" long drawn out—"strongly presumptive, but not conclusive; far from conclusive. Has Mr. Reed seen this man Poole?—seen him, I mean, on this subject?" tapping the paper.

"No. He rather fears opening it up to Poole, who is a silly sort of man, and still in the office. I suppose I must say Hugh Galbraith's office."

"I must see him. Though I do not wish to encourage any false hopes, Mrs. Travers, this matter must be looked into."

After some pertinent questioning and discussion, from which Kate gathered that the dry old lawyer was more favorable to her views than she had dared to hope, he observed: "It would be folly to open up the subject without securing ample proof, for it will be a costly battle. I need hardly remind you that justice is a costly commodity."

"It is; but in this cause I am prepared to sacrifice all I possess."

"And suppose you are beaten; how afterwards?"

"With these, and this," holding out her hand, and then touching her brow, "I shall never starve." Then, after a moment's pause, "But we must not stir openly till we are certain of victory."

"When does your friend, Mr. Reed, return?"

"On Tuesday or Wednesday next, I am almost sure."

"I think I shall wait for him before I take any step; he is a shrewd fellow, as well as I remember, and *remarkably* interested in you."

"He is," returned Kate, smiling at the suspicion of her adviser's tone. "He has taken up my cause almost as warmly as if it was his own."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Wall, drily. "I shall, then, have an able and willing assistant in him. Meantime I shall look over these papers quietly this evening at home; and I think I should like to see you to-morrow, when I have digested the pabulum you have brought me. Can you call about the same time?"

"Certainly, Mr. Wall; and if you are not likely to want me any more, I think I shall return to Pierstoffs to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, to be sure. How do you manage about your shop when you are absent?"—a little emphasis on "shop."

"I have a very capable assistant."

"Well, it was a curious idea to adopt that line of business."

Kate smiled.

"However," continued Mr. Wall, "there is no reason why you should not return to-morrow. I wish to see you only because I wish to give you a more careful opinion than I can offer after such a cursory glance at your case; and I am most anxious to prevent your exciting yourself with unfounded hopes. These will cases are most difficult, most doubtful; and, you see, your adversary is in possession. However," rising in token of dismissal, "I am sincerely interested in you, Mrs. Travers, though perhaps not so ardently as your friend Mr. Reed, for I acknowledge you have been hardly dealt by; still, if I could have matters arranged as I should wish, I would not have Sir Hugh Galbraith disinherited either. I always looked upon him as Mr. Travers's adopted son—a fine, hon-

orable, well-conducted young man! and if you change places with him, the hardship will be shifted to his shoulders."

"I think with you," returned Kate very earnestly. "Believe me, my motive is not to rob Hugh Galbraith, but to right myself. But when I succeed, my dear sir, I shall trust to your good offices to make a juster division between us than will then be legally possible. You know my theory—"

"There, there, there," interrupted the lawyer; "just as I thought; on this slender suggestion, rather than evidence, you think you have the property in your hand again! And pray what is your theory?"

"I am not quite so sanguine, I assure you," said she smiling; "though I confess to believing that at the other side of a range of difficulties we shall find success. As to my theory, I believe my late husband did make a second will, and one far more just, probably providing well for me, but leaving the bulk of his property to Hugh Galbraith; and it is for this that the present will has been substituted."

"But by whom, my dear madam, by whom? There is not a soul interested in the matter save yourself and Sir Hugh."

"That is just what we must find out," replied Kate. She could not bring herself to reveal her true convictions to that dry old lawyer. She was always so ashamed of acknowledging Ford's feelings towards her, it seemed such a lowering of herself. "But I must not keep you," she added hastily, and bidding Mr. Wall good-morning, she walked slowly down B—— Street, settling her plans in her own mind. There was a train to Stoneborough at 1.20, which would enable her to catch a little, sleepy, local one to Pierstofle at six, and so she would be ready for a quiet, peaceful Sunday at home, without any chance of a disturbing, interesting, irritating visit from Hugh Galbraith, whose sombre eyes had of late acquired such a variety of expression, and had begun to produce an effect upon herself she could neither account for nor resist. Small chance indeed of ever meeting him on any terms again. Soon he would be plunged into trouble enough to obliterate any fanciful notions about herself. And

then when he knew all! She would not try to imagine his possible condition of mind.

Coming back to the present, Kate remembered she had put a list which Fanny had sent, of divers and sundry articles required for the "Bazaar," in her pocket, and she would now go on to the City and procure them, so that, after her interview with Mr. Wall the next day, she should have nothing to do but drive to the train. She accordingly made her way to Holborn, and took "omnibus" to Cheapside.

It was past four o'clock, and already dusk when Kate neared her abode. She felt weary and utterly cast down. True, Mr. Wall was on the whole less unfavorable than she ventured to hope; true, she would be to-morrow in her safe, quiet home; still her native buoyancy seemed to have deserted her. As she walked rather slowly along, she turned over in her mind the terms in which she would write to Hugh Galbraith. Her note must be friendly, neither too warm nor too cold; slightly playful, she thought, would be best. Here a hansom dashed by; the occupant glanced through the window, stopped the driver, descended, and paid him hastily; turning in the opposite direction from whence he came, he was speedily face to face with Mrs. Temple, who had recognised the tall, straight figure directly he had sprung to the ground.

"This is a bit of good fortune for an unlucky fellow, as I generally am," said Galbraith, raising his hat and speaking with a degree of animation that formerly was very unusual to him. "If I had not been looking this side, I should have driven on to your lodgings and missed you again."

"I thought you were to be at Richmond to-day," said Kate, whose composure was severely tried by his unexpected appearance, the color coming up in her pale cheek, and then leaving it paler than before.

"My sister writes to me to go to-morrow instead, so I have run up to see you to-day," returned Galbraith, walking on beside her, his eyes riveted on her face for a few unguarded seconds.

"And I suppose there is no news of my purse?" said Kate quickly.

"None, I am sorry to say; in fact, I have come to tell you there is nothing to tell." Galbraith twisted his moustaches and smiled as he spoke.

"It is a long way to come for nothing," exclaimed Kate incautiously, and wished immediately she had not spoken, though Hugh only remarked—

"For nothing—yes."

A few minutes' silence, and they were at Mrs. Temple's lodging. Galbraith, without waiting for any invitation, followed her in very deliberately.

"Dear, dear, your fire is near out, ma'am," cried the landlady, as she threw open the door of the little front parlor. "I will bring a few sticks and make it burn up in a jiffy."

"Do, Mrs. Small," said Kate, a chill feeling striking through her with a visible shiver. "I am cold and tired."

The landlady lit the gas, and bustled away.

"You look tired and pale," said Galbraith, advancing to the hearth-rug and leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece while he gazed kindly and gravely upon her. "I suppose I ought to leave you?" He spoke with the curious familiarity which had grown up between them.

"You may stay a while, if you like," she returned in the same tone, and urged to the words by a strange reluctance to part with him all at once, without a little more talk, perhaps a last argument. The return of Mrs. Small and the lighting up of the fire were a seasonable diversion; and while the operation was in progress Kate loosened her cloak and took off her bonnet, with the easy graceful naturalness that was one of her great charms in Galbraith's eyes, seating herself in her favorite low chair, her hands clasped upon her knee, without once looking in the glass to see if her hair was rough or smooth.

"And you," began Galbraith, drawing a chair opposite—"have you seen this absentee lawyer of yours yet?"

"Yes; I have had a long interview with him to-day."

"Hence these—not tears, but pale cheeks?" said Galbraith.

"No, indeed; my interview was less crushing than I feared."

"That is, you are encouraged to go to law?"

"Almost."

"If it is 'almost' only, take my advice and don't."

"Your advice! You are not much of a lawyer, Sir Hugh."

"Perhaps not." A pause followed.

"Do you know," resumed Galbraith, "it was only a week yesterday since I met you at H——?"

"Only a week! It seems a year ago," said Kate dreamily.

"It does," he returned; "and it seems two or three since I looked up and met your murderous glance the day you were first good enough to write a letter for me at Pierstoffe."

This was dangerous ground, and Kate determined to lead away from it as soon as possible.

"How can you persist in such absurdity! It was a sickly fancy of yours that I looked murderously at you. Why should I?—you, a stranger I had never seen in my life before."

"It was no fancy, Mrs. Temple! I shall never forget your look, and I have seen something like it since in your eyes."

"There is no use in arguing with you, I know, on that subject. Pray, do you ever feel any inconvenience from your arm now, Sir Hugh?"

"No; it is all right when I do not think of it. But sometimes when I do, I hesitate about using it;" and he stretched it out and bent it. "And when are you to be released from your solitude here, and restored to your pretty little partner and Mrs. Mills?"

"I am not perfectly sure yet; not till I see the lawyer to-morrow: but soon, I am sure. By-the-way, Sir Hugh, you had better give me the inspector's name and address, that I may send him mine at Pierstoffe, in case he should recover my money."

"I can do that for you. It is just possible he might not like to give you your own except through me."

"Will you do this for me then?"

"I will."

"Are you going to make any stay in town?" she asked next, to break the silence.

"My movements are very uncertain."

I find my friend Upton is going into your neighborhood next week. He is going to stay with Lady Styles, who is some relation of his."

"Oh, indeed!" in a rather dissatisfied

tone; "and are you to be of the party?"

"No, I am not invited. I suppose I shall drift away back to the very tumble-down home of my fathers, if no good reason arises for staying in the south."

"And have you given up all idea of going into parliament?"

"Far from it, but I have postponed that project. Next year I shall think of adding myself to the 'obstructives,' as I think I heard you once say, Mrs. Temple."

"I hope you will not! I do hope not!" she exclaimed. "You really must look about you and read, and convince yourself that it is a terrible waste of time and strength to attach yourself to the Conservative faction. It is impossible to stand still."

"Is it not rare to meet so decided a democrat as you are, Mrs. Temple, among women?"

"I do not know; and I do not think I am what is generally considered a democrat—that is, I am more disposed to raise up than to pull down." She spoke carelessly, without the earnestness and animation she usually displayed when discussing any topic that interested her. Galbraith noticed this, and persisted with his subject, fearing that if any long pause ensued he would be compelled to leave her.

"And how far down would you extend your raising system?"

"To any depth where human life exists."

"And then when all are masters, how would the work of the world go on?"

"Ah, Sir Hugh, you ask that because you do not take the trouble to think! Obedience is not the virtue of the ignorant. Who, in all dangerous or difficult expeditions, bears hardship and privation best? Who is the most subordinate, submitting cheerfully, for the sake of discipline, even to regulations the wisdom of which he doubts? The cultivated gentleman."

"Yes, that is true enough; but in ordinary life cultivated gentlemen would not be satisfied with rough labor—ploughing fields and making railways; and we *must* have hewers of wood and drawers of water."

"By the time all men are wrought up such a pitch we shall have found

some substitute for hard manual labor, which, by-the-way, has nothing in it degrading; and God knows we are at so great, so enormous a distance from even a decent platform of education and habit—I mean among our lower classes—that the most rigid Tory among you might safely give a helping hand without fearing that a day of disabling cultivation will arrive too soon. But it is always the same. I suppose when slavery began to die out in England the Galbraiths of that day (I suppose there were Galbraiths then) thought the country was going to the dogs, and that law, order, property, were endangered."

Galbraith smiled. "Still, if men are raised to a higher state of intelligence and cultivation, they will demand political power, and we know what *that* is in the hands of the multitude."

"Not a cultivated multitude," she replied; "we have never seen that. I do not think you make sufficient allowance for the natural common sense of Englishmen. Besides, I have a sort of dim notion that political rights are an education in themselves; a sense of responsibility makes a man think—teaches him self-respect. If a child is forever in leading-strings he cannot learn to stand alone. The French were in leading-strings all the hundreds of years of their national life, till the supreme moment when, with mature passion but childish intellect, they burst their bonds, and gave Europe a picture awful and horrible enough, but not worse than might have been logically expected."

"You think, then, that we ought to have no political privileges beyond those of our laborers and artisans?"

"My ideas are crude," said Kate thoughtfully; "but I do believe that the key to the real position of what is termed the ruling class was given to us more than eighteen hundred and fifty years ago in the sentence, 'Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'"

"You are quite original, Mrs. Temple!"

"I wish I could think so," she said smiling; "but I don't suppose I ever had an original idea in my life. My highest attainment is to understand other people's ideas. However, I have not converted you—I can see that, nor do I

expect it; but I should be pleased if I could persuade you to believe there are two sides to the conservative question. Your opinions are of some importance, mine have none, except to myself."

"I'm not quite so pig-headed a fellow as you imagine," returned Galbraith laughing. "I shall not bind myself hand and foot to any leader; but, though I do not like to see the people oppressed, as long as I live I shall do my best to keep them in their place."

"What is their place?" asked Kate. "Would you go back to the caste system of Egypt?"

But Galbraith had gained his point. He had drawn her out to talk and smile with animation and interest; and odious as political women generally, indeed always, were, there was a simple sincerity about Mrs. Temple's opinions that made them not only bearable, but pleasant to listen to. He did not pursue the subject. "You have great facilities for studying politics. I remember you take in lots of newspapers at Pierstofie. By-the-way, how does Miss Lee get on without you?"

"Very badly, I imagine, which makes me so impatient at being kept so long here; and I miss her much! We are great friends."

"Yes; you gave me that idea. Do you never quarrel?"

"No; do you and—who is your great friend?—Colonel Upton?"

Galbraith bent his head.

"Do you and Colonel Upton never quarrel?"

"No; but I don't know how it would be if we were shut up in a small room or shop together all day, like Miss Lee and yourself."

"Well, we are always good friends. To be sure, Fanny gives up to me in everything. I am afraid I am rather imperious."

"I am afraid you are," said Galbraith gravely.

"You cannot possibly know!" she returned, in some surprise.

"At any rate," continued Galbraith, "two imperious people never could get on; but when I hear Upton say that no such thing as friendship exists between women (he is a shocking heathen, Mrs. Temple), I always think of you and Miss Lee. He is equally sceptical, I

am sorry to say, about friendship between men and women," and Galbraith stole a glance at her as he spoke.

"One doesn't often see it, I am afraid," she said frankly, looking straight into the fire; "and it is such a loss. Women will never be in a right position until hearty, honest friendships with men are of everyday occurrence."

"I am afraid, then, your right position is a long way off. It is all very well to discuss opinions and exchange ideas with an old woman, or an ugly one; but," continued Galbraith, with a mixture of fun and admiration, "when one is talking to a lovely creature, or even a pretty girl, one's thoughts are apt to be distracted by the beautiful eyes that meet your own, or the sweet lips that contradict you!"

"Ah, Sir Hugh," exclaimed Kate, "you make me understand how it is that plain women have called forth the deepest, truest, highest love! The feeling that is always being influenced by the accident of personal gifts is ignoble and unworthy."

"Perhaps so," returned Galbraith, "but it is uncommonly natural; though I will not allow you to set me down as a devotee of merely physical beauty! I could not care for a beautiful fool. Indeed, I do not believe a fool could be beautiful; but I confess that, with me, friendship for a lovely, companionable woman would very soon warm into love—unless, indeed, I had already given that love to another."

"Is he warning me that he is provided with a safeguard?" was the thought that flashed through her brain as he made a slight pause, and then resumed.

"But in that case I doubt if I should have even friendship to spare." And as he spoke Galbraith leant his folded arms on the table, bending his head towards her with wistful eyes that set her heart beating, and turned her cheek pale with apprehension.

"It is a vexed question," she said coldly. "Let us hope the happy solution may be found in the future perfection which some think our race will reach."

The severe composure of her tone checked Galbraith. He kept silence for a moment, telling himself he must not spoil his chance by precipitation; and she looked so sad and quiet, and

unlike her own frank, fearless self, that a tender dread of disturbing her unnecessarily, held him back. He was learning and developing rapidly in Love's school. Then he would see her again, and again—and win his way at last!

Meantime Kate looked at her watch. "I am going to treat you unceremoniously, as an old acquaintance," she said, smiling away the abruptness of her words; "but I have letters to write, and——"

"And I have kept you too long from them," interrupted Galbraith, rising, but not in the least ruffled. "I shall see you to-morrow."

"You are going to Richmond, are you not?"

"True; well, on Sunday, then—and hear when you leave."

"It all depends upon the lawyer," she returned, in a low voice. "Good-bye, Sir Hugh Galbraith."

He took the hand she held out, pressing it close, tighter than he knew, and kept it, still not daring to trust himself to speak. Kate strove to withdraw it, and grew so deadly white, while she compressed her lips with a look of pain, that a sudden sense of coming evil struck him. He relinquished her hand, and with a hasty "Good-bye—God bless you!" turned quickly away.

[To be continued.]

ORDEALS AND OATHS.

BY E. B. TYLOR.

IN primitive stages of society the clanish life of rude tribes may well have been more favorable to frank and truthful relations between man and man than our wider and looser social intercourse can be. Yet one can see from the habits of modern savages that already in early savage times society was setting itself to take measures against men who broke faith to save themselves from harm or to gain some coveted good. At the stage of civilization where social order was becoming regular and settled, the wise men turned their minds to devise guarantees stronger than mere yes and no. Thus the ordeal and the oath were introduced, that wrong-doing should not be concealed or denied, that unrighteous claims should not be backed by false witness, and that covenants made should not be broken.

The principles on which these ordeals and oaths were invented and developed may to this day be plainly made out. It is evident that the matter was referred to the two intellectual orders of early times, the magicians and the priests. Each advised after the manner of his own profession. The magician said, With my symbols and charms I will try the accused, and bind the witness and the promiser. The priest said, I will call upon my spirits, and they shall find out the hidden thing, and punish the lie and the broken vow. Now magic and religion are separate in their nature and

origin. *Magic* is based on a delusive tendency arising out of the association of ideas, namely, the tendency to believe that things which are ideally connected in our minds must therefore be really connected in the outer world. *Religion* is based on the doctrine of spiritual beings, souls, demons, or deities, who take cognisance of men and interpose in their affairs. It is needful to keep this absolute distinction clear in our minds, for on it depends our finding our mental way through a set of complicated proceedings, in which magical and religious elements have become mixed in the most intricate manner. Well they might, considering how commonly the professions of sorcerer and priest have overlapped, so as even to be combined in one and the same person. But it seems from a general survey of the facts of ordeals and oaths, that on the whole the magical element in them is earliest and underlying, while the religious element is apt to come in later in history, often only taking up and consecrating some old magical process.

In the series of instances to be brought into view, this blending of the religious with the magical element will be repeatedly observable. It will be seen also that the ordeal and the oath are not only allied in their fundamental principles, but that they continually run into one another in their use. Oaths, we shall

see, may be made to act as ordeals, and ordeals are brought in as tests of oaths. While recognizing this close connection, it will be convenient to divide the two and take them in order according to their practical application, ordeals being proceedings for the discovery of wrongdoers, while oaths are of the nature of declarations or undertakings.

The association of ideas which serves as a magical basis for an ordeal is quite childish in its simplicity. Suppose it has to be decided which of two men has acted wrongfully, and appeal is had to the ordeal. There being no evidence on the real issue, a fanciful issue is taken instead, which can be settled, and the association of ideas does the rest. Thus in Borneo, when two Dayaks have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given them to drop together into water, and the one whose lump is gone first is in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate, one for each disputant, and squeeze lime-juice over them, the verdict being given according to which man's champion-mollusc moves first. This reasoning is such as any child can enter into. Among the Sandwich Islanders, again, when a thief had to be detected, the priest would consecrate a dish of water, and the suspected persons, one by one, held their hands over it, till the approach of the guilty was known by the water trembling. Here the connection of ideas is plain. But we may see it somewhat more fully thought out in Europe, where the old notion remains on record that the executioner's sword will tremble when a thief draws near, and even utter a dull clang at the approach of a murderer.

Starting with the magical ordeal, we have next to notice how the religious element is imported into it. Take the ordeal of the balance, well known to Hindu law. A rude pair of scales is set up with its wooden scale-beam supported on posts; the accused is put in one scale, and stones and sand in the other to counterpoise him; then he is taken out, to be put in again after the balance has been called upon to show his guilt by letting him go down, or his innocence by raising him up. This is pure magic, the ideal weight of guilt being by mere absurd association of ideas transferred to material weight in a pair of scales. In this pro-

cess no religious act is essential, but in practice it is introduced by prayers and sacrifices, and a sacred formula appealing to the great gods who know the walk of men, so that it is considered to be by their divine aid that the accused rises or falls at once in material fact and moral metaphor. If he either goes fairly up or down the case is clear. But a difficulty arises if the accused happens to weigh the same as he did five minutes before, so nearly at least as can be detected by a pair of heavy wooden scales which would hardly turn within an ounce or two. This embarrassing possibility has in fact perplexed the Hindu lawyers not a little. One learned pundit says—He is guilty, unless he goes right up! A second suggests—Weigh him again! A third distinguishes with subtlety—If he weighs the same, he is guilty, but not so guilty as if he had gone right down! The one only interpretation that never occurs to any of them, is that in may be an imponderable. We may smile at the Hindu way of striking a moral balance, but it should be remembered that a similar practice, probably a survival from the same original Aryan rite, was kept up in England within the last century. In 1759, near Aylesbury, a woman who could not get her spinning-wheel to go round, and naturally concluded that it had been bewitched, charged one Susannah Haynokes with being the witch. At this Susannah's husband was indignant, and demanded that his wife should be allowed to clear herself by the customary ordeal of weighing. So they took her to the parish church, stripped her to her under garments, and weighed her against the church Bible; she outweighed it, and went home in triumph. Here the metaphor of weighing is worked in the opposite way to that in India, but it is quite as intelligible, and not a whit the worse for practical purposes. For yet another case, how an old magical process may be afterwards transformed by bringing in the religious sanction, we may look at the ancient classic sieve and shears, the sieve being suspended by sticking the points of the open shears into the rim, and the handles of the shears balanced on the forefingers of the holders. To discover a thief, or a lover, all that was required was to call over all suspected names, till the instru-

ment turned at the right one. In the course of history, this childish divining ordeal came to be Christianized into the key and Bible, the key of course to open the secret, the Bible to supply the test of truth. For a thief-ordeal, the proper mode is to tie in the key at the verse of the 50th Psalm, "When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him;" and then when the names are called over, at the name of the guilty one the instrument makes its sign by swerving or turning in the holders' hands. This is interesting as being almost the only ordeal which survives in common use in England; it may be met with in many an out-of-the-way farm-house. It is some years since English rustics have dared to "swim" a witch, that is, to put in practice the ancient water-ordeal, which our folk-lore remembers in its most archaic Aryan form. Its essential principle is as plainly magical as any; the water, being set to make the trial, shows its decision by rejecting the guilty, who accordingly comes up to the surface. Our ancestors, who did not seize the distinction between weight and specific gravity, used to wonder at the supernatural power with which the water would heave up a wicked fellow, even if he weighed sixteen stone.

Mediæval ordeals, by water or fire, by touch of the corpse, or by wager of battle have fallen to mere curiosities of literature, and it is needless to dwell here on their well-known picturesque details, or to repeat the liturgies of prayer or malediction said or sung by the consecrating priests. It is not by such accompanying formulas, but by the intention of the act itself, that we must estimate the real position of the religious element in it. Nowhere is this so strong as in what may be called the ordeal by miracle, where the innocent by Divine help walks over the nine red-hot ploughshares, or carried the red-hot iron bar in his hand, or drinks a dose of deadly poison and is none the worse for it; or, in the opposite way, where the draught of harmless water, cursed or consecrated by the priests, will bring within a few days dire disease on him or her who, being guilty, has dared to drink of it.

Looking at the subject from the statesman's point of view, the survey of the ordeals of all nations and ages enables

us to judge with some certainty what their practical effect has been for evil or good. Their basis being mere delusive imagination, when honestly administered their being right or wrong has been matter of mere accident. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that fair-play ever generally prevailed in the administration of ordeals. As is well-known, they have always been engines of political power in the hands of unscrupulous priests and chiefs. Often it was unnecessary even to cheat, when the arbiter had it at his pleasure to administer either a harmless ordeal like drinking cursed water, or a deadly ordeal by a dose of aconite or physostigma. When it comes to sheer cheating, nothing can be more atrocious than this poison-ordeal. In West Africa, where the Calabar bean is used, the administerers can give the accused a dose which will make him sick, and so prove his innocence, or they can give him enough to prove him guilty, and murder him in the very act of proof; when we consider that over a great part of that great continent this and similar drugs usually determine the destiny of people inconvenient to the Fetishman and the Chief—the constituted authorities of Church and State—we see before us one efficient cause of the unprogressive character of African society. The famed ordeal by red-hot iron, also, has been a palpable swindle in the hands of the authorities. In India and Arabia the test is to lick the iron, which will burn the guilty tongue but not the innocent. Now, no doubt the judges know the secret that innocent and guilty alike can lick a white hot iron with impunity, as any blacksmith will do, and as I have done myself, the layer of vapor in a spheroidal state preventing any chemical contact with the skin. As for the walking over red-hot ploughshares, or carrying a red-hot iron bar three paces in the palm of the hand, its fraudulent nature fits with the fact that the ecclesiastics who administered it took their precautions against close approach of spectators much more carefully than the jugglers do who handle the red-hot bars and walk over the ploughshares nowadays; and, moreover, any list of cases will show how inevitably the friend of the Church got off, while the man on the wrong side was sure to "lose his

cause and burn his fingers." Remembering how Queen Emma in the story, with uplifted eyes walked over the ploughshares without knowing it, and then asked when the trial was to begin, and how, after this triumphant issue, one-and-twenty manors were settled on the bishopric and church of Winchester, it may be inferred with some probability that in such cases the glowing ploughshares glowed with nothing more dangerous than daubs of red paint.

Almost the only effect of ordeals which can be looked upon as beneficial to society is that the belief in their efficacy has done something to deter the credulous from crime, and still more often has led the guilty to betray himself by his own terrified imagination. Visitors to Rome know the great round marble mask called the *Bocca della Verità*. It is but the sink of an old drain; but many a frightened knave has shrunk from the test of putting his hand into its open "mouth of truth" and taking oath of his innocence, lest it should really close on him as tradition says it does on the forsworn. The ordeal by the mouthful of food is still popular in Southern Asia for its practical effectiveness: the thief in the household, his mouth dry with nervous terror, fails to masticate or swallow fairly the grains of rice. So in old England, the culprit may have failed to swallow the consecrated *cor-snaed*, or trial-slice of bread or cheese; it stuck in his throat, as in Earl Godwin's in the story. To this day the formula, "May this mouthful choke me if I am not speaking truth!" keeps up the memory of the official ordeal. Not less effective is the ordeal by curse still used in Russia to detect a thief. The *babushka*, or local witch, stands with a vessel of water before her in the midst of the assembled household, and makes bread pills to drop in, saying to each in order, "Ivan Ivanoff, if you are guilty, as this ball falls to the bottom, so your soul will fall into hell." But this is more than any common Russian will face, and the rule is that the culprit confesses at sight. This is the best that can be said for ordeals. Under their most favorable aspect, they are useful delusions or pious frauds. At worst they are those wickedest of human deeds, crimes disguised behind the mask of justice. Shall we wonder that the world,

slowly trying its institutions by the experience of ages, has at last come to the stage of casting out the judicial ordeal; or shall we rather wonder at the constitution of the human mind, which for so many ages has set up the creations of delusive fancy to hold sway over a world of facts?

From the Ordeal we pass to the Oath. The oath, for purposes of classification, may be best defined as an asseveration made under superhuman penalty, such penalty being (as in the ordeal) either magical or religious in its nature, or both combined. Here, then, we distinguish the oath from the mere declaration, or promise, or covenant, however formal. For example, the covenant by grasping hands is not in itself an oath, nor is even that widespread ancient ceremony of entering into a bond of brotherhood by the two parties mixing drops of their blood, or tasting each other's. This latter rite, though often called an oath, can under this definition be only reckoned as a solemn compact. But when a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered over with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police-courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness box, signifying, as the interpreter then puts it in words, "if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like this saucer," we have here two full oaths, of which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in pantomime before us. By the way, the English judges who authorised this last sensational ceremony must have believed that they were calling on a Chinaman to take a judicial oath after the manner of his own country; but they acted under a mistake, for in fact the Chinese use no oaths at all in their law-courts. Now we have to distinguish these real oaths from mere asseverations, in which emphatic terms, or descriptive gestures are introduced merely for the purpose of showing the strength of resolve in the declarer's mind. Where, then, does the difference lie between the two? It is to be found in the incurring of supernatural penalty. There would be no difficulty at all in clearing up the question, were it not that theologians have set up a distinction between oaths of imprecation and oaths of witness.

Such subtleties, however, looked at from a practical point of view, are seen to be casuistic cobwebs which a touch of the rough broom of common sense will sweep away. The practical question is this: does the swearer mean that by going through the ceremony, he brings on himself, if he breaks faith, some special magic harm, or divine displeasure and punishment? If so, the oath is practically imprecatory; if not, it is futile, wanting the very sanction which gives it legal value. It does not matter whether the imprecation is stated, or only implied. When a Bedouin picks up a straw, and swears by Him who made it grow and wither, there is no need to accompany this with a homily on the fate of the perjured. This reticence is so usual in the world, that as often as not we have to go outside the actual formula and ceremony to learn what their full intention is.

Let us now examine some typical forms of oath. The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a weapon, that the sun may burn them, or the mountain crush them, or the weapon wound them, if they lie. The even ruder savages of the Brazilian forests, to confirm their words, raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons. These two accounts of savage ceremony introduce us to customs well known to nations of higher culture. The raising of the hand toward the sky seems to mean here what it does elsewhere. It is in gesture calling on the Heaven-god to smite the perjurer with his thunder-bolt. The touching of the head, again, carries its meaning among these Brazilians, almost as plainly as in Africa, where we find men swearing by their heads or limbs, in the belief that they would wither if forsworn; or as when among the Old Prussians a man would lay his right hand on his own neck, and his left on the holy oak, saying: "May Perkun (the thunder-god) destroy me!" As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness swearing to speak the truth takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth, and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remain-

ed so common in Christendom, that it was expressly forbidden by a Synod; even in the seventeenth century, to swear on the sword (like Hamlet's friends in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath in Holstein. As for the holding up the hand to invoke the personal divine sky, the successor of this primitive gesture remains to this day among the chief acts in the solemn oaths of European nations.

It could scarcely be shown more clearly with what childlike imagination the savage conceives that a symbolic action, such as touching his head or his spear, will somehow pass into reality. In connection with this group of oaths, we can carry yet a step further the illustration of the way men's minds work in this primitive stage of association of ideas. One of the accounts from New Guinea is that the swearer, holding up an arrow, calls on Heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way, the oath can be neutralized. This is magic all over. What one symbol can do, the reverse symbol can undo. True to the laws of primitive magical reasoning, uncultured men elsewhere still carry on the symbolic reversal of their oaths. An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue, and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make it, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath, or he puts his left hand to his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our "over the left;" but so far as I know this has come down with us to mere schoolboy's shuffling.

It has just been noticed that the arsenal of deadly weapons by which the natives of Aracan swear, includes a tiger's tusk and a crocodile's tooth. This leads us to a group of instructive rites belonging to Central and North Asia. Probably to this day, there may be seen in Russian law-courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostyak is to be sworn, a bear's head is brought into court, and the man makes believe to bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth. Now the meaning of this act goes beyond magic and into religion, for we are here

in the region of bear worship, among people who believe that this wise and divine beast knows what goes on, and will come and punish them. Nor need one wonder at this, for the idea that the bear will hear and come if called on is familiar to German mythology. I was interested to find it still in survival in Switzerland a few years ago, when a peasant woman, whom a mischievous little English boy had irritated beyond endurance, pronounced the ancient awful imprecation on him, "The bear take thee!" (*der Bär nimm dich!*) Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's-skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostyaks. Rivers, again, which to the savage and barbarian are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their name in vain. We can understand why Homeric heroes swore by the rivers, when we hear still among Hindus how the sacred Ganges will take vengeance sure and terrible on the children of the perjurer. It is with the same personification, the same fear of impending chastisement from the outraged deity that savage and barbaric men have sworn by sky or sun. Thus the Huron Indian would say in making solemn promise: "Heaven hears what we do this day!" and the Tunguz, brandishing a knife before the sun, would say: "If I lie, may the sun plunge sickness into my entrails like this knife." We have but to rise one stage higher in religious ideas to reach the type of the famous Roman oaths by Jupiter, the Heaven-god. He who swore held in his hand a stone, praying that, if he knowingly deceived, others might be safe in their countries and laws, their holy places and their tombs, but he alone might be cast out, as this stone now—and he flung it from him. Even more impressive was the great treaty-oath where the pater patratus, holding the sacred flint that symbolized the thunderbolt, called on Jove that if by public counsel or wicked fraud the Romans should break the treaty first—"in that day, O Jove, smite thou the Roman people as I here to-day shall smite this swine, and smite the heavier as thou art the stronger!" So saying, he slew the victim with the sacred stone.

These various examples may be taken

as showing the nature and meaning of such oaths as belong to the lower stages of civilization. Their binding power is that of curses, that the perjurer may be visited by mishap, disease, death. But at a higher stage of culture, where the gods are ceasing to be divine natural objects like the Tiber or Ganges, or the Sun or Sky, but are passing into the glorified human or heroic stage, like Apollo or Venus, there comes into view a milder kind of oath, where the man enters into fealty with the god, whom he asks to favor or preserve him on condition of his keeping troth. Thus, while the proceeding is still an oath with a penalty, this penalty now lies in the perjurer's forfeiting the divine favor. To this milder form, which we may conveniently call the "oath of conditional favor," belong such classic phrases as "So may the gods love me!" (*Ita me Dii ament!*) "As I wish the gods to be propitious to me!" (*Ita mihi Deos velim propitios!*) I call attention to this class of oaths, of which we shall presently meet with a remarkable example nearer home. We have now to take into consideration a movement of far larger scope.

Returning to the great first-mentioned class of savage and barbaric oaths, sworn by gestures or weapons, or by invocation of divine beasts, or rivers, or greater nature-deities—the question now to be asked is, what is the nature of the penalties? They are that the perjurer may be withered by disease, wounded, drowned, smitten by the thunderbolt, and so forth, all these being temporal, visible punishments. The state of belief to which the whole class belong is that explicitly described among the natives of the Tonga Islands, where oaths were received on the declared ground that the gods would punish the false-swearer here on earth. A name is wanted to denote this class of oaths, belonging especially to the lower culture; let us call them "mundane oaths." Now it is at a point above the savage level in culture that the thought first comes in of the perjurer being punished in a world beyond the grave. This was a conception familiar to the Egyptians in their remotely ancient civilization. It was at home among the old Homeric Greeks, as when Agamemnon, swearing his mighty

oaths, calls to witness not only Father Zeus, and the all-seeing Sun, and the Rivers, and Earth, but also the Erinnyes who down below chastise the souls of the dead, whosoever shall have been forsworn. Not less plainly is it written in the ancient Hindu Laws of Manu—"A man of understanding shall swear no false oath even in a trifling matter, for he who swears a false oath goes hereafter and here to destruction." To this higher stage of culture then belongs the introduction of the new "post-mundane" element into oaths. For ages afterward, nations might still use either kind, or combine them by adding the penalty after death to that in life. But in the later course of history there comes plainly into view a tendency to subordinate the old mundane oath, and at last to suppress it altogether. How this came to pass is plain on the face of the matter. It was simply the result of accumulated experience. The continual comparison of opinions with facts could not but force observant minds to admit that a man might swear falsely on sword's edge or spear's point, and yet die with a whole skin; that bears and tigers were not to be depended on to choose perjurers for their victims, and that in fact the correspondence between the imprecation and the event was not real, but only ideal. How judgment by real results thus shaped itself in men's minds we may see by the way it came to public utterance in classic times, nowhere put more cogently than in the famous dialogue in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The old farmer Strepsiades asks, Whence comes the blazing thunderbolt that Zeus hurls at the perjured? "You fool," replies the Sokrates of the play, "you smack of old Kronos' times—if Zeus smote perjurers, wouldn't he have been down on those awful fellows Simon, and Kleonymos, and Theoros? Why, what Zeus does with his bolt is to smite his own temple, and the heights of Sunium, and the tall oaks! Do you mean to say that an oak-tree can commit perjury?" What is said here in chaff full many a reasonable man in the old days must have said to himself in the soberest earnest, and once said or thought, but one result could come of it—the result which history shows us did come. The venue of the judicial oath was gradually changed,

till the later kind, with its penalties transferred from earth to the region of departed souls, remained practically in possession of the field.

As a point in the science of culture which has hitherto been scarcely if at all observed, I am anxious to call attention to the historical stratification of judicial oaths, from the lowest stratum of mundane oaths belonging to savage or barbaric times, to the highest stratum of post-mundane oaths such as obtain among modern civilized nations. Roughly, the development in the course of ages may be expressed in the following two classifications—

Mundane.	} Oaths. {	Curse.
Mixed.		Conditional Favor.
Post-Mundane.		Judgment.

Though these two series only partly coincide in history, they so far fit that the judicial oaths of the lower culture belong to the class of mundane curse, while those of the higher culture in general belong to that of post-mundane judgment. Anthropologically, this is the most special new view I have here to bring forward. It forms part of a wider generalization, belonging at once to the science of morals and the science of religion. But rather than open out the subject into this too wide field, we may do well to fix it in our minds by tracing a curious historical point in the legal customs of our own country. Every one knows that the modes of administering a judicial oath in Scotland and in England are not the same. In Scotland, where the witness holds up his hand toward heaven, and swears to tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the Day of Judgment, we have before us the most explicit possible example of a post-mundane oath framed on Christian lines. In contrasting this with the English judicial oath, we first notice that our acted ceremony consists commonly in taking a New Testament in the hand and kissing it. Thus, unlike the Scotch oath, the English oath is sworn on a *halidome* (Ang'o-Saxon *hæligdōm*, German *heiligtum*), a holy or sacred object. Many writers have fallen into confusion about this word, mystifying it into sacred judgment or "holy doom;" but it is a perfectly straightforward term for a sanctuary or relic, as "On tham halig-dome swerian"—to swear by the relic.

Now this custom of swearing on a halidome belongs to far præ-Christian antiquity, one famous example being when Hannibal, then a lad of nine years old, was brought by his father to the altar and made to swear by touching the sacred things (*tactis sacris*) that when he grew up he would be the enemy of Rome. In classical antiquity the sacred objects were especially the images and altars of the gods, as it is put in a scene in Plautus—"Touch this altar of Venus!" The man answers, "I touch it," and then he is sworn. When this ancient rite came into use in early Christian England, the object touched might be the altar itself, or a relic-shrine like that which Harold is touching with his right forefinger in the famous scene in the Bayeux tapestry, or it might be a Missal, or a book of the Gospels. In modern England, a copy of the New Testament has become the recognized halidome on which oaths are taken, and the practice of kissing it has almost supplanted the older and more general custom of touching it with the hand.

Next, our attention must be called to the remarkable formula in which (in England, not in Scotland) the invocation of the Deity is made, "So help me God!" or "So help you God!" Many a modern Englishman puzzles over this obscure form of words. When the question is asked what the meaning of the oath is, the official interpretation practically comes to saying that it means the same as the Scotch oath. But neither by act nor word does it convey this meaning. So obvious is the discrepancy between what is considered to be meant, and what is actually done and said, that Paley, remarking on the different forms of swearing in different countries, does not scruple to say that they are "in no country in the world, I believe, worse contrived either to convey the meaning, or impress the obligation of an oath, than in our own."

This remark of Paley's aptly illustrates a principle of the science of culture which cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all who study the institutions of their own or any other age. People often talk of mystic formulas and mystic ceremonies. But the more we study civilization in its earlier stages, the more we shall find that formulas and cere-

monies, both in law and in religion, are as purposeful and business-like as can be, if only we get at them anywhere near their origin. What happens afterwards is this, that while men's thoughts and wants gradually change, the old phrases and ceremonies are kept up by natural conservatism, so that they become less and less appropriate, and then as their meaning falls away, its place is apt to be filled up with mystery. Applying this principle to the English oath-formula, we ask what and where it originally was. It was Teutonic-Scandinavian, for though corresponding formulas are known in Latin (*Ita me adjuvet Deus*) and in Old French (*Ce m'aït Diex*, &c.), these are shown by their comparatively recent dates to be mere translations of the Germanic originals. Now although ancient English and German records fail to give the early history of the phrase, this want is fortunately supplied by a document preserved in Iceland. Some while after the settlement of the island by the Northmen, but long before their conversion to Christianity, the settlers felt the urgent need of a code of laws, and accordingly Ulflot went to Norway for three years to Thorleif the Wise, who imparted to him his legal lore. Ulflot went to Norway A.D. 925, so that the form of judicial oath he authorised, and which was at a later time put on record in the Icelandic *Landnámabók*, may be taken as good and old in Norse law. Its præ-Christian character is indeed obvious from its tenor. The halidome on which it was sworn was a metal arm-ring, which was kept by the godhi or priest, who reddened it with the blood of the ox sacrificed, and the swearer touching it said, in words that are still half English, "Name I to witness that I take oath by the riing, law-oath, so help me Frey, and Niörðh, and almighty Thor (*hialpi mer svâ Freyr, ok Niörðhr, ok hinn almáttki Áss*) as I shall this suit follow or defend, or witness bear or verdict or doom, as I wit rightest and soothest and most lawfully," &c. Here, then, we have the full and intelligible formula which must very nearly represent that of which we keep a mutilated fragment in our English oath. So close is the connection, that two of the gods referred to, Frey and Thor (who is described as the Almighty God) are the old English gods whose names we

commemorate in Friday and Thursday. The formula belongs, with the classic ones lately spoken of, to the class of oaths of conditional favor, "*so help me as I shall do rightly*," while Frey and Niördh are gods whom a Norse warrior would ask for earthly help, but who would scarcely concern themselves with his soul after death. It is likely that the swearer was not indeed unmindful of what the skalds sang of Nâströnd, the strand of corpses, that loathly house arched of the bodies of huge serpents, whose heads, turned inward, dripped venom on the perjurers and murderers within. But the primary formula is, as I have said, that of the oath of conditional favor, not of judgment. With the constituents of the modern English oath now fairly before us, we see that its incoherence, as usual in such cases, has a historical interpretation. What English law has done is to transplant from archaic fetish-worship the ceremony of the halidome or consecrated object, and to combine with this one-half of a præ-Christian formula of conditional favor without the second half which made sense of it. Considering that to this combination is attached a theological interpretation which is neither implied in act nor word, we cannot wonder if in the popular mind a certain amount of obscurity, not to say mystery, surrounds the whole transaction. Nevertheless we may well deprecate any attempt to patch up into Scotch distinctness and consistency the old formula, which will probably last untouched so long as judicial oaths shall remain in use in England.

Being in the midst of this subject it may not be amiss to say a few words upon old and new ideas as to the administration of oaths to little children. The Canon Law expressly forbade the exacting of an oath from children under fourteen—*pueri ante annos XIV non cogantur jurare*. This prohibition is derived from yet earlier law. The rough old Norsemen would not take oaths from children, as comes out so quaintly in the *saga* of Baldur, where the goddess made all the beasts and birds and trees swear they would not harm him, but the little mistletoe only she craved no oath from, for she thought it was too young. Admitting the necessity of taking children's evidence somehow, the question is how best

to do it. In England it must be done on oath, and for this end there has arisen a custom in our courts of putting the child through an inquisition as to the theological consequences of perjury, so as usually to extract from it a well-known definition which the stiffest theologian will not stand to for a moment if put straight to him, but which is looked upon as a proper means for binding the conscience of a little child.* Moreover, children in decent families learn to answer plain questions some years before they learn to swear, and material evidence is often lost by the child not having been taught beforehand the proper answers to make when questioned as to the nature of an oath. I heard of a case only lately, which was expected to lead to a committal on a charge of murder, and where an important point rested on the evidence of a young lad who was, to all appearance, truthful, but who did not satisfy the bench that he understood the nature of an oath. Those in whom the ceremony of swearing a child arouses the feeling of physical repugnance that it does in myself, may learn with interest a fact as yet little known in England, and which sufficiently justifies my bringing forward the subject. Hearing that there was something to be learnt from Germany, I applied to the eminent jurist, Dr. Gneist, of Berlin, and hear from him that under the new German rules of procedure, which are expected shortly to come into force, the evidence of children under sixteen may be received without oath, at the discretion of the judge. In these days there is a simple rule which an Englishman will do well to act up to

* Two illustrative cases are given me by a friend learned in the law. In court lately, a little girl was asked the usual preliminary question as to the consequence of swearing falsely, and answered in due form, "Please, Sir, I should go to burning Hell!" Unluckily, however, the unusual question was then put, how she knew that? which brought the reply, "Oh, please, another girl outside told me I was to say so!" It is Bar tradition, though there may be no record in print, that years ago the most sarcastic of English judges put the whole matter in a nutshell. The question having been asked of a child-witness, if she knew what would become of her when she died, she answered simply, "Don't know, Sir!" whereupon the judge said, "Well, gentlemen, no more do I know—but the child's evidence cannot be taken."

and that is, "Don't be beaten by a German!" Let us live in the heartiest fellowship with the Germans, and never let them get ahead of us if we can help it. In this matter of children's legal evidence, they are fairly leaving us behind, by introducing a plan which is at once more humane and more effective than ours.

If now, looking at the subject as one of practical sociology, we consider what place the legal oath has filled in savage, barbaric, and civilized life, we must adjudge to it altogether higher value than to the ordeal. At certain stages of culture it has been one of the great forces of society. There was a time when Lycurgus could tell the men of Athens that the oath was the very bond that held the democracy together. There was a time when, as Montesquieu insists, an oath was so binding on the minds of the Romans, that for its observance they would do more than even patriotism or love of glory could draw them to. In our own day, its practical binding power is unmistakable over the consciences of a numerous intermediate class of witnesses, those who are neither truthful nor quite reckless, who are without the honesty which makes a good man's oath superfluous, who will indeed lie solemnly and circumstantially, but are somewhat restrained from perjury by the fear of being, as the old English saying has it, "once forsworn, ever forlorn." Though the hold thus given is far weaker than is popularly fancied, it has from time to time led legislators to use oaths, not merely in special and solemn matters, but as means of securing honesty in the details of public business. When this has been done, the consequences to public morals have been disastrous. There is no need to hunt up ancient or foreign proofs of this, seeing how conspicuous an instance is the state of England early in the present century, while it was still, as a contemporary writer called it, "a land of oaths," and the professional perjurer plied a thriving trade. A single illustration will suffice, taken from the valuable treatise on Oaths, published in 1834 by the Rev. Jas. Endell Tyler:—"During the continuance of the former system of Custom-house oaths, there were houses of resort where persons were always to be found ready at a moment's warning

to take any oath required; the signal of the business for which they were needed was this inquiry, 'Any damned soul here?' " Nowadays this enormous excess of public oaths has been much cut down, and with the best results. Yet it must be evident to students of sociology that the world will not stop short at this point. The wider question is coming into view—What effect is produced on the everyday standard of truthfulness by the doctrine that fraudulent lying is in itself a minor offence, but is converted into an awful crime by the addition of a ceremony and a formula? It is an easily-stated problem in moral arithmetic; on the credit side, Government is able to tighten with an extra screw the consciences of a shaky class of witnesses and public officers; on the debit side, the current value of a man's word is correspondingly depreciated through the whole range of public and private business. As a mere sober student of social causes and effects, following along history the tendencies of opinion, I cannot doubt for a moment how the public mind must act on this problem. I simply predict that where the judicial ordeal is already gone, there the judicial oath will sooner or later follow. Not only do symptoms of the coming change appear from year to year, but its greatest determining cause is unfolding itself day by day before observant eyes, a sight such as neither we nor our fathers ever saw before.

How has it come to pass that the sense of the sanctity of intellectual truth, and the craving after its full and free possession, are so mastering the modern educated mind? This is not a mystery hard to unravel. Can any fail to see how in these latter years the methods of scientific thought have come forth from the laboratory and the museum to claim their powers over the whole range of history and philosophy, of politics and morals? Truth in thought is fast spreading its wide waves through the outside world. Of intellectual truthfulness, truthfulness in word and act is the outward manifestation. In all modern philosophy there is no principle more fertile than the doctrine so plainly set forth by Herbert Spencer—that truth means bringing our minds into accurate matching with the realities in and around us; so that both intellectual and moral

truth are bound up together in that vast process of evolution whereby man is gradually brought into fuller harmony with the universe he inhabits. There need, then, be no fear that the falling away of such artificial crutches as those whose history I have here been tracing should leave public truth maimed and halting. Upheld by the perfect fitting of the inner mind to the outer world, the progress of truth will be firmer and

more majestic than in the ancient days. If, in time to come, the grand old disputation before King Darius were to be re-enacted, to decide again the question "What is the strongest of all things?" it would be said, as then, that "Truth abides, and is strong for evermore, living and conquering from age to age." And the people as of old would say again with one voice, "Truth is great, and prevails!"*—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SPELLING.

IN one of the early numbers of this Magazine—in Hogarth's Biography, if the writer be not mistaken—some severe remarks were made touching the orthography of the conqueror at Ramillies and Oudenarde, nor indeed was that of his Duchess allowed to escape uncensured. Very derogatory were these remarks to the brave warrior and his generous wife, but unfortunately also very true. It must not, however, be supposed that these sinners were sinners above all those of their own time, or before and after them, that they suffered such things from the able writer of that article. The tower of Siloam which fell on them might also have fallen on many more that once upon a time dwelt in merry England. In the reign of Henry V. good spelling and clean shirts were equally rare luxuries. Leicester, says Disraeli, spelt his own name in eight different methods, while the family appellation of Villers, in deeds and documents relating to the house, is spelt in at least a dozen. Mainwaring passed through 131 orthographical permutations, and is even now, if spelling have aught to do with pronunciation, spelt incorrectly at last. The immortal bard himself, not to speak of what others did for him, changed his own mind some thirty times, according to Halliwell, as to the letters and the sequence of the letters composing his illustrious patronymic. Elizabeth wrote sovereign in as many ways as she knew languages—that is, seven. The young Pretender, following his own sweet will, and entirely free from any servile bondage to the letter, writes of his father as a certain Jems or Gems. In those palmy days, when every man was his own speller, when military examinations were not, little astonish-

ment would have been raised by such arbitrary orthography as lately adorned the paper of a candidate for one of her Majesty's appointments in the line. That candidate spelt elegy *leg*, and ingeniously evolved *pashshinger* out of passenger. Much ingenuity, nay imagination, inspired another, who framed *Indian ears* out of engineers. But what are such trifling irregularities as these to the caprice of—say, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk? The Duchess of Norfolk was one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, the friend of scholars, the patron of literature. She wrote to Cromwell, Earl of Essex, thus:—"My ffary gode lord—her I sand you in tokyn hoff the neweyer a glasse hoff Setyl set in Sellfer gyld. I pra you tak hit An hy wer habel het shoulde be bater." &c. The patron of literature has ingeniously contrived to spell *I* and *it* each in two different ways in as many lines. What this friend of scholars intended the Earl to understand by Setyl is very obscure. There is a Scotch word something like it, signifying "a disease affecting sheep in the side," but this the most accomplished lady can scarcely have meant. Nor was French spelling much better than English in the olden time. Royal letters of the last century are distinguished by such heterodox combinations as *j'avoient* and *j'êlè*. Indeed good spelling seems to have formerly been considered a vulgarity, mere yeoman's service. "Base," might many a Louis have said, parodying the ancient Pistol—"base is the soul that spells." So in effect said Will Honeycomb, when some errors were de-

* 1 Esdras iv. 41: μεγάλη ἡ ἀλήθεια, καὶ ὑπερισχέν—*Magna est veritas, et prevaleat.*

tected in the letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. He never liked pedantry in spelling, and spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar. So probably did all the ladies, the Picts, Idols, and Blanks of the society of his time. Sunday superfine spelling was left to servants and scholars and such low folk, or consigned by power of attorney to the compositor's care. The whole of the ancient world seems to have suffered from heresy and schism, and heterography was universal. Spelling primers were not, or their occupation was gone. A dive into old books and papers, but especially papers, is a dive into a chaos as dark and full of confusion as that which, if Milton be believed, was disagreeable to the devil (which, says Johnson, were more properly written *dril*) himself.

The wide tract of literary common in which early writers generally expatiated was considerably closed in by the composing stick. But even the press seems sometimes to have added errors rather than taken them away. Chaucer, as well as the poet of the "Ormolum," has left on record his solicitude about the correct spelling of his works, yet we find the same word printed in half a dozen different ways on the same page. Notoriously too the printers adjusted their orthography only too often by no higher or more scientific consideration than the length of their lines. The Orientals are wont to lengthen a final letter, to avoid an unseemly hiatus at the end of a line, and our early printers were licentious enough to add or take away letters for the same purpose. Printed English literature became a garden of lopped and grafted growths; exogens and endogens flourished there in abundance. The printer's galley was a Procrustean bed for most of the unhappy words that were fated to fall therein. So in the New Testament translated by the talented Tyndale we have it—one poor little word tortured in seven ways—spelt *itt*, *yt*, *ytt*, *hit*, *hitt*, *hyt*, and *hytt*. This, indeed, may be owing to the love of change in Tyndale himself; but it seems evident that in the edition of our holy Bible, published in 1611, *hot* is also printed *whot*, *hote*, *ye yee*, *hadst* *haddest*, with a thousand similar variations, for no other reason than that which induced a compositor

to set up master-piece as *Mr. Piece*—convenience of spacing. Poetry is found to be usually more correct, as there was less need for this device. The press played with words as the antiquated devices of poetic altars, eggs, wings, and axes, those combinations of caprice and industry, played with good sense.

The confusion of J and I in the edition of 1611 as *Iesus* for *Jesus*, and of u and v as *euery* (every) and *vnto* (unto), together with a capricious use of capitals, are not strictly variations of spelling, but they lend a weird appearance to the text.

The normal changes which English orthography has undergone, as opposed to these, resulting from the license of printers and the humor of private individuals, are not so many as might be well imagined. The conclusion of the Lord's Prayer appears in Alfred's Anglo-Saxon *Ac alyse us of yfele* in the 12th century, *ac alys fram yfele* in the 14th century, in Wyclif's version *But deylvere us from yvel*, and in the Authorised Version of 1600 as we now write it. The Bible has indeed been a great conservative power in the domain of English orthography.

Dictionaries restrained in their turn the vagaries of printers, and comparative order rose out of chaos. But even dictionaries, though they arrested, could not nor can retard evolution. Spelling changes continually, like life or a river. A living language never becomes petrified—*omnia mutantur*. Cotgrave's Dictionary, which was published in 1650, contains spellings now comparatively rare. *Abbesse*, *abominable*, *abisme*, *abricot*, *accademie*, *accrew*, *accroch*, *accoast*, with many more, may be found in the first two pages, old coins more than once called in, melted down and reissued before they assumed their present form. It may perhaps be fairly said that about half the words spelt as Cotgrave spelt them a little over two centuries back, are now spelt differently, or altogether dropt out of our language, long dead and forgotten. More than half of his definition of "coquette" is for this reason unintelligible. But his words evidently convey reproach, and seem to proceed from the mouth of one who has suffered. A coquette, says Cotgrave, is a *fisking* or *flipperous minx*, a *cocket*, a *titisill*, a *flebergebit*.

Only a hundred years elapsed between Cotgrave and Johnson, but in these years how great a change! Johnson's Dictionary is indeed, owing probably mainly to the printing press, far nearer in its spelling to our present fashion than Cotgrave's spelling was to that of Johnson. Nearer still would it have been were it not for some of the Doctor's eccentricities. Music, physic, were before Johnson's time spelt without a final k. The word was at first *musicke*, then *musick*, then music. Johnson objected to the apocope of the k—for that of the e he seems to have little cared, though he affectionately preserved this letter in *male-content* and *maleadministration*—and returned to the old form, though he ventured not to write *musickal* or *acatalectick*. "Sir," might the good doctor have said, addressing some stickler for *music*, "Where shall we conclude? Shall we for the convenience of the idle and the expedition of the ignorant curtail our verbal inheritance of its prescribed proportions? Shall we humorously unsettle the orthography of our fathers, and teach our children to write *Dic gave Jac a kic and a knoc on the bac with a thic stic*?" Custom, however, the ultimate arbitress of orthography, has disdained to take that one ewe lamb from the poor: she has left the k to these monosyllables though she has ruthlessly robbed their richer congeners.

It was the desire of this lexicographer to regulate confusion and disentangle perplexity. Therefore he presents us with *ambassadour* but sculptor, *anteriour* but posterior, *interiour* but exterior, *horror* but stupor. These -ours and -ors are to the present day bones of contention. More will be said of them hereafter. At present it may be presumed that as all or most of this class of words are derived from the Latin through the French, the same fashion of spelling should be adopted throughout, did not custom say us nay; and it would be better perhaps to write honour, but honorable, as entire but inquire. Dr. Johnson professed to expunge inconsistencies and absurdities, and so we have *moveable* but immovable; *reconcilable*, *tameable*, *saleable*, lose the e in compounds; *chastely* but chastness, *blustrous* but boisterous, *aberuncate* but averuncate, *amasment* but embarrassment, *dissolvible* but indis-

solvable, *chilifactory* but chyle, *sackcloth* but haircloth, *hemistick* but distich, *parsnep* but turnip, *bias* but unbiass, *docil* but indocile, *miscal* but recall, *waterfal* but snowball, *dunghil* but molehill, *downhil* but uphill. Again, we have *lodgement*, in which, says Walker, rectitude of habit corrected the errors of criticism, but judgment, and the reader who verifies this fact will probably wonder why in a work intended to delight him with facilities of immediate reference, J and I and U and V, whether initials, medials, or finals, are so curiously commingled. Dr. Johnson is followed by Walker in his spelling, 'skeptick,' though with a remonstrance of the latter—who, however, does not spell *sc~~e~~leton*—against the conformation of spelling to a pronunciation contrary to analogy, as pregnant with the greatest evils that can befall a language. The learned doctor has in the same way preserved the old landmark, which at any time might guide the original proprietors in a resumption of their property, by writing "skirrh~~u~~s," a word by the way spelt by Bailey and Fenning somewhat eccentrically, and altogether incorrectly—*schirrh~~u~~s*. The terminations -ize and -ise have caused much perplexity. Some tell us to use -ize where the word is derived from the Greek, or from another English word, but -ise where the word is not so derived, or with respect to us is primitive. Thus we shall write systematize, fertilize, but surprise, assise; size, prize, apprise, and many other words must then be regarded as the exceptions which abundantly prove every rule in English orthography. Webster simply says that -ize is most affected by American, -ise by English printers. Johnson's rule, if he possessed any, must have been extremely subtle, since he gives us bastardize but dastardise. He is supported by Nares in his preference of such spellings as *affraid*, *agen*, *ake*, *anthymn*, *causey*, *cimeter*, *devest*, *gelly*, and *indeleble*.

Walker, who published his dictionary in 1791, gives us daub but *bedawb*, and proposes, though he does not introduce it into the body of his work, *judgement* on analogy of *lodgement*, *bluly* on the analogy of truly, *wholely* on the analogy of solely, and as, he says, there is no hope of restoring the double l to *talness*, &c., he would write *illness*, &c., making

the less numerous class follow the majority. But the contrary of this has, as we know, taken place. Analogy is the rock on which most of our lexicographers have incurred damage, but it is in English orthography what moral considerations are in law—nothing. Letters, says the author of *Epea Pteroenta*, like soldiers, are apt to fall off in a long march; they are seldom added on as in latchet, upholsterer, scent, whole, redoubt, vineyard, leather, tongue, launch, &c.; but lexicographers have cashiered several before they have manifested any symptoms of fatigue. This injustice has been perpetrated in *waterfal*, &c.; but Walker was unwilling to lose the u in *favor* and *honor*, those two servile attendants—as he was very angry with them he said this—on cards and notes of fashion. In his time, however, favour and honour were looked upon as gauche and rustic in the extreme, while *errour* and *authour* were decidedly antiquated though quite correct in the days that were accustomed to see “*servet*” and “*skeleton*.” Johnson’s capricious behavior has been already alluded to, and he has been followed by Walker with a touching fidelity. Walker’s reverence for so great a man would not allow him to spell the final syllable of anterior and posterior alike. The tendency to drop the u is obvious, and will, if anything can be predicted in so unsettled a matter, at last prevail. Webster, who succeeded Walker, left it out in every case. In *neighbor* he has delivered a good old Saxon subject from French tyranny, but he looked a long way off when he wrote *Savior*, a word which, from its sacred associations, will probably long continue a solitary exception.

Webster went so far in dropping the final k, that he introduces us to *bishopric* and *hassoc*, a spelling which in this country would be regarded, if not as faulty, at least as a startling singularity. On the ground of etymology alone he enriched our tongue with *bridegroom*, *fether*, *melasses*, and some other words which, though highly applauded by German critics, and in his own opinion very desirable changes, met with rude treatment from the English public. Among some 2,000 words, which according to him may be spelt differently, we find *coscy*, *hookey*, *jutty*, and *leggin*. None of these fashions have as yet been duly appreciated

or cordially received, and some dozen years after the publication of his first dictionary, Webster ceased in his endeavors to sweep out, like Mrs. Partington, the Atlantic with a broom, and *insted* of the *pretense* of his *exquisit doctrin*, restored to us most of our old words, the fair humanities of present orthography, the intelligible forms of our modern poets.

The English atmosphere proving uncongenial to the strange exotics he ventured to acclimatize, Webster departed without being desired, and Worcester reigned in his stead. This gentleman, who, dreading the improprieties and absurdities which it is the duty of a lexicographer to correct or proscribe, has introduced us to such expressions as *unperriwigged*, *skrimpy*, *scrimption*, *kittle-busy*, *shopocracy*, *unleisuredness*, *weism*, *unwormwooded*, *wegotism*, *solivagous*, did little more besides than clip the orthographical wings of Webster when they soared a little too far off for the public eye. In the meantime, this enlightened public, consulting the various lexicographers in their various emergencies, and meeting with very various information, concludes that nothing can be dearer to dictionary writers than contradiction, and that the whole body is animated by the father of perversity and lies. Mr. Jones is justly indignant when he is informed, on no small authority, that Dr. Johnson has nearly fixed the external form of our language, and that his dictionary may be regarded as an authoritative standard for all time to come. Comparing this with the uphill and the downhill, the bastardize and the dastardise, the agen, gelly, and affraid, the worthy Jones concludes that he is going out of his mind, or that these and the like matters are some of those mysteries which heaven would not willingly have earth to know. “Why,” ejaculates Jones, “should one dictionary spell program, another programme, but never a one of them epigramme or telegramme? Why should we organise but civilize, chlorine but tannin, biped but centipede? Which is right, saddler or sadler, fattener or fatner? And to return to Johnson, why should he insist on spelling coddle with one d, and thus destroy the distinction between a fish and a boiling apple?” How is it that, if Johnson may be trust-

ed, Bacon spelt *wezil*, Dryden *weazon*, Shakspeare. *wezand*, Spenser *weasand*, and Dr. Johnson himself *wesand*, and how is Mr. Jones to spell it? Why is uniformity sacrificed to custom in convey and inveigh, deceit and receipt? Which of the four is the right way to spell the legal term for calling on men to serve as a jury? And so Mr. Jones ends, like the devils, in trembling, though he cannot, like them, believe.

Seldom have there been wanting ingenious speculators in language, who endeavored to crystallize that which must ever remain in solution, to make constant quantities which must always be variable. The dust of centuries has kindly concealed the efforts of Probus and Priscian, of Caper and Manutius. What learned arguments supported *sollicito* and *solicito*, *stylus* and *stilus*? How many tongues wagged and pens quivered ere we agreed—if indeed we have yet agreed—to write *adscisco*, not *ascisco*; *adolescens*, not *adulescens*; *Africa* not *Aphrica*; *alitus*, not *altus*: for which last the Latin student, it may be, is seldom grateful to Diomedes; *allium*, not *alleum*; *Apollo*, not *Appolo*, all for sound reasons which the reader will no doubt willingly excuse? In France, Joubert in 1570 was for writing *tems*, *uvres*, like D'Alembert wrote *home*, on that principle—old like love, and yet ever new—of accommodating spelling to pronunciation, and which would, were it adopted in French, leave no distinction to the eye, as already there is none to the ear, between poise, peas, and pitch. The change attributed to Voltaire of *avait*, *était*, from *avoit*, *étoit*, has indeed prevailed. How energetic were the endeavors of Ménage, that stupendous etymologist, who penetrated into the derivation of *laquais*? It is, said he, derived from *verna* thus: *verna*, *vernacula*, *vernaculaio*, then cut the word in two, cast away *verna* as of no consequence, and you have *culaco*, *lucaio*, *laquais*? Can anything be more simple, more obvious, more convincing? In England how many spelling reformers, how many architects of uncouth words have done their best to deserve well of their country by ruining its language for ever! Most or all aimed at uniformity, and, by the introduction of new signs, a virtually phonetic system. The result of their endeavors may be briefly shown

by that indigenous monster a pronouncing dictionary, or a *prurnounshing dikshonairi*, or a *pronounshing dikshunare*, which would transform our tongue, the tongue of Shakspeare, &c., around which cluster so many hallowed associations, &c., into the dialect of some tribe of North American Indians. There are who, in their desire of shortness and facility, would have uprooted Saxon, Greek, and Latin landmarks alike, while others less unreasonable were for retrenching only those letters which were of no etymological or other apparent service, for example, the *a* in *acchoach*, which, as has been seen, Cotgrave spelt, with every argument on his side, *acchoch*. But all who endeavor to accommodate orthography to pronunciation have indeed forgotten that this is, as Dr. Johnson says, to measure by a shadow, by a model which is changing even while it is applied. Such men would imitate that which varies in every place and at every time, would seek to fix the color of the chameleon—town and country, city and court, would each exhibit a distinct spelling-book. Had such an attempt prevailed in the last century, Rome would have been now *Room*, broil, joint, and poison, *brile*, *jint*, and *pison*; fault would have become *fort* or *fought*; all fashionable folk would have written obliged *obleeged*, great *greet*, key *kay*, and tea *tay*, with dozens of other differences.

Chief amongst these literary pioneers, melancholy scarecrows to reforming innovators, is the learned Cheke. This gentleman should have published a vocabulary for his re-translation of Matthew, which is quite unintelligible without such assistance. Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Elizabeth, by such spellings as *kiks*, *kap*, *kis*, brought a grateful pupil to acknowledge—in Latin—that his master had introduced him into another and a better world, where all things were new and true alike. He adds that he must have passed all his antecedent existence in some Platonic cave, where shadows did duty for substance, and concludes his compliment by beseeching the said Smith to continue his instruction, and so extricate him from that *Limbo Patrum* or Purgatory in which he is at present involved. Bullokar, who was considerate enough to have regard for the feelings of posterity, a

rare virtue among his class, kindly introduced but few symbols among his fables which he published in London towards the close of the sixteenth century. Therefore, a specimen may be given in which some wandering stars of night, in the shape of accents, have been, it is trusted, discreetly omitted. *The hous cok found a precios ston, whylst he turned the dung-hil: saying, whal! doo I find a thing so bryht?* But still the heart did need a language, and a certain Dr. Jones stept forward. This excellent scholar proposed with God's help to sweeten our tongue by writing *Dixnary* for Dictionary, with other like amendments which would from the beginning prevent all those ill habits of sounding amiss, which create such insufferable trouble to remedy them afterwards. To prevent this trouble, following the fashionable pronunciation of his time, he wrote *poticary, obstropulous, sparrowgrass, chaw, lorum, and cubberd*, thus annihilating the etymological diagnosis of the original words as completely as that of sciatica, palsy, dropsy, and proxy. Though the gh in plough and slaughter, and the h in white and what, are as much neglected as the monuments of our fathers in a churchyard, still they are monuments, and should not be lightly destroyed. In these matters the head followed the tail sufficiently already without the leading of the learned Jones. He, after scattering a few other suggestions such as *hevy, pleshure, côte, tûchy, square, blô, wel, dauter, and coff*, retired from the stage, thinking these improvements enough for the present, and encouraged by a panegyric from a friend which represents him as the tamer of a wild orthography, and the suggestor of a clew to follow her into her most confused labyrinths. So Dr. Jones died, with the proud consciousness of leaving this world when he was summoned out of it, as one who had not lived in vain; and Bishop Wilkins, though with but faint hopes of seeing his practice generally prevail, succeeding him, wrote the Lord's Prayer thus: *Yâr Fâdher hûtsh art in héven, halloëd be dhyi ndm, dhyi cingdym, &c.*

Such orthography would indeed have made our language "that precious deposit" which we wot of. Such surely was the English which Charles V. preferred for conversation with his horse.

But none of these rackers of orthography, as Holofernes calls them, came at all near to Mr. A. J. Ellis. The words of this gentleman were assuredly like those of Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing*, a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. Noting very justly, as so many had equally justly noted before him, that the darkest ciphers and most abstruse hieroglyphics are not better calculated to conceal the sentiments of those using them than our customary orthography to conceal true pronunciation, remembering the words of Murray, that the orthography of the English language is attended with much uncertainty and perplexity, but forgetful of the fate of those, his predecessors, and how impatient the ungrateful British public is of any change for the better, and that its ears are, to adopt the language of Demosthenes, orthographically diseased past cure, this gentleman rendered his name remarkable by the production of what he was pleased to describe as the *Fonetik Nuz*. His alphabet contained some two score characters, each with one and only one sound. It was modelled on that of Lipsius, containing 286 characters. Each sound was supposed in Ellis's system, which, it is said, had been before offered to Webster by Dr. Franklin, to have its equivalent sign, each sign its equivalent and single sound. By this phonetic alphabet—relatively phonetic, for speaking generally all alphabets are phonetic which are not ideographic or pictorial—the writing of such diverse conceptions as "I saw the man whet the knife," and "I saw the man who ate the knife," would be identical; so of such single words as reign, rein, rain. To Ellis, *ewe*, whose vulgar pronunciation generally prevails, and *aye*, the respective sounds of which words are not produced by any of their letters separately or in combination, must have been a terrible eyesore. Nor could we have been well content with the economical use of a in *father, fall, fatal*. Whether he had his revenge in writing *yowzitch* for usage, in which no single letter of the original word remains, or whether this be a tale of a man delighting in his own conceits more than in the truth, it is certain that, esteeming the spelling of his day an absurd conventionality, he produced an

orthography of his own as little connected with it as a treatise on the Digamma with the sources of the Nile. What would a French Ellis have made out of his mayor, his mother, and his sea? his green, his glass, and his worms?—what of such a sentence as this: "*cinq cent sincères et simples capucins ceints de leurs saints coussins scindaient dans leurs seins, leurs seings et leurs cymbales qui donnaient une symphonie synchronique?*" or of that cacophony of the French officer, who, wishing a rope placed across the street to keep back the crowd eager to bask in the sunshine of the royal eyes, cried repeatedly, "*qu'attend-on donc tant? que ne la tend-on donc tôt?*" What, if Ellis's system were adopted, would become of the nobility (orthographic) of the celebrated families of the Smijth and the Ffrench? Written in the heterotypic character, what would remain but the ignoble Smith and French?

Owing to certain hideous and mystic symbols with which this system was interlarded, a specimen of it cannot be here reproduced; the types of that new tongue which was pleasantly called by its promoters a rational object of the greatest importance to all members of the community, have long ago been melted down into serviceable capitals and italics, pica and nonpareil. The conflagration of ignorance was not extinguished by the waters of Phoneticism. That boon from heaven, that inestimable blessing was not made common, but reserved only for a chosen few, who, it may be, still practise it in congenial privacy. No unseen path ever opened among the hills, and Mr. Isaac Pitman, the coadjutor of Ellis, laid down his own life on the altar of phonetic truth in vain. Alas! whether it was that the country was not yet prepared to receive so exquisite a present, or that the subscriptions lagged a little, it was announced in the infancy of a journal devoted to its interests, that, in obedience to the strict injunctions of his physician, the editor regretted to inform his readers that he was obliged to intermit the publication of his journal till perhaps the close of the year. There is no list of subscriptions in this number, and the journal never appeared again. Somewhere in the limbo of the moon may be found that forthcoming number among good intentions unsuccessful on

this earth. Lecturers in its interest despised, it is to be hoped, gold and silver, for many received nothing but a Prayer-Book, roan gilt, in phonetic spelling, and the reward of their own conscience. *Peas*, as *Punch* said somewhat cruelly, *peas 2 iz hashes!*

Such was the end of the modest proposal to the English nation to deface its orthographical escutcheon, to place the wise at the feet of the ignorant, and to make all its old learning comparatively useless. Its authors forgot, as their predecessors had forgotten, that words had become conventional signs, Chinese characters, less musical utterances than algebraical symbols, and that no educated person goes through the form of spelling when he reads. Such "silly affectation and unpardonable presumption," as it has been, perhaps, not too harshly called, was not that reform which Mr. Max Müller hopes for in our "unhistorical, unsystematic, unintelligible, unteachable, but by no means unamendable spelling."

Although we have *dore* for *door* in a line of Gower, quoted by Ben Jonson in his grammar, the changes which have taken place in spelling have happily seldom been made on any phonetic system. Prove and move are still written thus, though retaining the sound of the French words from which they came. They have mostly arisen from considerations of etymology, from caprice, from desire of distinction, from affectation or from that lazy love of uniformity, to which we owe our modernized ancient authors. Though Bacon and Shakespeare, not to mention Gower and Chaucer, would be caviare to the general in their proper clothing, it is difficult to say that this change of ancient orthography does more good than harm.

The printers, as has been seen, have also contributed their share to orthographical alterations, and the desire of familiarizing the unknown has not been without effect. No lapse of years can conquer the tendency to phonetic endeavor. A simplification of the system of Ellis translated a passage of Shakespeare thus:—

¿Hwot! ¿iz de dje mor precezs dan de lark
bikwz hiz federz ar mor biutiful;
or ¿iz de ader beter dan de il,
bikwz hiz pented skin kontentz de ei.

What would become of our glorious and inestimable privilege of speaking that tongue which Shakespeare or Shakspeare or Shakspeare, or &c. spoke, if this sort of thing were to be allowed?

The least objectionable plan was that of Mr. Bell, who, to show sound without destroying orthography, and teach the former while the eye was still accustomed to the latter, wrote *de^t, plouth, &c.* How he could have expressed cough is not clear. So this best laid scheme, like the rest, went agley, and Mr. Bell has remained, like Diogenes in Raphael's picture of Philosophy, alone.

In our own time, Dr. Brewer, who has rendered himself so justly dear to the rising generation by his collection of such inquiries as "Why do we poke the fire?" and "What blackens the saucepans?" is perhaps the heresiarch of schismatic orthographers. In sober seriousness he suggests the following reforms—*thiefs, calfs, loafis, wifes, negros, danse, flowerist, entranse, innocense, excede, changable*, with very many more than a whole page of this magazine could contain in pearl types. It is but justice to say that he has supported all these eccentricities with which he would enrich the Queen's English and earn the heartfelt gratitude of every school-girl with very able arguments. He expects to be condemned heartily, *odium orthographicum* being only second, as might be expected, to *odium theologicum*, but follows the example of Demosthenes or Themistocles, or whoever it was that faced the many-headed beast with the words "Strike but hear!"

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary proceedings after that of Ritson, who wrote *flys, i, il, wel, and horsies*, was that of Pinkerton, who may be surnamed the consonant hater. He, thinking English was defective in music, owing to the infrequency of vowel endings, on comparing it with the Greek, set about briskly to some reformation. All plural *s*'s he turned at once into *a*'s, an Icelandic plural, and thus consonant to the genius of our tongue, so dogs became *doga*. Next the radical *s*, an innocent letter which he seems to have regarded with inveterate hatred, was where possible converted into *z*, as *azz*; thus he substituted the melodious buzz of the bee for the harsh hissing of the serpent. O, a

fine and rare close, was introduced to impart sublimity to the period, thus *cato* for cat. He, quoth Pinkerton, who would hesitate to write *tric* or *coc* need never attend a concert or look at a picture. The general effect of this permutation its proposer himself allowed might be at first astonishing, but maintained that in half a century it would become not only familiar but elegant. "Luckilizzime," observed a witty fellow who had liberally caricatured the system, "this propozalio of the abzurduzzimo Pinkertonio was noto adoptado by anybodyino whateverano!" Then the ingenious author angrily observed that all things in nature might be ridiculed by the feeble faculties of sciolists employed on unusual objects, and quoted Montesquieu, who is ungallant enough to say that women are the supreme judges of the absurd, owing to the general imbecility of their understandings. He might have earned the praise of posterity, had he not in all innocence printed the *Vision of Mirza* in his own tongue. It survives him bound up in his book, a sempiternal scarecrow!

It will probably by this time be apparent to the ingenuous reader that "not to know how to spell" is not so great a disgrace as it is usually supposed to be. Let him try any of his most learned friends with Massachusetts, Mississippi, or Pennsylvania—with the sounds expressed by those excellent masquerades, yacht and phthisis—with liquefy and rarify—and he will find with sorrow or with satisfaction that humanity is imperfect. Monographic riddles are inherent in the nature of our language, and men do not conceive of its difficulties as they ought. They enter the portals of spelling, that labyrinth of infinite complexities, with insufficient reverence. As Archbishop Laud is reported to have gracefully observed in the Star Chamber, alluding to the careless behavior of Christians in Church, "they enter it as a tinker and his bitch the ale house." Cacography is like the seven deadly sins; men commit both every day without being aware of it. Universal disfranchisement would be the result of making good spelling the qualification of a voter. Orthography is the least satisfactory point of English grammar, with the exception perhaps of orthoepey. In no

part of it are there more anomalies. This indeed might be expected in an irregular and fortuitous agglutination of two irregularities, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman French. Our language is a Joseph's coat of many colors, a wall in which many different stones are bound together. Our alphabet is notoriously redundant in k and x, and defective in sounds of sh, ng, &c. The number of different combinations of letters producing one sound is only to be compared with that of the different sounds arising from the same combination of letters. The indefatigable Ellis is said to have discovered 6000 different ways of spelling scissors, e. g. *schizzers*, *scissaughs*, *cizers*, and so forth. For this wide field of possibility of error, this appendix to the curse of Babel, candidates for the civil and military service, those youthful and unskilled laborers in the vineyard of English philology, are no doubt devoutly thankful. And what shall be said of the unfortunate foreigner who dares attempt our tongue, and finds on the threshold that we speak what we do not write, and write what we do not speak? How will he conquer those ugly-headed monsters, though, tough, &c., which conceal like devilish and complex masks the innocent and simple *tho* and *tuff*, &c.? We have heard of a Spaniard who received, for his first lesson in English spelling and pronunciation, the mnemonic lines—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough
me through,
O'er life's dark lough I still my way pursue.

He, feeling his native pride wounded, and his natural love of congruity outraged by such an assemblage of contradictions, quitted his master in disgust, and pursued his way no farther into the penetralia of our language. The trusting confidence of our children is well shown by their not accusing us of the basest fraud when we introduce them to these and the like peculiarities of our speech.

Many celebrated persons, without entering into an orthographical crusade and revolutionizing the English spelling, like James Elphinstone, a man of considerable learning—who commenced a treatise on that subject thus: "*To those who pose the large work, a succinct view of English orthography may be as pleasing, as to others indispensable*"—have nevertheless in a quiet way entered their protest against the

fashion of their time. Milton wrote *souvan*, for instance, *therefor*, *highth*, in which last he was followed by Landor, who also wrote *Aristotles* on analogy of Empedocles, which is rarely, except in a young ladies' finishing school, pronounced Empedocle, though he hesitated to write *Brute* or *Lucrece* on the analogy of Terence, nor on the analogy of Pliny did he venture to speak of Marius by that name for which Byron confesses his preferential passion. Tennyson has adopted *plow*. The timid Cowper was bold enough to write *Grecian* in his translation of Homer, after the fashion of Greece. Lardner wrote *clandestin*, *famin* (in words of this kind the final e seems not only useless but injurious), *persue*, *sais*, *præface*. A sample of Mitford's peculiarities is *iland*, *endovor*. He considered the 's' in the former word, what indeed it is, a graft of ignorance. Hare, lately followed by Furnival, held it so much of a baseness to spell fashionably, that he roundly abused such pot-bellied words as spelled for *spelt* in the preterites of weak verbs, and gave us *preacht*, &c., with such genitive plurals as *geniuses*, and threw into the bargain *invey* and *atchieve*. He also maintained that mute 'e' should be expunged when not softening a preceding consonant, or lengthening a preceding vowel. Byron finding it impossible to determine but from the context, whether "read" be past or present, wrote *redde*, though he might have written *red* like *led*, there being little fear of its being confounded with the color. Thirlwall inveighed against our established system, if the result of custom and accident may be called system, as a mass of anomalies, the growth of ignorance and chance, equally repugnant to good taste and common sense. But notwithstanding the good bishop's tirades, the British public never, never will be slaves, even to an Academy. They cling to their old spelling with an impulsion proportioned to its inconvenience, and are as jealous of any encroachment on their prescriptive domain as of a trespass on their right in the public parks. We know what would become of English loyalty if her most Gracious Majesty were to take it into her royal head to close St. James'. Tyrwhitt, aware of this, contented himself with but few varieties, such as *rime*, a spelling which derivation, analogy, and ancient

use alike support, and *could*, which being obviously derived from *can* adds in its present state to the unnecessary anomalies in our language. The obtaining orthography arose out of uniformity probably with *would* from *will* and *should* from *shall*, and even in these words the 'l' has unfortunately long ceased to be pronounced. With regard to *rime*, it were perhaps better written *ryme* to distinguish it from hoar-frost. The Elizabethan impurity of the 'h' has been traced to Daniel. It is never found in Milton or Shakspeare. It arose most likely from the notion that the word was connected with rhythm. The learned Trench in his *English Past and Present*, 1868, curiously enough discards "y" in *ryme* as a modern mis-spelling.

The unsettled nature of our language has made its variations much more remarkable than those in other countries. Petrarch is still understood fairly by the modern Italian, but the modern Englishman can bring up little from the well of English undefiled without a glossarial bucket. Lest he should fall into the same evil plight with Spenser, Swift was sanguine enough to propose a scheme to the Earl of Oxford for curbing any further variations in orthography; but that, as we have seen, was a work beyond the King and his Ministers. The son of the Prince of Wales may not now "chaste" his schoolmaster as Robert the Devil effectually "chasted" his with a long dagger, when the unlucky pedant suggested that the spelling of Robert was exceptional; and in that case we have no ground to suppose that the "Devil's" spelling ultimately prevailed. Cæsar was a greater than he, and yet could not introduce a word; Claudian also, and yet could not introduce a letter. Kings and scholars must alike succumb to the tyranny of custom, and of that tyrant women chiefly are the executive and the body-guard. Their love of variety has probably produced as many new spellings as their love of eloquence has begotten new words. What are the dry rules of etymology to them when the usual spelling offends the delicacy of their ear? We have heard of a lady at a Spelling Bee—at present a silly, and so very popular entertainment—a pretty young lady who spelt myrrh thus: *murr*. What could be more simple, more novel, more ingenious?

At least three-fourths of the male portion of the audience went away with the secret conviction that, although the dry little old gentleman who presided as referee, and a big dictionary to boot, were adverse to the candidate, the pretty young lady had a great deal which might be said on her side, and that if the word was not by some prejudiced people spelt as she had elected to spell it, it ought decidedly in future to be spelt so. The graceful appearance of our written language is indeed mainly owing to our women. These are at the head of what Chesterfield called the polite as opposed to the pedantic orthography. In the former they rule supreme. Learning here is rather disadvantageous than otherwise; it curbs the freedom of their imagination. *Sit non doctissima conjux*, says Martial—who might have rested well content in our island home. Who but a woman first dared to spell *cap-à-pie* *apple-pie*, or *farsed-meat* *forced-meat*? Would any man have enriched her favorite ornament with four changes of costume, as *riband*, *ribon*, *ribbon*, *ribband*? Who but one of these eminent rebels first wrote *exiccate*, or introduced that arbitrary but interesting diversity between *laggard* and *braggart*? To whom are we indebted for the perihelion of those capricious stars—*kicksey-wicksey*, *welsh-rabbit*, *cuddle*, *poppet*, *higgledy-piggie*, and *toolsicums*, or the aphelion of *foupe*, *conjobble*, *warhable*, *smegmatick*, *screable*, *ablaqueation*, *moble*, *hamble*, *drumble*, *nubble*, which it may well be Johnson was barbarous enough to forge himself, in jealous rivalry, in order to spite the sex; but his efforts were, as they deserved to be, quite unavailing? No one, however, of mortals is happy on all sides. Our fair reformers have sometimes suffered inconvenience from their auricular orthography. Instances have been quoted of a lady writing to a gentleman to inquire after his health in such bold eccentricity of spelling as excited suspicion of an assignation in the breast of that gentleman's wife; of another who exercised her right and privileges so capriciously in the composition of a domestic receipt that a whole family were nearly poisoned by partaking of the ingredients of what was entitled a new *soup*, but which in ordinary orthography would have been a new *soap*.

Soyez de votre siècle, is a motto which women seldom forget in fashion; it is one which neither men nor women should ever forget in spelling. We must not be the first, as Pope says in his "Essay on Criticism," to try the new words nor yet

the last to lay aside the old. But after all it will not be among the least of the blessings of heaven, that spelling probably will not there be necessary.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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MRS. THRALE: THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY MRS. MASSON.

PART II.—1780-1781.

SUCH was the little Welshwoman's first reception of her future husband, and her friends and foes remembered it long afterwards. It was not, however, until August 1780, and then at Brighton, that she made Signor Piozzi's acquaintance.

Brighton was dull enough for her that season. Dr. Johnson was in hot, empty London, dining at Sir Joshua's with Mrs. Cholmondeley, busy with his *Lives*, and writing letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I stay at home to work," he told her, "and yet do not work diligently; nor can tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Yet I wish the work was over and I was at liberty. And what would I do if I was at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Porter, and all the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been?" And he adds: "If you please, madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive some other wishes. I wish I had you in an evening, and I wish I had you in a morning; and I wish I could have a little talk and see a little frolick. For all this I must stay; but life will not stay." Miss Burney was also in London, drinking tea in Bolt Court, calling upon Sophy, and picking up gossip among her high friends about Lord George Gordon, who was now safe in the Tower. The prim little worldling would, in spite of her airs, be fine company now at Brighton. "My master," Mrs. Thrale writes to her, "is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne

hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest, but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K—, too, sister to the Duchess of M—, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are all the people we ever speak to,—oh, yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance." But, while she complains of mere tedium, her heart is heavy with a sense of coming evil. Another parliamentary election is pending, while her husband's health causes her hourly anxiety for his life; her letters to Johnson are few and far between, and with but little "frolick" in them. The philosopher grows captious. "I hope," he wrote, "you have no design of stealing away to Italy before the election, nor of leaving me behind you, though I am not only seventy, but seventy-one. Could you not let me lose a year in round numbers? Sweetly, sweetly sings Dr. Swift:

'Some dire misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.'

But what if I am seventy-two? I remember Sulpitius says of St. Martin (now that's above your reading), *Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius*. Match me this among your young folks! If you try to plague me, I shall tell you that, according to Galen, life begins to decline from *thirty-five*." And again, in still more irritable mood: "You write

of late very seldom. I wish you would write upon *subjects*; anything to keep me alive. You have your beaux and your flatterers, and here am poor I, forced to flatter myself; and any good of myself I am not very easy to believe, so that I really live but a sorry life. What shall I do with Lyttelton's life? I can make a short life and conclude. Why did not you like Collins, and Gay, and Blackmore, as well as Akenside?" The lady takes up her pen at last, and can write brilliantly enough when she chooses, and whet his appetite for more. She has been reading his last *Lives*, and has some piquant criticism for each of them. Then:—"And now, if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for, since you *lions* have no skill in dandling the kid, we *kids* can expect but rough returns for caresses bestowed upon our haughty monarch. So be diligent, dear sir, and have done with these men that have been buried these hundred years, and don't sit making verses that never will be written; but sit down steadily and finish their lives who *did* do something. And then, think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you tease me so concerning the pleasures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the present distress; and sometimes I am angry when I read such stuff."

It was about the time when these letters were travelling to and fro between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale that, walking with Queeney early one morning on the cliff at Brighton, Mrs. Thrale saw Piozzi standing at the library door, and accosted him in Italian. Her impromptu proposal that he should give Miss. Thrale a lesson or two was on that occasion coldly declined. He had come to Brighton for his health, was composing some music, and lived in great retirement. He did not remember her, in fact; and the ladies continued their walk, disappointedly. On their way home, passing again the library door, Piozzi, no doubt instructed in the meantime by the gossiping librarian, started out of the shop, apologised for not knowing Mrs. Thrale before, and protested his readiness to obey her commands. And so their acquaintance began. In her diary occur the following jottings:—"Brighton, July

1780. I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father: he shall teach Hester." And again:—"13th August, 1780. Piozzi is become a prodigious favorite with me. He is so intelligent a creature, so discerning, one can't help wishing for his good opinion; his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the *forte piano*, too, is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes. He wants nothing from us; he comes for his health, he says; I see nothing ail the man but pride."

Towards the close of this eventful August, soon after their return to London, Mr. Thrale was attacked with apoplexy. Sir Lucas Pepys, being with them at Brighton, had observed symptoms of danger in his patient, and had sent him home, not to Streatham, but to a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, to be within easy reach of himself. It was too late, however; the crisis came, and the brewer's life was saved only by bleeding him till he fainted. Once more Mrs. Thrale's energy for business is called into play. She is at the counting-house daily, chases a clerk who has absconded with money, discovers new ruinous speculations of her husband, and does her best to straighten matters around him. The election too is not far off. In March 1781 she writes to Johnson:—"I am willing to show myself in Southwark or in any place for my master's pleasure or advantage, but have no present conviction that to be re-elected would be advantageous, so shattered a state as his nerves are in just now. Do not you, however, fancy for a moment that I shrink from fatigue, or desire to escape from doing my duty. Spiting one's antagonist is a reason that never ought to operate, and never does operate with me. I care nothing about a rival candidate's innuendoes; I care only about my husband's health and fame; and, if we find that he earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough,—he *shall* be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so." The dying man, heavy half his time with apoplectic sleep, still made love to Sophy, and was

intent on enjoying his life. Grosvenor Square was gayer than ever Streatham had been. "Yesterday," writes Mrs. Thrale, "I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humored, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well. The way to his heart is connoisseurship, it seems; and for a background and contour—who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know!"

On Sunday, April 1st, there were at dinner, at Grosvenor Square, Boswell, Johnson, Sir Philip Jennings Clark, M.P., and Mr. Perkins, the head clerk at the brewery. The talk was of the American war; and Johnson's "boisterous vivacity," says Boswell, "entertained us. Presently Mrs. Thrale chanced to praise highly a witty friend of her own. 'Nay, my dear lady,' replied Johnson, 'don't talk so,' and proceeded to turn her friend into ridicule, and to scold her for her habit of *blasting by praise*. 'Now there is Pepys' (Mr. Thrale's physician); 'you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet,' looking to her," says Boswell, "with a leering smile, 'she is the first woman in the world could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman could she but command that little whirligig.'" Mr. Perkins must have felt himself much edified by this discriminating censure of his master's wife, while Boswell, no doubt, strained every nerve to fix the delicious words upon his memory. But the end of it all was near. On April 4th, 1781, in the midst of preparations for a magnificent concert and supper, another sudden stroke of apoplexy ended poor Thrale's life, and ended too, in Dr. Johnson's life, its happiest episode.

When the brewer's will was read it was found that Mrs. Thrale had the interest of 50,000*l.* for her life, with

Streatham Park and the town-house in the Borough—the Brighton house falling to the share of the daughters. The business might be carried on conjointly by Mrs. Thrale and the executors, among whom was Dr. Johnson, or sold for what it would bring. Dr. Johnson is said to have wished to keep on the brewery; but Mrs. Thrale was the better man of business of the two, and it was sold, in June 1781, for 135,000*l.* to Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and her old friend Mr. Perkins, the head clerk; the dwelling-house in the Borough being thrown in at the last as a gift from Mrs. Thrale to Mrs. Perkins.

For fifteen years Johnson had called Streatham his home. The white house on the common had come to be dear and familiar to the old man beyond what he or the world knew; and he would willingly have continued a fixture there to his life's end. Any change was for him simple loss. His dear "mistress," saddened but not quite broken-hearted, with the pretty Queeney growing into womanhood at her side, and himself in her cosiest easy-chair, or presiding among the wits and notables at her sumptuous board:—this was the pleasant picture he had drawn for himself of what might still be. "Let us pray for one another," he had written to her in the early days of her widowhood; "when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us." The sale of the brewery and subsequent retrenchments disturbed to a considerable degree the magnanimity of Johnson's sorrow. His dream fabric tottered visibly. "The diminution of the estate, though displeasing and unexpected, must," he said, "be borne, because it cannot be helped." He and she were to make good resolutions before they met, which on his side he hoped to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful, and "I would not willingly think the same of all hopes," he added, very ambiguously. From Lichfield, with poor dying Lucy Porter at his side, palsied Mrs. Aston, and other aged and ailing friends, he wrote to her:—"There is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But, to scatter the gloom, I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the ball, which was very gay, I looked a while, and went away." What dreams of the pre-

posterously happy, what visions of far-off sunny Streatham, filled the old man's mind as he stood watching the dancers through dim half-closed eyes on that last night of October 1781, are not now to be recorded. The little widow's replies to his constant letters are sprightly and trim, with here and there a touch of filial tenderness, or of half-concealed pain, as when she says, "Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you. . . . You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another." Their reunion at the close of the year did not bring to either the comfort they expected. Signor Piozzi the singer, sent for by the Queen of France, had also been absent, and was now also returned, "loaded with presents, honors, and emoluments." "When *he* comes, and *I* come," Johnson had said in one of his letters, "you will have two about you that love you; and I question if either of us heartily care how few more you have." The philosopher was already jealous; and still more so when Mrs. Thrale's pleasure in Piozzi's society increased day by day. To make matters more difficult, Johnson, now in his seventy-third year, was already sinking into an unhealthy old age. The huge frame was tortured by symptoms of asthma, dropsy, and other painful diseases, partly inherited, partly the result of unwholesome habits of living. His rich, full mind and big heart had as much of vitality as ever, or more; but the temper, never a gentle one, had become, to those who loved him most, captious, fretful, and extortionate. He had reached a period in his life when the most unfit companion for him in the world was a lady, herself weighed down with suffering and domestic anxiety, but with a spirit of joy in her that rebelled at the prospect of sorrow. By a process too natural to require explanation, Johnson's residence at Streatham became less habitual than formerly. But he continued to write from the dusky retreat of Bolt Court, *dunning*, as she expressed it, his old friend for kindness, wishing himself back with her at Streatham, detailing his complaints and medicines, and peevishly repining at his own old age. The tie of many years was hard to break; and, when Streatham Park was let on lease, in 1782, to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr.

Johnson accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her family to Brighton, returning with them in the winter to Argyle Street, London, where Boswell found him, very ill, but kindly tended, in the following March.

Between this last date, however, and June 17th, 1783, an irremediable break had occurred in the friendship of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. No sooner had her husband been laid at rest beside his little son in Streatham Church than the gossips had set themselves to map out his widow's future. She was angry enough at them for fancying her "such an amorous idiot." Lord Loughborough, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Piozzi, Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, every man that came to the house, she complained, was put in the papers for her to marry. She wrote to the *Morning Herald*, begging it to say no more about her, good or bad, took refuge in the country, and had more than half a mind to leave England altogether. "One day," she writes in her diary, "the paper rings with my marriage to Dr. Johnson, one day to Crutchley, one day to Seward. I give no reason for such impertinence, but cannot deliver myself from it. Whitbread, the rich brewer, is in love with me too: oh, I would rather, as Anne Page says, be set breast deep in the earth and be bowled to death with turnips." Still, though incensed at this random gossip, Mrs. Thrale had a fair consciousness of her own eligibility and power. She remembered her wealth, her ancient lineage, her reputation for wit and learning, and triumphed to herself, between the pages of her diary, that to marry for love would be rational in her, who wanted no advancement of birth or fortune; and, "till I am in love," she added, "I will not marry, nor perhaps then." That she did eventually promise her hand to the singer Piozzi has puzzled her biographers as it at first puzzled, nay, astounded her family and friends. They regarded the act as little less than a crime against society, her children, and herself. What could a woman with three thousand a year, half a dozen daughters, and a considerable reputation for talent, care for a man who was known only for his music? True it was, the singer had long since lost his voice, that he was neither poor nor very handsome, nor in any sense an adventurer. He was in fact eminently respect-

able and harmless; and—she loved him. This fact constituted his greatest virtue and her most unpardonable folly. Johnson and Burney bemoaned together with wet eyes the weakness of their former hostess and their own loosened hold of her affection. The two drove into London from Streatham on one occasion together—Burney in the secret of the love affair, and very grave and sad; Johnson either innocent of it or pretending to be so. But the heart of the old man was none the less heavy. "His look," says the lady, "was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle;" and he was overcome with emotion as, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving, and, when they faced it from the coach window as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, "That house . . . is lost to me—for ever!" Too long indeed had the "Streathamites" dreamt that Mrs. Thrale and all that was hers belonged to them; and now it was a bitter thing to find that she was strictly and wholly free, and knew it. Could some one among that crowd of literary men and women, who had feasted and paraded all those years in the gardens and gay rooms of Streatham, have been sufficiently heroic to think and say that she was in the right! And, still more, could that single-handed champion have been the great and revered Dr. Johnson! A word from him at that time would have silenced the whole midge swarm of discontents, with Burney at their head. And might it not have been? Might he not, sitting over his fire on his two-legged stool in Bolt Court, have called to mind her long and spirited service to her "master," her tears over her dying babies, her bright and innocent wit, which had so often dispelled for him the gathering clouds of gloom and sickness? And might not he, the wise old man, have given due weight to the fact that all her tenderness, all her devotion, all her vanity, had hitherto been called into play only by old men, by children, by strangers! But other and less kind thoughts rankled in the heart of the old lexicographer. He joined, alas, the midge swarm; hated Piozzi with his plain face and broken English, despised Mrs. Thrale, and let the inquisitive world know that he did so. There are few

more ugly stories on record than that of Johnson's quarrel with the little widow.

Early in 1783, Mrs. Thrale was induced by the persecution of her children and the public to bid good-bye to her lover, who at her request at once gave up her letters to her eldest daughter, and prepared to leave England. The poor lady's health appeared at this time completely broken, and she was moreover much harassed by debts, the heaviest of which had been incurred by her father, and fell now upon her as his heir. Placing her younger children at school in Streatham, she left Argyle Street, and went with the elder ones to Bath, where she hoped to live in retirement, out of reach of her "friends," and to pay her debts. The little Streatham school-girls, however, fell ill in the spring of measles and whooping-cough, and one of them died. The poor mother, herself seriously ill, started from Bath, to visit them. She lodged in Streatham, avoiding "hateful London," "for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere." Nor did she know, until Piozzi told her long after, when all their troubles were over, that he had been sitting at a front window of a public house on the road "all that dreadful Saturday," to see her carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the children resided. She had maintained her resolution not to see him again, and returned to Bath with a heavier heart than ever. When her child died, she had written to Dr. Johnson to inform him of her trouble; but the old friends did not meet whilst she was at Streatham; and his reply to her letter beginning, "I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl," went on at once to relate how he had been dining at the opening of the Exhibition, with a splendid company, and other irrelevant gossip. A few more letters passed between them; he telling her the news of the day, and praising her "placid acquiescence" in her present mode of life; she writing back in a softened, broken-hearted strain, "very sick," she says, and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say like King David, *My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance hid out of my sight.* These words were probably on their way from Bath to Bolt Court when Johnson was struck dumb

by paralysis on the early morning of June 17th, 1783. It was a strange impulse which made him, within a few hours of his visitation, write an elaborate and eloquent account of it to Mrs. Thrale; and this was followed up for some time by a regular diary of his disease addressed to her. Her replies amused him, and she, in her bitter solitude, accepted his lectures in a humbled spirit, and was "obliged, consoled, and delighted" by them. "You are now retired," Johnson tells her, "and have nothing to impede self-examination or self-improvement. Endeavor to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray." Oh, soul of Quintilian! Here was stuff for your copy-book headings, with a vengeance!

Mrs. Thrale's miserable life during the year 1783, at Bath, was varied by a visit to Weymouth in the autumn, illnesses of her children in the winter, and correspondences with Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney. The last was in some sort her confidante; to her she could speak of her sufferings and their cause, and the two ladies regretted that they lived so far apart. Mrs. Thrale's daughters were now growing up about her, a bevy of proud, handsome girls, with fortunes of their own, and no little ambition of a small kind. "I have read to them," she tells Miss Burney in March 1784, "the Bible from beginning to end; the Roman and English histories; Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works, from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and the classics—I mean English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; *Rollin des Belles Lettres*, and a hundred more. But my best powers are past; and I think I must look out a lady to supply my deficiency to attend them, if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath!" Here at least she had her physicians about her, who knew how ill she was, and would do their best not to let her die; but of what other friends could she say as much? Her children's utter lack of sympathy with her, and Dr. Johnson's flagrant egotism, at length exasperated the poor lady into something like vigor of speech. "You

tell one of my daughters," she wrote to Johnson, "that you know not with distinctness the cause of my complaints. I believe she, who lives with me, knows it no better." The lady then scolds him roundly, and in English as eloquent as his own. "It is kind in you to quarrel no more," she says, "about expressions which were not meant to offend; but unjust to suppose I have not lately thought myself dying. Let us, however, take the Prince of Abyssinia's advice, and not add to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy. . . . All this," she continues, relenting again, "is not written by a person in high health and happiness, but by a fellow-sufferer, who has more to endure than she can tell or you can guess; and now let us talk of the Severn salmon, which will be coming in soon: I shall send you one of the finest, and shall be glad to hear that your appetite is good." The lady did not forget her promise, and three weeks later Dr. Johnson wrote: "The Hooles, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hull (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, but I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left."

While Dr. Johnson was enjoying an interval of comparative good health among his London friends, Mrs. Thrale was becoming each day more ill and more unhappy; until at length her good physician, taking the matter into his own hands, informed her daughters that he must write to Signor Piozzi concerning their mother's health. Piozzi, who was living in Milan, received Dr. Dobson's welcome epistle; and in eleven days he was at her side. In the meantime Mrs. Thrale had made up her mind to be broken-hearted no more. The guardians whom Mr. Thrale had placed over her children were formally acquainted with the fact; and that the three eldest, having heard that Mr. Piozzi was coming back from Italy, had left Bath for their own house at "Brighthelmstone." But Dr. Johnson received, in addition to the "circular," the following letter:—

"BATH, June 30.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for

concealing from you a connexion which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments; and, though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

"Your faithful servant."

This was Dr. Johnson's reply:—

"MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

"July 2, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.

"I will come down if you permit it."

Mrs. Thrale lost no time, but despatched a letter by the coach, "the more speedily and effectually to prevent" the Doctor's visit. She was very angry now, and bid him rather a fiery farewell. The next post brought to her a softer missive, "one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." Her old irascible friend did not forget, he told her, in this moment of final separation, "the kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." His last advice was, however, that she should induce Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, "where her fortune would be more under her own eye;" his last peroration enforcing that advice was an eloquent allusion to the story of Queen Mary, who had crossed the fatal Solway in spite of a similar warning, and—suffered for it.

The marriage which all the world was execrating was solemnised at Bath on July 25, 1784, and in a few weeks the Piozzis were on their way to Italy. Here, among her husband's own people and friends, Mrs. Piozzi found him popular and respected, while the proud Lombardians were at first disposed to doubt whether his wife whom he had brought to visit them could be a gentlewoman by

birth, since her first husband was a brewer! The travellers were feasted and honored wherever they went. When dukes, duchesses, marquises d'Araciel, and princes of Sisterna showered kindness on her for Piozzi's sake, Mrs. Piozzi took good care to let her English friends hear of it. "Here's honor and glory for you!" she wrote home, in the joy of her heart. But it was not long before she had forgiven her enemies. To her children she lost no opportunity of sending presents and letters; and on December 7th, 1784, she wrote to a young law student Samuel Lysons, afterwards Keeper of the Tower Records: "Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney." A week later, and her old friend had breathed his last in his dingy home in Fleet Street, London. No sooner was the event known, and the old philosopher at rest under the stones of Westminster Abbey, than the printers were busy issuing "*Anecdotes*." Everybody who had a story of the dead lion was in a hurry to tell it; and of course Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi were looked to by all the world for the largest and most interesting collections. Her *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, during the Last Twenty Years of his Life*, were written in Italy immediately after the news of his death reached her, shipped off to England from Leghorn, and published in London in 1786, young Samuel Lysons making her bargain for her with Mr. Cadell the publisher. "Judge my transport and my husband's," she wrote nearly thirty years afterwards, "when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity that Cadell had not one copy left when the King sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sate up all night reading it." Boswell, who was preparing his "pyramid," as he called his *Life of Johnson*, was outraged at this sudden flare of feminine popularity, and strove to undermine his rival's position by accusing her of inaccuracy and untruth. His efforts were in vain. The whole of the first impression of her little book was sold on the first day it was published; 300*l.* were lying ready for her in her publisher's hands;

and her "Anecdotes" were the gossip of the whole town, although Walpole sneered at them, Hannah More yawned, and Peter Pindar grew funny.

During their residence in Italy, the Piozzis visited Salzburg in Bavaria, the ancient seat of the little Welshwoman's race; and the heralds there, examining her "schedule," acknowledged her, "to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi," a true descendant of their own Prince Adam. Mrs. Piozzi, though this was perhaps no great feather in her cap, shone with some *éclat* among the stars of the Della Crusca Academy in Florence, and wrote a preface to their "Miscellany" of verses, which Walpole called "short, sensible, and genteel." On their return to London in 1787, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi lived first in Hanover Square, and afterwards at her old home at Streatham Park. In the meantime her children had become partially reconciled to their Italian stepfather; and Cecilia, the youngest, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, remained constantly resident with her mother. Mrs. Piozzi's old friends discovered by degrees that her marriage was after all no very dire misfortune to her or to them. Her dinners were as good as formerly, and her drawing-room was as much as ever the resort of notables and eccentrics. After a few years, Piozzi, having become enraptured during a tour with the scenery of North Wales, built an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd, near to his wife's ruined mansion of Bachygraig, to which they gave the pretty hybrid name of Brynbella; and to this spot he and his wife retired in 1795. The French war in Italy in 1799 having involved Piozzi's relations in great difficulties, Mrs. Piozzi rescued from the general wreck a nephew of her husband, whom his parents had christened John Salusbury, after herself. The little Lombardian, with recollections in his baby head of bloody scenes in fighting cities, was brought to England; and Mrs. Piozzi adopted him as her heir. When he was old enough, she placed him at the school where her own son Henry Thrale had conned his Latin grammar some thirty years before; and the young Salusbury-Piozzi was reared by Henry's mother with exceptional tenderness and care.

Mr. P'ozzi died at Brynbella in 1809,

and was buried at the little church there. Legends of the courteous Italian linger in the neighborhood—of his broken English, and gentle, kindly manners. A portrait of him is preserved among the family pictures at Brynbella, which represents him as good-looking, about forty years old, in a straight-cut brown coat, with frill and ruffles, and some leaves of music in his hand; and one wing of the Italian villa which he built is still said to be haunted by the sounds of his violin. During his life Mr. Piozzi had attended with much prudence and economy to the somewhat confused money-matters of his little wife. He had steered her safely through her debts; and at his death he left her mistress of everything he possessed, except a few thousands which he had saved before their marriage, and which he bequeathed to his relatives in Italy.

The loss of her husband left Mrs. Piozzi once more solitary in the world; but no sorrow, not even the greatest sorrow of remembering happier things, could quench now the sunshine which filled her life. During the twelve years which remained for her, we see her, in her letters, and in the records of her friends, still happy, still triumphant, still supremely satisfied. For her, old age was no uglier, no sadder, than a plucked flower that lies doomed and sweet in the sunlight. She had had her full share of earthly joy, and the brightest day in her calendar was ever the anniversary of her second marriage. "No, my dear sir," she wrote to a friend from Bath in 1817, "I will not stir from home till after the 25th of July, which day made me happy thirty-three years ago, after the suffering so many sorrows; and here will I keep its beloved anniversary, always remembering

"St. James's Church and St. James's Day,
And good Mr. James that gave me away."

Until 1814 she had continued to live at Brynbella, visiting occasionally both Bath and Streatham. But at this date young Salusbury left the university and married, and Mrs. Piozzi very generously relinquished to him and his young wife her little Welsh estate and its revenue. To compensate her daughters for their loss of it, she set to work to improve Streatham Park, which they would in-

herit at her death, and landed herself by this means in new and serious money difficulties. Nevertheless she jogged on, as light-hearted as ever, in her Bath lodging, with her two maids, and with a drawing of Brynbella over her chimney-piece—often, in spite of her 2,000*l.* a year, without 5*l.* of ready money to spend on herself. She almost rejoiced in her self-imposed poverty. When bills were thronging in upon her every hour, she told a friend that a certain heavy account for expenses concerning her nephew's marriage had just been sent in from a solicitor, and added, "I call that the *felicity bill*." Her devotion to Piozzi's nephew was not ill rewarded. He was made sheriff of his county, and knighted in 1817; and he and his wife were uniformly dutiful and kind to their benefactress, and at least added no one pang to those she had previously suffered. In 1819 Tom Moore visited Mrs. Piozzi, and found her "a wonderful old lady." "Faces of other times," he wrote, "seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c., &c. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." It was about this time that she became acquainted with the young actor, Conway, and interested herself so enthusiastically in his fortunes that people laughed at her, and said she was in love again. Her eightieth birthday, Jan. 27, 1820, was made the occasion of a brilliant *fête* at Bath, to which the Salusburies from Wales, and friends from all parts of the island, gladly flocked. A concert and supper to between six and seven hundred guests, in the public rooms of Bath, commenced the proceedings; and she led off the ball herself at two in the morning with her adopted son Sir John Salusbury, dancing, said those who were present, with astonishing elasticity and true dignity.

The autumn and winter of that year were spent quietly at Penzance, where she had been told the blasts of winter never came. There she whiled away what she called "six months of exile," looking out over the sea, observing Cornish human nature, with its adjuncts vegetable and mineral, writing witty anecdotic letters to her absent friends, and longing to return with the swallows to her own beloved Bath. But that Cor-

nish winter of 1820-1 was exceptionally severe, and the poor little lady found it hard to maintain her cheerful mood. "Conway," she wrote to a friend, "is in high favor at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along." On her way homewards to Bath in the spring of 1821, Mrs. Piozzi met with an accident. Recovered from this, she reached Clifton, where an attack of illness overtook her; and she died there, after very little suffering, on May 2nd, 1821. To her nephew, Sir John Salusbury-Piozzi Salusbury, she left her Welsh estates, and all that she possessed, with the request to her executors that they would be careful to transmit her body, wheresoever she might die, to the vault constructed for their remains by her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, in Dymmerchion Church, Flintshire. And accordingly this last act completed the story of a long and not too happy life. Her three daughters, Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale, summoned at the last, were round her dying bed. By her written wish the portrait of her mother by Zoffany was given to Lady Keith, who alone of her family could remember her; and that of Mr. Thrale was given to the one daughter who still bore his name. Two days before her death she had sent the actor Conway a draught for 100*l.*; which he, like an honest man, returned to her executors. The act speaks warmly in his favor, and one is sorry that he was not quite so great a genius as his warm-hearted patroness believed him to be. He drowned himself in 1828. Among his books was found a copy of the folio edition of Young's *Night Thoughts*, in which he had made a note that it was presented to him by his "dearly attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that his personality and talk were more memorable than anything he ever wrote, and the same is true of his friend Mrs. Piozzi. Her "Anecdotes" were popular, but they scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same category with Boswell's splendidly full and compactly arranged "Life." Her *British Synonymy; or, An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation*, published in 1794, was a compendium of bright table-talk

and anecdote; but its pretentious name put the critics and Gifford out of temper. The *Retrospection; or, A Review of the most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind*, was published, in two quarto volumes, in 1801, and consists of rather more than a thousand pages. "It would," says Mr. Hayward in his interesting account of her life and writings, "have required the united powers and acquirements of Raleigh, Burke, Gibbon, and Voltaire to fill so vast a canvas with appropriate groups and figures." She was indeed too ambitious; and we have to fall back on her letters and what we know of her life, that we may once more understand and believe in her genius and good sense.

Mrs. Piozzi's verdict concerning her own personal appearance was a severe one. "No," she used to say, "I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty." And she would boast that she owed her "vigorous black manuscript" to her large and too muscularly built hand. Boswell called her "short, plump, and brisk;" but Dr. Burney was more polite when in 1782 he included among his lady "wits,"

"Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise."

The little half-length miniature of her painted in Bath in 1817, in a closely fitting dress and hat very nearly resembling the present fashion, represents her as small, well built, with features finely cut, and a clear brave glance in the eyes.

It was impossible that she should have lived for so many of her best years in the society of Dr. Johnson without retaining through life many of the results of that companionship. Few women among her younger contemporaries could

vie with her in extensive reading and retentive memory, or in readiness of wit. Dr. Johnson had taught her to hate cant; and her honesty both in speech and action was among her most striking characteristics. But he failed utterly to hem her mind round with the prejudices and perversities which beset his own. Her "piety" was less sententious, less methodical; but her charity was undoubtedly of a better sort.

Her sweet temper, also, her vivacity and unselfishness, increased as she grew old; and her last years contrasted most remarkably in this particular with Dr. Johnson's gloomy and hypochondriacal decay. Some of our contemporaries can remember her as far back as 1813—a kind little old lady, who used to walk in her garden on Streatham Common and hand cakes through her park palings to fair-haired little boys. When the oft-recurring birthday reminded her how old she and the world were growing, she welcomed it with a good grace. "My *jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days now," she wrote in 1816, and quoted some pretty lines of Pope, adding, "Yet I will not, like Dr. Johnson, quarrel with my birthday." On the seventy-sixth anniversary, she wrote gaily to her kind friend Sir James Fellowes, about the new fashions that were deforming the world, and added, "Do not suffer yourself to be too sorry that I am so near out of it." Three years before her death she was quoting in a letter to the same friend some verses of Cowley upon the old sad subject; and this was her brave comment:—"Meanwhile, let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poison the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will as every Turk shows to that of the Grand Signior. 'It is the Sultan's pleasure,' says he, 'and so ends the matter,—here's my head.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SOCIETY.

THE philosophy which is set before young minds in copy-books is generally expressed with a stern absoluteness which gives it a special character of its own amongst the elements of teaching. The attention of the copier is rarely distracted

from the beauty of the writing by any competitive beauty in the form of the thought set forth in it: that thought is usually stripped stark naked, as if it were on the point of tubbing; not only are no clothes allowed to it, but it is, further-

more, deprived of all natural ornament whatever; its very hair is cut off short in order to save room. The result is that it is invariably regarded as a scarecrow by all boys and girls who come in contact with it. Yet, notwithstanding its inveterate ugliness, it must fairly be acknowledged that the literature of copy-books, taken as a whole, has, at all events, the merit of vague veracity; that the sententious coagulated affirmations of which it is composed are tolerably correct expressions of recognised truths; and that though it would be imprudent to adopt them as infallible guides in all the accidents of life,—though they possess neither the unvarying certainty of axioms, nor the precisely contrary merit of fitting themselves to changing circumstances,—they do deserve the degree of confidence which is habitually accorded to approximate truisms. It cannot reasonably be denied, for instance, that, in an ordinary way, "Knowledge is power;" that "The Dead Sea is a lake in Palestine;" or that "Comparison forms judgment." Of course it may be urged that, though knowledge frequently gives some sort of power, it is not power in itself; that a sea cannot, grammatically, be a lake; and that, in practice, judgment may be acquired by other means than comparison. But still, notwithstanding all objections, it is just to own that, in general terms, and for everyday purposes, these allegations and their fellows are substantially and sufficiently exact. This being so, let us generously forget the legitimate animosities which are awakened in us by the memory of the countless repetitions of them which we were once forced to pen, and let us revert to the last of these three quotations, and use it for our present purpose. "Comparison forms judgment." Now, if that is a real law, the people who have the most abundant means of comparison on any given subject ought, necessarily, to be the surest judges of that subject. Putting aside all the other manners of forming an opinion, and taking this one by itself, comparers ought, if there is reality in this assertion, to be competent arbitrators on all the disputed questions to which they have directed their powers of comparison. To take an example: we English live and travel abroad far more than any other race; we are in perpetual contact, in all

parts of the earth, with all the forms which social existence assumes—with all the habits, all the fashions, all the shapes of conduct which varying moral influences and various material surroundings have produced. We have had, in that way, occasions which may be regarded as special to ourselves, of closely studying the systems and the usages of foreign life, and of comparing them with each other, and with those in force in England. If we have profited by our opportunities, we ought, according to the copy-books, to have acquired a markedly widened power of estimating the true character, the true meanings, the true uses of those systems and those usages; we ought to be far ahead of everybody else in our faculty of rightly measuring their value; our judgment on them ought to be as sound as multiplied experience can make it; we ought to be the most logical of all critics on the subject; our views upon it should be the largest, the most thoroughly considered, the least prejudiced that exist. And, more than all, our application of this experience at home should show the practical results of comparison on so vast a scale, and should enable us to prove to the world how admirably we English use the knowledge which we extract from our dealings with it.

Unluckily for the credit of the copy-books, it does not altogether seem that we really do all this. The judgment of the great majority of our fellow-subjects as to social usages, as to the organisation of "society," does not appear to reach the heights of applied wisdom which—according to the comparison theory—it might have been expected to attain: it does not show signs of being affected, in any conspicuous degree, by our widespread and continual contact with foreign practices and foreign principles of action. With that resolute adherence to our own customs which is manifestly one of the great sources of our national strength, we continue, most of us, to contemplate with convinced contempt nearly everything that we see elsewhere: with the exception of one special category of observers, whose testimony we shall come to presently, we scarcely think of judging foreign usages at all, excepting to condemn them; the notion of fairly examining them, either on the spot or by the

evidence of trustworthy witnesses, comes into the heads of very few of us indeed; the mass of us calmly and conscientiously deride them, without looking at them, as a duty which true Englishmen are bound to discharge; we remain anchored, stem and stern, to the stiff holding-ground of habit; we stand solidly on what we conceive to be the platform of our unapproachable pre-eminence.

Let us acknowledge at once that there is something strong in this unhesitating prejudice. Though we might still continue to be the vigorous race we are, even if we troubled ourselves with curiosities as to the possible merits of other people, or with doubts as to ourselves, it is difficult, all the same, to deny that to cleave stedfastly to our ways, solely because we consider them to be "English," is, in itself, an element of English force. But, when we have granted that, without discussion,—when we have proclaimed the remarkable value, from a national point of view, of obstinate fidelity to local ideas and local forms,—we find ourselves reflecting that, after all, the force would be just as sturdy, just as lasting, just as unifying, if it were applied to the steady maintenance of any other usages than those which actually exist amongst us. The usages themselves have nothing to do with the force that preserves them; their peculiar shape, whatever it be, is no more a source of strength to us in itself, than contrary forms of usage are a source of weakness to other nations: it is in the tenacity with which we hold to them that the strength is found; the habit itself is, nationally, of no importance. What we, as patriots, have to seek to retain is, not the habit, but the tenacity, for the self-same tenacity can be exercised, with the same fortifying effect, in favor of any other habit whatever.

It may therefore be fairly argued that our actual idea of what English society ought to be should not be necessarily regarded, like the lion and the unicorn, as a sacred and unassailable dogma, but simply as an accidental theory, unessential in itself, and capable of being replaced by any other theory, without the slightest damage or danger to the cohesive vigor of the three kingdoms.

If the subject were not approached with these respectful precautions, if the

way up to it were not opened out by deferentially lifting aside the blocks of patriotic prejudice which encumber it, a good many people might indignantly protest against any discussion at all on a question which, to some eyes, is almost holy in its untouchableness. It may indeed be prudent to go further still in the same direction, and to supplement these preliminary considerations by the additional observation that, if our actual system of society is to be regarded as an inherent and indisputable part of British grandeur, it would follow rationally that, in like manner, the systems of all other countries must equally be considered to form part of the national splendor of those countries, and to constitute, in each country, a feticch as worthy of local adoration as our own system is here. So that, to avoid the puzzling difficulty of having to recognise that the special system of society adopted in each country must necessarily be the only right one—in the eyes of the inhabitants of that country—we are obliged to confess, on the contrary, that no system whatever can be regarded as altogether right.

This last impression will in no way meet the views of persons who live in that calm conviction of superiority which is so abundant and so sweet a fruit of ignorance; but it is none the less likely to be true because it is in contradiction with popular conviction. The general notions about society in this country are based upon such a total indifference to the rules which guide it in other lands, that however competent we may be to define what we like because it is "English," scarcely any of us seem to be capable of going beyond that purely local view, and of judging society in its larger meanings, in its general characters, in its universal uses. If we had really profited, nationally, by the almost limitless field of social study which travel and facilities of observation open out to us, we should, all and every one, have discovered by this time, directly or from each other, that a certain number of general rules apply everywhere to the subject. We should have learnt, amongst other things, that society is essentially a manufactured product of a most complex nature; that all admixture of roughness and coarseness spoils irretrievably the delicate tissue of which the finished specimens of it are

composed; that in order to obtain it in perfection, its ingredients should be sought for solely amongst the finer attributes and the brighter qualities of men and women. We should have discovered that it imperatively needs the discreetest selection of elements, the adroitest handling in the spinning, the carefulest manipulation in the weaving. But, alas! we have become aware of nothing of the sort; the great mass of us treat society as if it were a raw material complete in itself, to be used untrimmed as we find it, like coal or water; we expect it to perform its functions, and to reach its natural development, without any help from art; we do not seem to recognise that it requires the incessant application of skill to lead it to its full growth.

Yet, surely, of all the applications to which skill can be directed, there is scarcely one in which we have more reason for employing it than in the management of our daily contacts with each other; for nearly all our joys, outside our hearths, depend entirely on that management. In no other direction do we find a more elastic field of action for crafty uses of our workmanship; in no other do we encounter the same return for labor or dexterity. It is in "society" that we are forced to seek for all the pleasures which lie beyond pure home contentments; it is in it that our whole external life is passed; it is surely, then, worth while to cultivate it with close watchfulness, and to devote to it our experience, our ingenuity, our wit.

But, true as all this may be, it must be added at once that the sort of skill required for dealing ably with society is so intimately allied with simplicity that, in its most perfect realisations, the skill vanishes out of sight and the simplicity alone remains in evidence. Just as the very highest art is that in which all art is hidden, so does the very highest skill in social architecture disappear in the success which it creates. And as in nature, again, so are the completest ends attained, in this matter of society, without an appearance of an effort, without a symptom of a struggle. Both art and skill are there in unremitting application, but their all-pervading action is lost sight of behind the simple ease of the result; the entire process of construction, with

its tools, its outlay, and its pains, remains invisible in the product. Such is the character of the science which real social artists set to work; such is the secret of the end which they attain. Simplicity is their ideal of perfection.

Our present English system is not of that sort. Its springs of action are for the most part violent and conspicuous; they glare out staringly amidst the effects which they produce; its fabric is, as the French say, "sewn with white thread;" we see the stitches; our society is so generally based on artificial aids, it is so generally dependent on recognisable material supports, that the shortest-sighted looker-on can, if he will, detect the props on which it rests; there is no illusion whatever about it. Its fundamental principle consists in an unceasing appeal to public aid; it can do scarcely anything for itself; it has but little inborn vitality or proper life; it is perpetually calling out for help, perpetually crying for fresh alms, perpetually entreating passers-by to help it to get on. In its actual shape our society is a pauper who subsists principally on organised charity, who has scarcely any means of existence of his own, who is not quite reduced to the workhouse, but who is supported mainly by out-door relief. Putting aside the special exceptions, can it be pretended that English society suffices to itself? Where can we discover in any quantity men and women who content themselves with each other, and who seek for no exterior assistance? Is it not an almost universal rule amongst us that our society is dependent on emotions and distractions which are, directly or indirectly, purchased by money? Is it not almost impossible to get people to come together at all unless they know that they are to be provided with something ready made to look at or something ready-made to do, which will save them the trouble of inventing anything for themselves? The natural result is that, just as unused muscles lose their strength, so have the mass of English men and women lost their faculty of being "society" to each other. The immense majority of us have no longer the power of comprehending that "society" does not consist in games, in sports, in spectacles, or in purely physical excitements; taking us as a whole, we have

become almost incapable either of intellectual efforts or of originality of thought in social matters; we can barely keep up a conversation, even on the purely material subjects which attract us. And, in this our women are even worse than our men, for they have adopted the amusements of men as being worthy of the admiration of women; they walk with the guns, they bet on races, they interest themselves in the sinews of their male acquaintances, and they call that "Society"! Music, almost alone, has the quality of rousing a general talk amongst them; for it has become one of our principles of action that talking, stupid as it is, is, after all, a lesser bore than listening to music in a drawing-room.

It cannot be seriously objected that this description of our condition is exaggerated, for not only can we see these things each day with our own eyes, in the circles open to our personal observation, but—what is almost stronger proof than any individual experience can supply—the special newspapers which treat social questions publish, nearly every week, articles in which our English life is depicted, with an overflow of evidence, as becoming more and more animal and less and less intelligent. To describe it in close detail by quotations from those newspapers would be a waste of words, for we all know exactly what it is.

And yet the narration would not occupy much space, for though, in some other countries, the idea expressed by the word "society" is so many-faced, so elastic, so capricious that it would need pages to define it, in this England, on the contrary, it has such a marked and special tendency to divest itself of its Protean qualities, and to assume certain clearly defined and limited phases, that a few lines would suffice to enumerate its main features. Nationally we scarcely know and practise more than two of its hundred shapes; with us it is either physical or stupid, putting aside the exceptions, which exist in England as elsewhere, it is either a romp or a gloom. That definition will, of course, be angrily repudiated, but what arguments can be seriously urged against its truth? We have never been a talking people as talking is understood in other lands; we have ceased to be, socially, an intellectual

people (if indeed we ever were so); we have drifted, somehow, into a condition in which our habitual relationship with each other has gradually shaken off the sentiment of reciprocal responsibilities; we—the people of all others who most thoroughly comprehend and most practically apply the principle of duty in its other aspects—have grown indifferent and insensible to its value and its applications in society. Society now arouses in us no idea of mutual effort for the common good; there is no partnership about it, no cordial association, no contribution to a general fund; all this is replaced by an unexpressed but distinctly evident sentiment that, as everybody pays for what society supplies to him, he has a right to his share of it without taking the slightest trouble about his neighbors. Comparison has not aided us to attain a higher end than this; but yet, at all events, it enables some of us to test English society as it is, and to measure the strange errors on which it is based.

The only excuse which can be made for us is that, notwithstanding all our means of judgment, we have not the slightest idea, nationally, what society ought to be. We have no conception whatever of the character it represents to those who have studied its possible perfections. It is not merely, in the sense in which we are considering it here, "an assemblage of men united by nature and by laws;" it is not even "an association for mutual profit, pleasure, or usefulness:" it is essentially composed of "the more cultivated portion of a community in its social relations and influences." Its object is to extract the utmost mutual satisfactions from those relations and those influences, and its highest form necessarily consists in the attainment of those satisfactions with the least effort, the least external aid, and the least expense. It seems unlikely that any reasonable person will deny the theoretical truth of that definition, however much it may be in antagonism with daily practice, and however it may clash with the sad reality that, in England, the pursuit of society is almost invariably attended by some sort of struggle and by some sort of money outlay. Like most of the other ingredients of our life at high pressure, our society—taken as a whole—has become a fight, not alone in the sense of a combat

upwards to know bigger people than ourselves, but a physical contention, a constant rushing about, a perpetual displacement in order to buy feverishly in public places diversions which we have become incapable of discovering quietly at home. The charm of graceful sympathies, the fervencies of intelligent discussion, the brightnesses of wandering talk, the winning seduction of the purely feminine qualities of women, the laughing gaiety which springs from itself alone and needs no outer stimulant, the tender, earnest calm of well-tried intimacies—these things have scarcely any hold upon us; we call them stupid. What we all need, whether we be men or women, is strong, rough excitement, ready-made for use, involving as little talking as possible and no thinking at all; and as we are both rich and muscular, we seek that excitement in physical efforts and expense.

Great patterns of true social merit have become rare in England; but still we find them in certain atmospheres congenial to their development. The realised conception is not quite lost amongst us; and when we do manage to get, for a moment, outside the noisy vulgarities of money, outside the self-assertion of vanities and strong limbs—when we branch off, for our joy, into certain houses that wise men and women know of—there at last we do discover the infinite fascinations, the gentle naturalnesses, the high-toned brilliancies of which society is composed in its theoretical and practical perfection; there at last we can contemplate admiringly the image of what society should be.

Look carefully at this rare Englishman and watch him. Mark the unassuming simplicity, the delicate tenderness, the overflow of interest and care for others, the deep, harmonious tide of words, the flashing of perpetually-renewed ideas, the unconscious pouring out of knowledge, the grace of bearing, the ease of movement, the lordly homage to the women round, the blending of grand manner, softness, intellect, and worldly wisdom. Mark that and study it, for it is of such unwonted attributes as these that true society is composed.

And the perfect Englishwoman, the pure splendor of the feminine ideal, with all the winning beauties of which

its very highest realisations are susceptible—we still can find her. We still can watch, if fortune favors us, the union of supreme aristocracy of form and tone, of all the imposing loveliness of the most majestic English type, of all the innate nobleness of attitude and motion, of all the sovereign grandeurs, with the childlike naturalness which indifference to self can alone produce. We still can see the gentle but eager sweetness, the ever-present sentiment of dignity and duty, the utter ignorance of frivolity and sham, the keen, absorbing sentiment of art, the glittering handling of varied talk, the fond devotion of the mother and the wife, the thousand exalted qualities which make up the true woman, as woman ought to be when she stands forward as an example for society. We still can find all this; it does exist. There are assuredly women amongst us who possess it; there are, most truly, men who have looked upon it, and who have thanked the fates for permitting them to reverently gaze. But not often. And to the question, "Where?" it would be impertinent to give a direct reply; it would seem indeed, to be almost like the breaking of a spell to point out the dwelling-places of men and women such as these. Yet gratitude and affection, when deeply felt, are often stronger than discretion; and it may be that, in one case at least, the thankful hearts of those who have had the privilege of knowing, in any of its resting-spots, a certain wandering home which is at this moment established in the foremost place in India, will murmur an instinctive answer to the repeated question, "Where?"

With models such as these to guide it, with central figures such as these to group itself around, English society is able to attain a rarity of completeness which is special to itself, for, in such unfrequent cases, it joins to foreign radiances a splendid calm, a stately peacefulness, which are almost proper to itself alone, or which, at all events, we seldom see in other houses than our own. How then is it that, possessing as we do, within ourselves, these most admirable types of all that the very highest idealisations of society can be imagined to attain, we leave them with indifference aside as if they had no value? There is, alas! but

one answer to be given to the question ; it is, that we do not care for these perfections : we need other satisfactions than those which they supply ; we seek the flesh, not the spirit—the spirit is “slow.”

Let us take one single illustration of this strange tendency ; let us ask ourselves how it can possibly be that horses have managed to acquire the astonishing position which they occupy in English society. They do not come to dinner-parties or to balls—as yet, at least—but, so far as the absent can be represented by constant thought of them, by constant reference to them, by perpetual discussion of their merits and defects, by unflinching interest in their doings, they do most certainly constitute an integral part of our social organisation. To say that they have more importance than we possess ourselves would be, perhaps, an exaggeration ; but, most certainly, they stand on the same line with us, and are admitted by us to a place in our thoughts and in our daily life which is on a level with that which we accord to all but our very dearest friends. And in purely masculine societies—in regiments, for instance—the horse stands usually far above the friend, and is the object of a fondness which is not habitually enjoyed by any other creature than itself. This is, most certainly, not the spirit, it is the flesh—the flesh to which excessive money is conducting us all, as if we liked it.

To change the scene, to get another idea of what society may be, let us turn our eyes away outside England for a moment ; let us see how others deal with this same question ; let us try to recognise the main elements of the theory of society as it presents itself elsewhere. But few descriptions of it exist in books, and even these are so incomplete and patchy that little would be gained by quoting written evidence. Testimony of another sort can luckily be obtained by those who seek for it—the verbal testimony of the exceptional observers who were alluded to just now, of those rare wandering English men and women who, unlike the heap of their fellows here, have really studied foreign life, have learnt to know it in its inner ways, and have become capable by long practice and careful thoughtfulness of forming and expressing

an opinion on it. Such witnesses are found occasionally in our diplomatic service, and amongst the higher classes of English who have lived for years abroad. Their attestations will not, perhaps, have much value in the eyes of the true British enthusiast who believes as a matter of revealed faith that anything English is necessarily superior to everything foreign ; but to the less prejudiced and more inquiring portion of the community they ought to present a case which has at least a character of probability. It may be objected, of course, that those attestations are not correctly stated here, and that no proof of them is supplied. To that objection no answer can be given, excepting, perhaps, that amongst the readers of *Maga* a good many persons will be found who are themselves in a position to recognise the fairness and the accuracy of the statements adduced.

The two great features which strike English observers on the Continent are, firstly, that, without distinction of countries, society is everywhere a co-operative arrangement in which everybody contributes, according to his power, to the common end ; secondly, that end is attained almost exclusively by the use of personal capacities, with scarcely any utilisation or annexation of material adjuncts. Let us try to define this clearly, for it is the basis of the entire situation.

The want of money, which, in comparison with ourselves, is so universal throughout the Continent, does not permit foreigners to employ expensive amusements ; taking them as a whole, and excluding the relatively limited classes which, by exception, are able to purchase diversions for cash, it is evident that they are obliged, by sheer necessity, to create for themselves a system of social relationship in which the absence of all external distractions which involve outlay is compensated by a constant supply of gratifications produced by the combined personal efforts of all the members of each social group. As no foundation is supplied from the outside, the basis has to be created within ; consequently, being driven to it, most foreigners have learnt not only how to create that basis, but also to be content with it when they have got it. And from these two conditions has resulted, naturally, a third—the grad-

ual working up, on this basis, of the best superstructure which can be established on it, so as to render the general result more and more attractive to those who, for want of all other means of action, are exclusively dependent on it. That result habitually consists in conversation, and nothing else, but in conversation which is so gay and cheery that it often supplies the listeners with a pleasanter entertainment than they could get outside by paying for it. Of course there are stupid people all about the Continent; of course there are crowds of men and women there who cannot speak at all; of course we do not pretend that bright laughing talk is universal; but we do most certainly assert, on the evidence of many fair observers, that there is enough of social eloquence in European countries to justify the statement that eloquence is the rule and stupidity the exception. We do not argue that conversation has been adopted mainly in other lands as the customary occupation of society, solely because foreigners have discovered that intellectual satisfactions are superior, in quality or quantity, to material contentments; and even if that explanation of their motives could be supported in theory (which is very doubtful), there would still remain the fact that their conversation is not invariably intellectual, and that a good deal of it, on the contrary, is mere frothy babble. But what does seem to lie beyond denial is that, by long practice and by a singularly keen appreciation of the capacities of conversation as an always ready source of pleasure, the best amongst them really have succeeded in bestowing upon talk a brilliancy, a joyfulness, and a charm of which we have not the very faintest notion here. Like most other potentialities, this one has grown with use and exercise; it has now attained a vigor of development which, in its highest manifestations, astonishes inexperienced beholders. And, what is perhaps still more striking, there is no jealousy, no envy, on the part of those who offer least to the general fund against those who offer most. As each one subscribes according to his power, the widow is not ashamed of her mite; she does her little best, and if others do more and better, she has, at all events, the satisfaction of participating in the

feast which they supply. And, be it once more repeated, in this inequality of contributions there is absolutely nothing which is in any way analogous to our English system of borrowing from outlying and non-personal sources: the disparity of gifts is all interior; it is limited in its action to those who work together as associates; they borrow from each other, between themselves, but they never think of looking beyond their circle for satisfactions additional to those which they find within it. The varying values of their respective donations to the mutual purse supply them with no motives for seeking set-offs elsewhere for the insufficiencies of the poorer members of the group; the whole is accepted as constituting, in itself, an adequate satisfaction for all the parts; and, at the worst, if any of the individuals who compose the parts imagine that they offer too much and receive too little, it is open to them to go off elsewhere in order to obtain for themselves, with other allies, an equality of receipts and payments. They seldom adopt this alternative, however; the rule is, that everybody rests content with a situation which, as Plato said of Democracy, "gives equal rights to unequal persons."

This being, generally, the fundamental condition of educated Continental society, it follows, almost necessarily, that signs of effort can scarcely be detected in it. It is true that each one does his very best; but as each one knows that what he does will be accepted by his associates as sufficient, no motive exists for seeking effects which lie beyond his individual power. The idea of resorting to extraneous causes of amusement occurs to no one; for, as every one is relatively poor, the example of spending money for social satisfaction could not possibly be followed by all the members of a group, even if any one of them had the bad taste to offer it. It is, then, in the want of money (as we understand money here) that we must seek the origin and explanation of the system of social organisation which prevails generally throughout the Continent. Its brilliancy, its self-containing perfectness, its gaiety, its simplicity, are, in reality, the fruit of an admirably useful poverty which, by excluding the dangerous and misleading influences of much money,

confines ambitions to a form attainable by personal skill alone, with no admixture of purchased stimulants. Foreign society, regarded as a whole, is like Robinson Crusoe on his island: it is forced to do everything for itself; and as nothing is ever done for us by hired aid as completely as we can do it ourselves, the result is that, with long practice and experience to guide it, society has become able to extract from the simplest and most ordinary sources a quantity and a quality of satisfaction which seems, whichever way we look at the matter, to approach very closely to perfection.

There is, however, one other cause than want of money in all this; there is common-sense as well. There is a practical appreciation of relative values; a wise measuring of results; a thoughtful recognition not only of the character and the degree, but also of the reality of the pleasure created. No average Frenchman — taking a Frenchman as the typical representative of the idea which we are discussing — would consent to exchange his cheap social joys for others which would cost money and require physical effort. He would decline to admit that either money or muscle can possibly become, under any circumstances whatever, elements of "society;" he would acknowledge that both of them have their merits, in their place; but he would deny that that place can be in "society."

Of course the fast people of the Continent are not counted here. What is said refers not to the rare exceptions but to the mass—to the great social groups composed of the vast majority of the upper and middle classes, not to those few outlying members who set up special systems for themselves. Questions of this sort must be judged as a whole.

The social contrast between Continental Europeans and ourselves may be said, generally, to spring not from any special differences of capacity—for we may surely indulge the belief that we are as capable as other people, and that we need only practice to do as well as they—but from the monstrous influence which we have permitted money to assume over us, and from the utterly false views of life to which that influence has led us. Money is our great corrup-

ter, and unless we manage to shake off its action (which seems, alas! to be terribly unlikely), we shall get worse instead of better. Until we have recognised that society can not only be kept going, but also be made infinitely brilliant, without the expenditure of one shilling, except for tea and candles, we shall never crawl out of our actual degeneracy.

It is, however, humiliating to go on insisting on our fallen state; it will be vastly pleasanter to talk of what we might be than of what we are. So let us suppose, then, by an all-surmounting effort of imagination, that instead of learning absolutely nothing by our travels, we have, on the contrary, learned everything; that, instead of rejecting all aid from our experience, we are seeking to heartily and profitably employ it; that we are proceeding to raise up the current type of English society to the highest in the world, in order that the whole earth may accept it as an admirable result of fair comparison and of unprejudiced judgment, as a model of selected and compared perfection.

Now, first of all, in such a case, we should most naturally begin by forming an essentially English basis for our construction, not only in order to preserve to it such merits as we ourselves may really possess (and, with all our glaring faults, we have some merits still), but also, what would be still more essential, to bestow upon it a markedly English character, to make it absolutely and effectively national, and to prevent it from acquiring a cosmopolitan aspect in contradiction to our fundamental peculiarities. Let us begin, then, with that object, by examining the actual elements of our society from which a selection could be made. Foremost of them all stand field-sports—pure English field-sports—done as we do them here, done as no other nations do them, with their essentially English color, with their essentially English influence on society. There are field-sports all the world over, but there are none elsewhere which are exactly like ours; there are none in other lands which mix themselves so deeply with the movement and the habits of society; there are none outside our shores which must indispensably be taken into account as exercising a con-

stant and irresistible action on national life. With us field-sports constitute, indirectly, the guide of our whole existence; we stop in the country in the winter and in London in the summer—a process absolutely contrary to all common-sense—solely because field-sports are stronger than common-sense. A power of such force as this is not to be considered lightly; it exists, it is English, there is no discussing it—it is it which fashions the first outline of our society. It may be taken to be unchangeable; it would, at all events, be a pure waste of time to argue against it; field-sports must, of all necessity, be unanimously elected the first member of the Legislature which would impose laws on the newly-organised society which we are venturing to imagine. But however much weaker than field-sports common-sense may be in the actual fabric of our society, we must perforce suppose that it would exercise more action in the hypothetical system which we are conceiving,—not, of course, an action sufficient to bring Parliament together in November or to prorogue it in April—that is beyond all hope whatever—but an action which would limit field-sports to men, which would prevent women from hunting, which would keep them away from guns, which would make them comprehend that their first and greatest and noblest function in society is to remain women. With field-sports once circumscribed to men, no serious social objection could be raised against them; they would continue to spoil conversation somewhat, but at all events they would have ceased to introduce as they do at present an element of masculine roughness into the life of women, and to thereby gravely damage the tone of the society of which those women form part.

Next to sports come athletic diversions of all kinds. And here there is little more to be said than that, as the effect of these diversions on society is absolutely destructive, nearly all of them would have to be swept away if a real reform of society were undertaken. The association of men and women for laborious movements, without the faintest thought of any other objects than hard exercise, is in such preposterous contradiction with the whole signification of the word "society," that the notion of treating the two as syno-

nymes is altogether comical. Yet rinks, and jumping-matches, and boat-races, and half-a-hundred other analogous drudgeries, are seriously attended by men and women of our time as social meeting-places! Muscle replaces thought, effort does the work of courtesy, women copy men! The stupidity of croquet may be left to those who like it; but as for all the rest, it will have to be abandoned to the men, as battle, money-getting, and tailoring already are. The universal principle of the division of labor will be the starting-point of our dream; men will go on with athletic exercises until they are tired of them; but women will leave them alone during the process, and will cease to seek their own joys in things that belong to men. This does not absolutely mean that women need abandon Hurlingham, or that they must oblige cricket to lose its hold over their imagination, or that they are to totally give up rinking—no such flagrantly unrealisable exaggerations are suggested; but it is altogether indispensable, if we are ever to create true society in England, that all these things, and others like them, shall cease to be regarded as social functions; that they shall be looked upon as what they really are,—as coarse, unfeminine distractions, antagonistic to intelligent or delicate existence, and only to be performed occasionally, as an unpleasant duty, just as most people go to church on Sunday.

Of our usage of receiving nobody in the evening without an invitation, very little could be retained, for nothing is more destructive of pleasant gaiety than our actual rule of barring all our doors to everybody that we have not specially admitted in writing. Open receptions have the immense merit of bringing together unanticipated elements, and of thereby producing contrasts and discussions. Madame de Genlis, who knew well how true this is, said of us: "*Il y a très peu de société en Angleterre, parce qu'il faut être invité pour aller dîner et souper chez ses amis les plus intimes.*" And our whole manner of ordaining parties would have to be modified in nearly all its details, for there is scarcely anything in it which could be usefully preserved. People would have to come exactly at the hour for which they are asked, and would not be waited for if

they were late; everything that implies mere senseless money would be ruthlessly suppressed; expenditure would be forced to become intelligent, to have an invariably useful object, to cease to serve as an advertisement of the wealth of the entertainer, and to strictly confine itself to the pursuit of satisfactions for the entertained. Conversation would become both obligatory and general; the art of talk would be fostered and encouraged; mothers would educate their children to use their tongues so as to fit them for the hitherto unknown duties which our remodelled society would require from them; fathers would begin to be polite to their own wives, and would remember that nothing is more grossly rude to a woman than to go to sleep in her presence after dinner.

Our system of relationship between men and women contains one element which, in another form, might be utilised in a new scheme. It has the merit of being based on liberty, on the most powerful of modern forces; and if we could anyhow manage to solve the problem, which exists in society as in politics, of preventing liberty from degenerating into licence, we should certainly possess, in liberty, the most solid and most reliable foundation for our building. But liberty means not only free will and personal independence—it implies responsibility as well, a responsibility which grows proportionately with the liberty which produces it. Now, in our English social practice, we take the liberty and we reject the responsibility; we do as we like ourselves, without taking the trouble to inquire what others like: our liberty is not, it is true, exercised in every case in the form of licence, but it is almost invariably employed in the shape of selfishness, of calmly unconscious indifference to our neighbor's rights. Society, as we now practise it, means *us*—not other people. And when this odious attitude is applied by men to women, it demolishes, totally and hopelessly, all possibility of real society; for—repeating what has been already said—no society, in its true sense, can exist without willing and unflinching deference towards women. The young Englishmen of the period have done their very utmost to drag down girls to their own type, to form the coming mothers of the race by

first converting them into boys. It would almost seem as if the special situation of women were offensive to the younger members of the generation, as if their object were to level all superiorities into a common mediocrity parallel to their own, so that English society may be made as much as possible like war, in which personal value is so suppressed by the machinery of destruction that a coward may kill a hero three miles off without even seeing him. This is not the sort of liberty we should utilise in our scheme; we want the liberty of dignity, of mutual respect—not the liberty of roughness or of contempt for modesty and innocence. We should take the former; we should leave the latter; and if some young gentlemen of the period were dissatisfied with the change, we should ask them to kindly withdraw themselves from society until they had arrived at other views. Strange as it might appear to them, it would probably be found that the world could get on without them.

But all this revolution could be brought about by our women only. Is it beyond their power to effect it? Are they, in reality, so inferior to foreign women that they cannot even keep their husbands awake as foreign women do? Are they really incapable of asserting their own rights, their own privileges, their own influence? Let them answer these questions themselves; let them proclaim, if they feel capable thereof, that they have a duty of their own to discharge, not a work of men to copy; let them call men to their sides in places where women ought to be, and let them refuse to follow men elsewhere where women ought not to be. Let them claim the homage which is due to them; let them reject republican equality; let them inaugurate and lead. And out of this changed attitude of our women will spring a true "society,"—a union of delicate, intelligent enjoyments, maintaining all the vigorous merits of our English nature, but banishing all coarseness, excluding pitilessly all that unbecomes a woman.

It may perhaps be objected by certain persons that this new condition of society would be "slow;" but that objection, if it were really made, would only supply additional proof of the necessity of change. If the adoption of simplicity, of respect for women (by themselves as

well as by men), of bright talking and of contempt for money, be "slow," then surely the situation must be even worse than we have ventured to suppose. Our generation could not condemn itself more completely than by attempting to defend its practices on the ground that as they are "fast," all other practices would be "slow." The idea of life conveyed by such an argument would be so lamentably false, so contemptibly unworthy, that it is patriotic to pretend to think that no one could be found to seriously invoke it; for the credit of Great Britain we must struggle to believe that the English are not yet incapable of appreciating delicacy, gentleness, and intelligence, and of finding joy in them. Those attributes are still cherished in certain holes and corners amongst people who have not yielded to current tendencies. Why, then, should we despair of seeing them spread out victoriously, some day, from their present hiding-places, to upset the impostors which have for the time dethroned them?

The alternative is evident. If we go on much longer as we are, "society" will virtually cease to exist in England; for the little that may remain of it will shrink still further out of sight in order to avoid the coarse contacts to which it is becoming more and more exposed.

All this may be indignantly denied, or be contemptuously laughed at; but neither denial nor laughter can alter the facts. It can, however, of course be urged that the facts have been wildly overstated; that, so far as they exist at all, they constitute exceptions, not rules; that they are vastly less general, and, consequently, vastly less grave than has been pretended here. Yet, though each individual man may measure them according to his personal experience, there will still remain, whichever way the subject is turned, a great glaring mass of public evidence in support of the accusation as a whole. Differences of opinion may exist as to the degree, but they can cast no reasonable doubt on the fundamental truth of the charge. And it would be difficult to mend the matter by arguing that, as most of us are quite satisfied with things as they are, we should gain nothing by a change, for that is just the sort of logic which is invoked against progress in general. The demolition of

the preponderating elements of our present social organisation, and the substitution for them of higher and more intelligent bases of action, would most manifestly constitute a "progress," and a progress of enormous value. It could not fail to exercise the happiest influences on both our moral and our intellectual position; and we may presume, without much risk of error, that if we carefully tried it we should find ourselves as capable as other people of extracting enjoyment from it. Indeed, if we allowed ourselves to be really influenced by comparison, the spectacle of the enjoyment of those other people could scarcely fail to rouse up within us that peculiarly British disposition which inclines us, instinctively, to beat our neighbors with their own weapons. There seems to be no serious reason why—just as we compete successfully with so many of the special manufactures of other countries, and often sell our copied wares to their original inventors more cheaply than they can produce them themselves—we should not, with equal facility, imitate the practices of others in their organisation of society as well. It can scarcely be pretended that it is more difficult for Englishmen to talk intelligently and amusingly than to introduce a new industry into the country—more difficult for English ladies to give up rowdiness than for English work girls to fabricate laces which beat analogous Continental products out of their own home-market—more difficult for us nationally to adopt the higher foreign forms of social intercourse than to sell our coal along the entire European seaboard against all local producers. Surely it is not the power that we need, but the will—the will based on a thorough comprehension of the defects of our actual situation, and on an honest appreciation of the advantages to be derived from a cordial application of other ways.

Of course it is humiliating to have to own that we are wrong; but in this special case—taking the nation as a whole—the wrong is so undeniable, so outrageously self-evident, that even the most hopelessly prejudiced English man or woman must, perforce, perceive that the mass of our society has become coarse, dear, and heavy. It is not indispensable, for that purpose, to possess experience of foreign drawing-rooms: com-

parison is certainly essential to enable us to prudently select a remedy for our state; but, alas! we need no comparison whatever to aid us to recognise the state itself. To attain completely that uncomfortable end, we have but to open our eyes and ears.

The difficulty in the matter is to find an initiator. Just as we have taken to rinks and spelling-bees, so should we, as naturally, try our hands at intelligence, delicacy, simplicity, and cheapness, provided somebody in power would set us the example. At least it is pleasant to think so. But where is the beginner? where is the woman—it is a woman's work—who has the courage to declare that she will admit to her drawing-room no other woman who goes to Prince's? Where is the woman who will print on her invitations, "People who do not talk will not be asked to my house a second time"? Where is the woman who will say outright to her guests, "I supply you with fire, light, tea, and flowers; supply the rest among yourselves"? Where is the woman who will exclude from her receptions every man

who has the insolence to treat women as his comrades?

That woman certainly exists in England—a good many times over; it would, indeed, be a joyful and an encouraging act to enumerate a dozen such, who are known and revered in what still remains of English society. But their names belong to themselves and to their husbands; they are not public property. They would, however, become a public property, to be even more honored and cherished than they are already, if their owners would begin the revolution that is asked for here; and what brighter title could a woman dream of than that of restorer of the society of her time?

Women such as these are really capable of comparison; by position and by habit they wander and they judge; they know the merits and the faults of so many systems, that the work of constituting a new type of English social life could be trusted, in all safety, to their hands. Of them, at all events, it is true to say that "Comparison forms judgment."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GIPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

ONE day, four hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there knocked at the gates of the city of Lüneburg, on the Elbe, as strange a rabble rout as had ever been seen by German burgher. There were three hundred of them, men and women, accompanied by an extraordinary number of children. They were dusky of skin, with jet-black hair and eyes; they wore strange garments; they were unwashed and dirty even beyond the liberal limits tolerated by the cold-water-fearing citizens of Lüneburg; they had with them horses, donkeys, and carts; they were led by two men whom they described as Duke and Count. These two alone were dressed in some kind of splendor, and rode richly caparisoned horses; they were most courteous in manner; they seemed careful to conciliate; they talked among themselves a strange language, and they understood the language of the country. All they asked was permission to camp for a few days outside the gates. All the Lüneburghers turned out to gaze open-

mouthed at these pilgrims, while the Duke and the Count told the authorities their tale, which was wild and romantic; even *had they invented* a story to suit their own objects, no other could so well have enlisted the sympathies of a credulous, kindly, uncritical, and soft-hearted folk. Many years before, they explained, while the tears of penitence stood in the eyes of all but the youngest children, they had been a Christian community, living in orthodoxy, and therefore happiness, in a far-off country known as Egypt. The Lüneburghers had heard of Egypt. Crusades had not been out of fashion more than two hundred years, and people still told of dreadful things done in Egypt as well as in the Holy Land. Egypt, indeed, was about as well known to mediæval Europe as it was to the Israelites under the Judges. The strangers came from Egypt. It was the land of the Phoenix. It was not far from the dominions of Prester John. It was the country of the Saracen and the Infidel. They were then a happy Chris-

tian flock. To their valley came the Saracens, an execrable race, worshipping Mahound. Yielding, in an evil hour, to the threats and persecutions of their conquerors, they—here they turned their faces and wept aloud—they abjured Christ. But thereafter they had no rest or peace, and a remorse so deep fell upon their souls that they were fain to arise, leave their homes, and journey to Rome in hope of getting reconciliation with the Church. They were graciously received by the Pope, who promised to admit them back into the fold after seven years of penitential wandering. They had letters of credit from King Sigismund—would the Lüneburgers kindly look at them?—granting safe conduct and recommending them to the protection of all honest people.

The Lüneburg folk were touched at the recital of so much suffering in a cause so good; they granted the request of the strangers. They allowed them to encamp; they watched in curiosity while the black tents were pitched, the naked babies rolled out on the grass, the donkeys tethered, and the brass kettle slung over the newly kindled fire; then they went home. The next day the strangers visited the town. In the evening a good many things were missed, especially those unconsidered trifles which a housewife may leave about her doorway. Poultry became suddenly scarce; eggs doubled in price; it was rumored that purses had been lost while their owners gazed at the strangers; cherished cups of silver were not to be found. Could it be that these Christian penitents, these remorseful backsliders, these seekers after holiness, these interesting pilgrims, so gentle of speech, so courteous and humble, were cut-purses and thieves? The next day there remained no longer any doubt about the matter at all, because the gentle strangers were taken in the act, red-handed. While the Lüneburgers took counsel, in their leisurely way, how to meet a case so uncommon, the pilgrims suddenly decamped, leaving nothing behind them but the ashes of their fires and the picked bones of the purloined poultry. Then Dogberry called unto him his brother Verges, and they fell to thanking God that they were rid of knaves.

This was the first historical appearance of Gipsies.

It was a curious place to appear in. The mouth of the Elbe is a long way from Egypt, even if you travel by sea, which does not appear to have been the case; and a journey on land not only would have been infinitely more fatiguing, but would, one would think, have led to some notice on the road before reaching Lüneburg. There, however, the Gipsies certainly are first heard of, and henceforth history has plenty to say about their doings.

From Lüneburg they went to Hamburg, Lübeck, Rostock, Griefswald, travelling in an easterly direction. They are mentioned as having appeared in Saxony, where they were driven away, as at Lüneburg, for their thievish propensities. They travel through Switzerland, headed by their great Duke Michael, and pretending to have been expelled from Egypt by the Turks.

Their story in these early years, though it varied in particulars, remained the same in essentials. In Provence they called themselves Saracens; in Swabia they were Egyptians doomed to everlasting wanderings for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and Joseph; at Bâle, where they exhibited letters of safe conduct from the Pope, they were also Egyptians. Always the Land of the Nile; always the same pretence, or it may be reminiscence, of sojourn in Egypt; always, to soothe the suspicions of priests, faithful and submissive sons of the Church.

From the very first, their real character was apparent. They lie, cheat, and steal at Lüneburg; they lie and steal everywhere; they tell fortunes and cut purses, they buy and sell horses, they poison pigs, they rob and plunder, they wander and they will not work.

They first came to Paris in the year 1427, when more people went to see them, we are told, than ever crowded to the Fair of Laudet.

"Nearly all had their ears pierced, and in each ear were one or two rings of silver, which they pointed to as the sign of noble birth. The men were very black, with frizzled hair; the women were the ugliest and blackest creatures ever seen, with hair like a horse's tail, and no other covering than a single shaggy robe tied at the shoulders with a cloth or cord. In the

company were fortune-tellers, who looked into the hands of people, told them what had happened, and what was going to happen, so introducing discord into many families. The worst was, that while they were thus engaged they contrived, either by magic or by the help of the Devil, or by pure skill, to empty the pockets of everybody."

They remained at St. Denis for a month, when they received peremptory orders to quit for the usual reason.

Lacroix gives an engraving of a picture of the sixteenth century, representing the march of a Gipsy troop; it is an animated and spirited drawing. The central figure is a stalwart, well-dressed Gipsy, evidently the leader. The hair, the features, the eyes, the whole bearing of the man, have a rakish, devil-may-care expression, which somehow or other, for we never see it now, we associate with the Gipsy. He is typical, and he is unmistakable. This striking Gipsy face is, moreover, very remarkable, because, in the many mediæval pictures which illustrate Jewish life and persecutions, the Semitic face is hardly ever caught at all; and yet the Jewish features would seem at first more marked than those of the Romany. After this wandering chieftain follow his people: the women on horses and donkeys, with little naked children in baskets; troops of boys and girls are on foot; there are dogs, there are cats, there are baskets; you have a tribe complete as it was three hundred years ago, and as it might have been in England within the memory of man.

In the sixteenth century trouble began for the Roman folk. By this time their character was perfectly well known. They were called Bohemians, Heathen, Gitanos, Pharaohites, Robbers, Tartars, and Zigeuner. They had abandoned the old lying story of the penitential wanderings; they were outcasts; their hand was against every man's hand; their customs were the same then as they are described now by Leland or Borrow; they were godless, having no religion; they lived without law, having no morality; they lived without order, having no social bonds; they received into their ranks all comers without question; they were predatory in their habits; they would do no manner of work.

Persecution first began in Spain, and in 1492 they were ordered to quit forth-

with. Spain is a country beautifully adapted for the imitator of Ishmael, abounding as it does in wild mountain retreats, such as those in which Don Quixote retired to lament his Dulcinea. The Gipsies left the roads and sought the mountains. When the order was forgotten they came out again. What they are now, and have been for generations, to Spain, Borrow has told us.

In France they were ordered to leave the country by Francis the First, by Charles the Ninth, and by Louis the Thirteenth, in succession. Here they seemed to have gradually amalgamated with the *matois*, *mercelots*, and *gueux*, the tramps and beggars. Duke Michael and Count Andrew gave way to "*le grand Coesre*," the chief of all the *truands*: they found hospitality and shelter in the Cours des Miracles of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux; and, with their brother rogues, they made the yearly pilgrimage to pay homage and tribute to their chief at Ste. Anne d'Auray in Brittany.

In Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Sweden, repeated Acts were passed for their expulsion. In Germany the persecution against them was the longest and the most severe. It is not a hundred years since forty Hungarian Gipsies were quartered alive, broken on the wheel, and otherwise put to horrible deaths, on a charge of murder and cannibalism, for which another one hundred and fifty were put in chains. But, like the Jews, whatever persecutions were instituted against them, their numbers did not decrease. If Hungary refused to receive them, they tried Poland; if Poland ordered them away, they marched over the frontier into Russia. Maria Theresa tried to make them settle down. She caught eighty thousand, and ordered them by the strictest injunctions to live in houses and work. We have not heard how the experiment succeeded.

In general, however, the persecution was a bloodless one. There was a good deal of whipping at the cart's tail, and a few hangings, but as a rule the injunction was simply what it is now—to move on.

"Pack and be out of this forthwith!

D'you know you have no business here?"

"No; we haint got," said Samuel Smith,

'No business to be Anywhere.'

So wearily they went away,

Yet soon were camped in t'other lane;

And soon they laughed as wild and gay,
And soon the kettle boiled again.*

There were exceptions. In Flanders, a Gipsy who was found in the country after Charles the Fifth's edicts, was sentenced to have his nose slit, his head shaven, his beard cut off, to be well flogged, and then to be driven across the frontier. One poor wretch who had suffered these accumulated buffets three times, came back with a request that they would be good enough to hang him. And in the same country Gipsy women were known to give themselves up with a despairing entreaty that they might be put to death, even by the stake and the fire. But the Inquisition did not interfere with them, as being too poor and contemptible; and in religious persecutions the Gipsies were kindly allowed by all sides to have no religion at all.

The English Gipsies are first described in an anonymous work published in 1612. The author, S. R., dates their appearance in the country to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, as he says, "Certain Egyptians banished their country, belike not for their good conditions, arrived here in England, who, for quaint tricks and devices not known here at that time among us, were esteemed, and had unjust admiration, inasmuch that many of our English loiterers joined with them, and in time learned their crafty cosening." They rode through the country headed by Giles Hather their king, and Callot, their queen. They went about in bands of thirty to ninety families, with light carts and donkeys; they told fortunes; stole any little thing that lay about; killed pigs with a poison which did not prevent their eating the flesh; doctored and dealt in horses. They were suspected in Elizabeth's reign of harboring priests; they were confounded by the statutes with the English tramps—those Abraham men and Pikers who still exist, despised by the Roman folk, under the name of Chorodies and Kora-mengre; they are described in the 'Adventures of Merritun Latrun.' As early as 1522 they were ordered to quit the country, and a fine—enormous for that time—of £40 was im-

posed on those who should import them. The last fact is suggestive, showing that they were in some popularity. No doubt the dancing of the girls and the palmistry of the women were the chief attractive qualities of the Gipsies. In the last century they were suspected of stealing children; and in 1740 two men were sentenced to be hanged, and two women burned in the hand, for kidnapping a wretched girl named Elizabeth Canning, who had hidden herself for a very good and sufficient reason, and, on her return to the social circle which she adorned, made up a story of kidnapping. It is satisfactory to know that she was sent to His Majesty's plantations for perjury.

The English Gipsies have had the honor of producing several men of mark, especially in the annals of the P. R. They have also produced—at least, we like to think so—one great, very great man, John Bunyan. What else can the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' mean when he says, "My father belonged to that rank which is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land"?

Such, briefly told, are the annals of the Gipsies. They are a separate, distinct, and persecuted race, like the Jews. Like them, too, they have their own language, their own facial and cranial peculiarities; like them, they are scattered over the whole of the world. Professor Palmer met them in Moab, and talked Rommany beside the black tents of the Bedawin. In Egypt, their pretended home, Mr. Leland found three distinct tribes of this people, though they could not or would not understand his Rommany. Like the Jews, too, they come from Egypt; everybody has noticed the resemblance, only it must not be carried too far. The Rommany is a pariah, and descended from pariahs; the Jew is an aristocrat. If the Rommany ever had a place of their own in the world it has been forgotten; the Jew never loses sight of his heritage among the hills of Judah. The Rommany has no vestige of religion, except when a little has been infused into him by his modern friends; from the Jew have come the two chief religions of the world. At best the Rommany is but a mockery of the Jew. Mr. Leland seems to go too far when he says:

* Gipsy Ballads, by Charles Leland, Professor Palmer, and Miss Tuckey.

"The poor Gipsies would seem to a humorist to have been created by the Devil, whose name they almost use for God, a living parody and satanic burlesque of all that human faith, doubt, or wisdom, have ever accomplished in their highest forms. . . . All over the world this black and God-wanting shadow dances behind the solid Theism of the 'People.' . . . How often have we heard that the preservation of the Jews is a phenomenon without equal? And yet they both live—the sad and sober Jew, the gay and tipsy Gipsy, Shemite and Aryan—the one so ridiculously like and unlike the other, that we may almost wonder whether Humor does not enter into the Divine purpose, and have its place in the destiny of man."

There have been other races kept apart from the world and preserved, a separate caste. The *Cagots* of France lived for centuries beside their countrymen, and neither married nor consorted with them. They had their own place in church, their own door of entrance, their own holy water, their own place of burial: they married only with each other, were marked by certain physical peculiarities, especially a malformation of the ear, had their places of resort, their dances, their songs, and their customs.

The *Cagots*, much more strongly than the Gipsies, resembled the Jews. For they were a sedentary people; their occupations took them among the rest of mankind, from whom they were separated by no lack of common interests, but solely by the barrier of an ineradicable prejudice. It seemed as if the distinction was so strongly rooted that it would endure until the last *Cagot* was placed in the *Cagot's* corner of the churchyard. But *Cagotterie* has passed away, and is forgotten save in proverbs.

And in the same way the Gipsies are gradually disappearing before influences which doom them to destruction. The Crystal Palace, with the city of villas round it, covers the spot where, thirty years ago, the King of the Gipsies held his court; the "Potteries" of Latimer Road are gone, and there is a station of the District Railway in their place. I believe that the Shaftesbury Estate covers the fields where the Gipsies loved ten years ago to pitch their winter tents. The inclosure of commons, the reclamation of waste land, the improvements in farming, and, above all, the rural police, are rapidly driving these nomads off the roads and into the towns, where they will

soon enough be absorbed in the population round them. Already the old black blood has been crossed and recrossed; the pure Gipsy is as scarce as a black swan; the old customs have been perverted; the old language has been nearly lost; the traditions are forgotten; and, more extraordinary still, among these godless tribes there has been awakened the semblance—call it the first rudimentary glimpse—of religious belief; and they like to be buried in consecrated ground. It is the beginning of the end, and in a few more years the Gipsy encampment, picturesque with its tents, its bits of color standing out against the green hedge, its wood-fire smoke curling up among the trees, and its bright-eyed girls, will be a memory and tradition of the past.

Where did the Gipsies really come from? In what country was the cradle of this race of wanderers? A question which has been answered in a hundred ways; the wildest theories have been advanced, and on the slenderest grounds. They wandered from the province of Zeugitana in Africa; they were fugitives from the city of Singara in Mesopotamia, driven out by Julian the Apostate; they came from Mount Caucasus; their name "*Zigeuner*," is a corruption of *Saracener*; they are the Canaanites whom Joshua dispossessed; they are Egyptians; they are Amorites. All these theories are based upon their names. Other origins are assigned them from the peculiarities of their customs and language: they are *faquirs*; they are the remains of Attila's Huns; they are the descendants of Cain; they are German Jews, who, during the dreadful persecution of the fourteenth century, betook themselves to the woods and remained there till the troubled times passed over; they are Tartars separated from Timur's hosts about the beginning of the fifteenth century; they are Circassians driven away from their homes by this very Timu with his Tartars; they are Bohemians; they are Sudras from India. All these opinions and many more are enumerated at length in Grellmann, and quoted by everybody who has written on the subject. As we write these lines, we read that M. Bataillard, who has made the Gipsies his study for many years, has in the press a paper in which he attri-

butes altogether a new origin to them. Mr. Charles Leland's opinion is that they are the descendants of a vast number of Hindus of the primitive tribes of Hindustan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century, and that they were identical with the two castes of the Doms and Nāts—the latter being at the present day the real Gipsies of India.

The people have drawn around them a whole literature of inquiry and research. The names of Simson, Borrow, Pott, Grellmann, Liebich, Paspatis, Smidt, which are readiest to our hand, have been quite recently supplemented by the addition of Mr. Charles Leland and of Professor E. H. Palmer. Rommany literature is like the Homeric ballads, inasmuch as it is entirely oral—unlike the *Iliad*, it is extremely limited in extent. Borrow in his latest work gives a few songs and pieces in verse, but the Rommany folk are not given to poetry. On the other hand, they are full of proverbs, parables, and quaint stories, of which Mr. Leland has collected a great number. For instance,—

"When I was sitting in the forest under great trees, I asked a little bird to bring me a little bread, but it went away and I never saw it again. Then I asked a great bird to bring me a cup of brandy, but it flew away after the other. I never asked the tree overhead for anything, but when the wind came it threw down to me a hundred ripe nuts."

The Gipsy, observe, does not think of working for his bread, or his brandy, or his nuts. He asks in vain for the first two, and the third he gets without asking. The moral of this parable seems to be that luck is everything.

Here are two others, each with its own moral appended :

"Once the cat went to see her cousin the hare. And there came a hunter, and the cat scrambled up the hill, further up, up a tree; and there she found a bird's nest. But the hare ran down the hill, far down into the country.

"Bad luck sends a poor man further down, but it causes a great man to rise still more."

"On a day a poor man had a dog that used to steal things and carry them home for his master—meat, money, watches, and spoons. A gentleman bought the dog, and made a great deal of money by showing him at fairs.

"Where rich men can make money honestly, poor men have to steal."

More of the wisdom of the Egyptians

has been collected by Mr. Borrow. Here is some of it :

"My father, why were worms made? My son, that moles might live by eating them. My father, why were moles made? My son, that you and I might live by catching them. My father, why were you and I made? My son, that worms might live by eating us.

"The true way to be a wise man is to hear, see, and bear in mind.

"What good is there in the Rommany tongue? There is plenty, plenty of good in it, and plenty, plenty of our people would have been transported or hung but for the old, poor Roman language. A word in Rommany said in time to a little girl, and carried to the camp, has caused a great purse of money and other things which had been stolen to be stowed under ground; so that when the constables came they could find nothing, and had not only to let the Gipsy they had taken up go his way, but also to beg his pardon.

"The man who has not the whip-hand of his tongue and his temper is not fit to go into company.

"It is not a wise thing to say you have been wrong. If you allow you have been wrong, people will say, you may be a very honest fellow, but you are certainly a very great fool."

Add to these pithy sayings some of the proverbs and clearer phrases collected by Mr. Leland. They are as wise as Captain Burton's Syrian Proverbs :

"When the wind is high, move your tent to the other side of the hedge; *i.e.*, change your side according to the circumstances.

"Never buy a handkerchief or choose a wife by candle light.

"Nice reeds make nice baskets.

"It's like a kiss, good for nothing unless divided between two.

"Don't ask for a thing when you can't get it.

"It is always the largest fish that falls back into the water.

"There may be adversity in a large house as well as in a small one.

"Keep it a secret in your own heart and nobody will know it.

"Clean water never came from a dirty place.

"Behind bad luck comes good luck.

"There is a sweet sleep at the end of a long road.

"Wait till the moon rises.

"An ass that carries you is better than a horse that throws you off."

The result is small, when the most ardent admirer of the Gipsies has set down all he knows, and he learned from them. They have few traditions, and those of no importance; their literature is the very scantiest that ever adorned a people, and their proverbs, though some of them as we have seen are good, amount, when they are all written down, to no more than Sancho Panza would reel off in

the course of a ten minutes' sitting on the seat of justice in Barataria. Their latest admirers, Messrs. Leland and Palmer, doubtless feeling that the belongings of Gipsydom wanted completeness, have attempted to remedy this baldness by the creation of a Rommany literature. There was once a French poet who married, not all at once but in succession, no fewer than three servant-girls. Partly to escape the obvious ridicule which attached to so literal an obedience to the well-known Horatian advice, this divine bard gave out that his third wife was a genius, and published verses, written by himself, under his wife's name. No one failed to see through the trick, but the poet's vanity was gratified. This is not quite what Charles Leland, Professor Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey have done, but it is something like it. We could almost have wished that they had published these volumes as a professed collection of genuine Rommany songs, translated by three Gorgios. Then we might have had a very pretty controversy like that over Ossian. It may not yet be too late. Meantime they have produced a book full of their own poems in Rommany and English, which reminds one of Sterne's celebrated tale from the collections of Slawkenbergius, inasmuch as it is impossible to tell whether the English or the Rommany was written first. Let us take one as an example of the poetry a Gipsy might make—if he was not a Gipsy, and knew how. It is a spirited little sketch by that learned pundit who, when he is not reading Sinaitic inscriptions, loves to sit on the grass and talk to the Rommany folk:

"Mebbe you've heard it's the Rommany way
To say that religion is lies;
But I know it's all true what the parsons say,
For I saw the Devil himself one day,
With these 'ere blessed eyes.

"I was campin' out in a field one night,
But I couldn't sleep one wink;
For I suddenly got a sort of a fright,
And I fancied the donkey warn't all right—
Now 'twas prophecy, that, I think.

"Then I says 'I'll take a look around,'
So out in the air I went,
And then in the dim half light I found
That the donkey was standin' safe and sound,
A grazin' outside the tent.

"Come hup,' I says, says I, to the moke,
For him and me was friends;
An' he allus knew me when I spoke,

An' he used to canter up and poke
His nose into my hands.

"But this 'ere time, and I needn't say
That I thought it rather rum,
Though he stood as still as a lump of clay,
Yet the furdur he seemed to get away
The nigher I tried to come.

"At last he wandered out of sight,
And I knew, when day came round,
That the donkey I'd followed all through the
night
Was the Devil himself—for when 'twas light
I saw my own in the pound.

"It's a wrong idea most folks have got,
That Rommany chaps like me
Haven't any dear God to look after the lot;
For the Devil he tempts us quite as hot
As any one else, you see."

This is a real story told by a Gipsy in Suffolk, who firmly believed that he had actually seen the devil in the likeness of his own donkey. Why not?

The little volume of verse is full of good reading. The three writers seem to have divided their work on a regular plan. Miss Tuckey took the sentiment. She tells how the lady of the Gorgios, the Queen, sent knitted socks and blankets for the twins born in Windsor Park. She touches the fountain of tears, and tries, not unsuccessfully, to show how these ignorant wanderers may feel what beauty, picturesqueness, and pathos lie along their lives. It is overdone, perhaps; if Gipsies talked and felt as Miss Tuckey's do, they would not be Gipsies any longer. Professor Palmer, on the other hand, gives his Gipsies as they are, without any varnish. The Roman folk, with him, are the grown-up children which Leland calls them. One of them has his hatchet taken from him, and cries over it like a child over a toy. They tell their tricks and cheateries to each other, and look for applause:

"Oh! where have you been, my bonny lad?
'Oh! I have been up at the fair, my boys,
With a hack to sell,
And I cheated a swell,
And all for the love of the Gipsy boys.'

"Oh! where have you been, old mother,
to-day!"

'Oh! I have been up at the farm, my boys;
And I needn't say how
I doctored a sow,
And all for the love of the Gipsy boys."

They have a dance, and a most enjoyable free fight; they show themselves in their true colors, as innocent of a conscience or a soul as Panurge; as utterly

devoid of morality, shame, or religion as any animal of the field; they live in terror of the law, and lament the absence of friends who are in trouble:

"You knows Mat Lovell, sir, of course,
Who lost his wife some years ago?
He's took for stealin' of a horse,
And got three years for doin' so.

"But—hang them magistrates, I say!—
By my dead father this I swears:
The chap as took that horse away
Ain't in the shirt that Matthew wears!

"Why didn't I give evidence,
If I knew that? Ah! there's the rub;
I couldn't speak for the defence,
'Cos my old man had done the job.

"He oughter proved a hali bi,
Said where he'd been and what about?
Poor fellow! Ah! he dursn't try;
They'd hang him if they found that out."

I think these verses unrivalled in their suggestiveness, especially the last.

Mr. Leland's contributions to this unique volume partake of Professor Palmer's realism and Miss Tuckey's sentiment. He is the philosopher of Rommany; he *thinks*, which no Gipsy ever did yet. Thus, is this a likely sort of thing to find in Rommany? The Gipsies, turned out of one encampment, make themselves equally happy in another:

"And as they settled down below,
I could but think upon the bliss
'Twould be to many men I know,
To move as lightly 'out of this,'
Out of this life of 'morning calls,'
And weary work and wasted breath;
These prison cells of pictured walls,
When they are always 'bored to death.'"

Charles Leland tells his stories—racy stories, too, most of them—with the *entrain* and vigor which belong to him, but he adds to the Gipsy narrative that indescribable touch which marks the Gorgio.

He has not been able to escape from himself. We can hardly hope that the Rommany folk will take this book to themselves and assimilate its contents. That would be a literary phenomenon without a parallel. Poems have been written in the Creole patois of Mauritius, Bourbon, and Trinidad, but the negroes and mulattoes have not taken to singing them. Still, the work deserves to live as a monument of literary ingenuity, and a tribute to the possibilities of the Rommany tongue.

Before many years the book will be a funeral monument, a sepulchre in which the language of an extinct race will lie enshrined. Our grandchildren will never see the Gipsy tent; the kettle—that kettle which suggests unbounded richness of flavor—slung up over the fire of sticks; the barefooted, brown little children; the black-eyed "juvas"; the old crone who hobbled to the front, equally ready with a blessing or a curse; the donkey and the cart. What will they sigh after, those bereaved grandchildren, when their civilisation sits heavy as lead upon them, heavier than it is upon us? In these times, when the "world is too much with us," we can turn our thoughts to the careless rovers who have no care about getting or spending, who live for the day, and perish like the leaves; but in what vague envy will posterity take refuge. Perhaps there will be no more leafy lanes allowed by farmers; perhaps there will be no green spaces left uncultivated; perhaps there will be no forest glades in England; certainly, and without any doubt, there will be no more tramps, Abraham men, routers, or Rommany folk. They will all belong to that land of shadows where the soulless Autolycus chants his ditty.—*Temple Bar.*

VERSES IN OLD FRENCH FORMS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

I.—"ON LONDON STONES."

ON London stones I sometimes sigh
For wider green and bluer sky;—
Too oft the trembling note is drowned
In this huge city's varied sound;—
"Pure song is country-born"—I cry.

Then comes the spring,—the months go by,
The last stray swallows seaward fly;
And I—I too!—no more am found
On London stones!

In vain!—the woods, the fields deny
That clearer strain I fain would try;
Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
By some strange law to paven ground:
Abroad she pouts;—she is not shy
On London stones!

II.—LOVE'S FAREWELL.

"No more!" I said to Love. "No more!
I scorn your baby-arts to know!
Not now am I as once of yore;
My brow the Sage's line can show!"
"Farewell!" he laughed. "Farewell! I go!"—
And clove the air with fluttering track.
"Farewell!" he cried far off;—but lo!
He sent a Parthian arrow back!

III.—THE BEGGARS.

"PRINCES!—and you, most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,—
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds we pray;
Lo,—for the surcote's hem we seize,—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the banded bees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,—
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and old, and gray;
Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp your knees,—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Damosels—Dames, be piteous!"
(But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
"Hear us, O Knights magnanimous!"
(But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat or of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:—
"Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

Envoy.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusty way,—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas
"Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

IV.—AN ANTIQUE GEM.

THE stone thereof was green chrysoprasus,
 Engraven thus :—A blind Philosopher,
 Under the broad leaves of a platanus,
 Discoursed of Pluto and Diespiter.
 But two there were that heedless seemed to hear ;
 For, by the first, a rose-crowned Shape did stand,
 That twitched his robe, and drew his nerveless hand ;
 And, by the next, a Figure veiled as night,
 Who touched him with imperious command.
 And Life was one, and Death the other hight.

Evening Hours.

STUDIES OF MATTER AND LIFE.

BY HENRY J. SLACK, F.G.S., SEC. R.M.S.

THE discoveries of recent science have greatly affected the notions we are able to form concerning the relations of force and matter, and likewise of the connection between physical agencies and manifestations of life. In studies of this description we are struck with the amount of force that lies potentially in extremely minute quantities of matter ready for vigorous action the moment the right stimulus is applied, and by the way in which quickness of motion makes up for smallness of weight. The physical inquirer is not obliged to tarry for the curious and important investigations of the metaphysician; he need not attempt to settle the fundamental questions—what is matter? and what is force?—in the ultimate constitution of either. To the experimentalist, matter is known by what it does; and whether the problem before him relate to mechanics, chemistry, electricity, light, heat, or gravitation, it is with matter in motion and exhibiting force, because in motion, that he has to deal. The same may be said of all the physical processes and manifestations of life, though we seem no nearer than the ancient Greeks were when we try to understand the connection between motions of particles and the phenomena of feeling and thought.

Light, heat, electricity in its various forms, chemical force and nerve force, are not only now classified as "modes of motion," but the motion in each manifestation of these forces appears to be wave motion; and it is probable that gravitation, the correlation of which with other forces is not yet established, may

at last be found to be a wave motion also. In wave motion each particle moves pendulum-wise, backwards and forwards in a small curve, transmitting the motion to the particles before it in more or less rapid succession, the motion becoming weaker as the original impulse is divided amongst more and more particles, until at last it is so enfeebled that it cannot be observed. The common illustration of throwing a stone in a still pond and watching how, as the outward circling wavelets spread, they grow weaker and weaker, and if the space is large enough, at last seem lost in the calm beyond—this affords a good notion to begin with of wave forms and wave force; but suppose, instead of a stone striking the surface of water, a sudden explosion took place of a particle of dynamite at some depth below. Here we should have waves in all directions, ascending, descending, and spreading on every side. Such waves would bear somewhat the relation to the pond-waves that a well-known toy composed of balls within balls would do to a mere section of the whole concern. Wave beyond wave in consecutive series, spreading in all directions from a point, must be conceived as spherical shells one outside the other like the coats of an onion, each expanding and contracting within narrower limits, and sending the wave force and the wave form onwards to an indefinite extent.

The quantities of matter acted upon by these wave forces may be very small, and yet the power exerted very great.

Thus "Faraday found the quantity of electricity disengaged by the decomposition of a single grain of water in a voltaic cell to be equal to that liberated in 800,000 discharges of the great Leyden battery of the Royal Institution. This, if concentrated in a single discharge, would be equal to a flash of lightning. He also estimated the quantity of electricity liberated by the chemical action of a single grain of water on four grains of zinc to be equal in quantity to that of a powerful thunderstorm."* Tyndall himself also beautifully illustrates this subject in his remark: "I have seen snowflakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity which a child could carry of that tender material, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them twice the height from which they fell."†

When galvanic electricity is employed to decompose water, the constituent elements, oxygen and hydrogen, are not merely *allowed* to separate, but they are pulled apart with great force, and Gassiot showed that if the water were confined in iron bottles an inch thick, a small battery gave force enough to split them asunder. The directive force which the particles of water obey in the act of freezing, and which leads to its expansion, has similar power; and, as is well known, a very small quantity of water will burst a strong shell or split a great rock.

Although heat sets the molecules of all sorts of matter in motion, not purely wave motion, it comes to us in a wave motion from the sun, conveyed like light by a material so attenuated as almost to reach the supposed condition of spiritual existence. This ether of space, which we can neither see nor feel, approximates to the conception, if such can be formed, of an immaterial substance. It must be so thin, and so light, that an inconceivable quantity would be required to weigh a pound, and yet when in motion the marvellous speed of its oscillations enables it to exert gigantic force.

It can act so mildly that we are utterly unconscious that any substance strikes our eye when we see, or have a sensation of, violet light, in consequence of 700 million millions of its minute waves dashing against it in a second. But light can also cause chlorine and hydrogen to rush together with enormous force, and it can instantly tear to pieces chemical compounds held together by forces equivalent to prodigious mechanical powers.

Professor Josiah Cooke reckons that if this ether (of whose existence he is not quite satisfied) were as dense as common air, it would resist pressure on each square inch of seventeen million million pounds, just as air balances one of about 15 lbs. without suffering compression. He also tells us that if we could confine ether in a cylindrical vessel of sufficient strength to bear the pressure, and put upon it "a cubic mile of granite rock, it would only condense the ether to about the same density as that of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth."*

In consequence of its wonderful elasticity, ether can convey light waves about a million times quicker than air can convey sound waves, and some of the pulsations that reach us from the sun, and which lie beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum, must make their extremely short wave oscillations much quicker than the 700 millions of millions of violet light. Should, contrary to probabilities, the theory that space is filled with ether, and that ether has the properties mentioned, be ultimately found untenable, the measures of wave lengths and wave velocities must still refer to something positively existing. Light comes to us from the sun at the rate of about 190† millions of miles in a second, whatever it is; and when physicists say a wave of red light is about $\frac{1}{38000}$ of an inch long, and a violet one about $\frac{1}{57000}$ long, no doubter of the existence of ether, like Professor Cooke, hesitates to assume that they are quantities of something.

* "The New Chemistry," p. 23.

† The exact distance can never be known as some residual error is unavoidable. When all the Transit of Venus calculations are finished and compared with the experimental methods adopted in Paris, the average result will probably be not far from 190 millions.

* Tyndall, "Notes on Electricity," p. 15.

† "Heat as a Mode of Motion," 4th edit. p. 147.

The probabilities are, however, enormously in favor of the theory that ascribes certain properties to ether, and that light and heat consist in its undulations. All known facts coincide absolutely with this theory, and it has been the means of leading physicists and mathematicians to fresh discoveries.

What is this ether, that it possesses properties so extraordinary, and that, to speak in common language, a mere nothing of it in point of quantity can be the source or the vehicle of enormous powers? Professor Tyndall says it must be a material substance, but perhaps not a form of ordinary matter. If it is composed like common matter, its particles or molecules do not touch; and in that case it will be difficult to avoid the belief that there is a still more subtle kind of matter filling up the interspaces. If it be matter not divided into atoms or molecules, but continuous, we may expect to find that it will exhibit many properties and peculiarities not yet discovered, differentiating it from matter in ordinary forms.

Faraday followed Newton in feeling an invincible objection to the notion that matter could act through empty spaces, and, as we find in his life by Dr. Bence Jones, he was fond of quoting the following passage from a letter of Newton to Bentley:—"That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a *vacuum*, and without the mediation of anything else, by and through which this action and force may be conveyed from one to another is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has, in philosophical matters, a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers."

Faraday's own views on this subject were never very clear to other people. He recognised "lines of force," and spoke of "atoms" as centres of force, and not as so many little bodies surrounded by forces. The force was the atom extending indefinitely in all directions. According to these conceptions, "water is not two particles of oxygen

(and hydrogen) side by side, but two spheres of power mutually penetrated, the centres even coinciding."* In the same place he said, "The force or forces constitute matter; there is no space between the particles distinct from the particles of matter."

We need not for present purposes pursue these speculations further. The wave forces mentioned communicate immense velocities to the molecules of matter, and these velocities are, in fact, their powers. A gas—or common air, which is a mixture of gases—resists pressure and exerts pressure, because its particles are in vigorous, rapid, and ceaseless motion. Substances that are translucent, or transcalorescent, are so composed that ether waves go through them as water goes through a sieve. Bodies that do not allow light or heat to pass in this way, have their molecules set in motion by the impulse of the ether waves, and thus new forms of force are generated.

Tyndall's beautiful experiments on the powers of various substances to absorb heat and stop its radiation offer most instructive instances of the power exerted by small quantities of matter. Taking the absorption of one atmosphere of common air to be unity (1), it was found that this power was augmented thirty-fold when the same quantity of air was permeated by a little vapor of patchouli; lavender vapor raised it to 60 times, camomiles to 87, cassia to 109, and aniseed to 372. Upon these results Tyndall remarks "that the number of atoms in the tube (experimented with) must be regarded as almost infinite in comparison with those of the odors. . . . It would be idle to speculate on the quantities of matter implicated in these results. Probably they would have to be multiplied by millions to bring them up to the pressure of ordinary air. Thus—

The sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor,

owes its sweetness to an agent which, though almost infinitely attenuated, may be more potent as an interceptor of terrestrial radiation than the entire atmosphere from bank to sky." †

* "Life of Faraday," vol. ii. p. 178.

† Tyndall, "Heat as a Mode of Motion."

Wherever we find power exhibited, matter is in motion, and if the quantity of matter is infinitely small, and yet the power great, it is because the motion is infinitely quick. The waves of chemical force streaming from the sun are very short, and the quantity of matter acting in each oscillation, and tapping at the molecules on which it acts is inconceivably minute, but the taps are as inconceivably numerous and rapid. They are also rhythmical, and we know how the stone walls of a large building may be set in vibrating motion when an organ tone of the right pitch impels air waves to go on tap, tap, tapping till the whole fabric shakes.

We learn from these and similar facts that the wave forces can give great powers to infinitesimally small portions of matter, and that, as we are not able to place any limit that we can comprehend to the possible velocities of atoms and molecules, so we are not able to assign any limit to the minuteness which would be incompatible with the exercise of effective force.

Becquerel has shown that when a membrane is moistened on each side by a different liquid, an electric wave force is set up, able to effect chemical decomposition. Thus the minutest part of the minutest gland, or of the smallest organism that is capable of assimilating external matter, is enabled to change the chemical condition, and pull asunder molecules or atoms that would resist the mechanical force of a steam-engine or a hydraulic press.

Unfortunately, we have no chance of seeing the ultimate atoms or molecules of matter. Chemists use the term molecule to denote the smallest quantity of any substance capable of existing alone; but the definition is not quite satisfactory, because they have reason to believe there are many compound molecules that only exist in parts of more complicated combinations. Could we, by help of any apparatus, see ultimate molecules, the sight would be an astounding one; for an extremely minute portion of any substance, however solid and quiet it might appear to ordinary vision, would be exhibited to us as composed of infinitely more particles than all the stars we can perceive in a clear sky, and all in motions as harmonious as those of the

celestial bodies. When either compositions or decompositions are going on we should see hosts, by the myriad, rushing together, or springing apart, as the case might be. Eternal motion is the condition of life, whether of the smallest unit or of the entire universe. Nature, as Humboldt said, is ever arranging herself in new forms, and absolute stillness would be cessation of being.

The limits of visibility was one of the topics brought before the Royal Microscopical Society in February by the President, Mr. H. C. Sorby, in a remarkably able, and admirable, Annual Address.* Omitting the estimation of unavoidable errors in the construction of microscopical apparatus, and referring to researches, by Pigott, Helmholtz, and Woodward, it seems that it is possible to distinguish the most favorable objects—alternate dark and bright lines such as in No-bert's test-plates—when they are as near each other as to be only $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch apart, provided that several circumstances, which need not now be explained, are favorable. Minute sphe-
rules of about $\frac{1}{80000}$ to $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch may also be seen if their refractive power differs sufficiently from the fluid, or other medium in which they are immersed. It may, however, be affirmed that few objects less than $\frac{1}{80000}$ of an inch in diameter can be seen; and of that size those only that are favorably placed. Mr. Sorby proceeded to inquire what sort of relation this power of microscopically assisted vision bears to the probable size of molecules of matter. He cited the results obtained by Stoney, Thompson, and Clerk-Maxwell, in attempts to calculate from different data the number of ultimate atoms in a given volume of any permanent and perfect gas at 0° C. and a pressure of one atmosphere. Thompson assigns as the greatest possible limit 98,320,000,000,000 in one-thousandth of an inch cube, which is $\frac{1}{1000000000}$ of one cubic inch. Clerk-Maxwell, estimating the true number indicated by the phenomena of the inter-diffusion of gases, made it 311,000,000; and Stoney, from his point of view, 1,901,000,000,000. The mean of these numbers is 50,260,000,000,000. In a

* See "Monthly Microscopical Journal," for March 1876.

letter received by the writer from Mr. Sorby, since the publication of his address in the "Monthly Microscopical Journal" for March, he assigns double weight to Clerk-Maxwell's calculations, for reasons that we need not stop to explain, and considers the number of atoms in a cubic $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch of gas to be about 6,000,000,000,000, and that in the same space of liquid water the number of water atoms would be 3,700,000,000,000,000.

Water is essential to organic life: if an organism is thoroughly deprived of it, death ensues, though some creatures may be dried so as not to exhibit the least appearance of moisture, then pass into a dormant state, and become active again when more water and an appropriate temperature are supplied. The common rotifer and the *Anguillula tritici* have this property, and it is exhibited to some extent by that curious vertebrate, the Mud Fish, which survives an amount of drying that would be fatal to most animals as highly organised, though the baked mud in which it passes the hot dry season appears to prevent the desiccation from being carried too far for continuance of quiescent life.

If we say water is so valuable to organic creatures on account of its dissolving so many substances they need to be supplied with in a fluid state, we may be asked why water has such power, and it seems probable that they depend upon the immense number of its molecules, as well as upon their mode of aggregation. Each atom or molecule in motion tends to set adjacent atoms or molecules in similar motion; and a great number of small impulses, rhythmically repeated, easily set considerable masses of such bodies in fresh motions, differing more or less from those which belong to their own constitution. A child with a little hammer, tapping at a great log of wood, will in time set all the particles vibrating, and though each particle may move only through a small fraction of an inch, when the whole log vibrates, the total quantity of motion is enormous, because the small motion of each particle is multiplied by millions and millions—that is, by all the particles the log contains.

Among the complex substances which chemists are acquainted with, no one could be named more important to orga-

nic life than albumen, which we all know in the condition of white of egg; and its remarkable powers of utility in the growth and development of plants and animals depends upon its extremely complicated structure. It contains a multitude of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and sulphur. It is usually found slightly alkaline; and some chemists, like Gerhardt, consider white of egg as a definite compound of an albumen acid with sodic hydrate, and believe other sorts of albumen have an analogous composition. Omitting, however, the alkali, Mr. Sorby takes as a probable composition of albumen $C_{12}, H_{11}, N_1, SO_2$; the letters representing the substance above named, and the figures the number of atoms which they contribute to the structure. With this view of albumen he finds that in a cubic $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of inch of horn there are about 71,000,000,000,000 molecules of albumen. A molecule of this substance, though much larger than one of water, is far removed by its minuteness from any possibility of human vision; and as Mr. Sorby explains in his paper, light is too coarse a medium to enable them to be seen, even if we could add sufficiently to the powers of our microscopes.

When so many atoms of various substances are built up together to form a new substance, there is reason to believe that they are arranged in groups, each group having a definite constitution, and being a distinct entity, at the same time that it has an appointed place and a definite relation to the whole. Each group may be regarded as a system in which the atoms composing it are in ceaseless motion, exerting force upon their neighbors, and keeping within certain bounds, just as the planets do that circle round the sun. Each group acts as a whole upon other groups, and thus there are motions of groups as well as motions of atoms, subject to the same conditions of keeping within bounds.

Now, it is evident that the wave forces of which we have spoken have great opportunities of effecting changes in such complex structures. One form or mode of wave motion may strike with its myriad pulsations at a group of atoms, another may strike at certain atoms in the group, and by such means some atoms or groups may be thrown out of their

courses, and then the rest may form a new pattern, or, if suitable atoms of another sort are at hand, may take them in to what may be called their social system, and modify it accordingly.

The phenomena of the nourishment and growth of plants and animals depend upon actions of this sort brought about by the wave motions of heat, light, electricity, and so forth. Reproduction is, as Claude Bernard explains, intimately connected with nutrition. A particle capable of germination or growth receives an impulse from a particle of an opposite sex, that is, of one in a different molecular condition, and development is stimulated and caused to take place so as to repeat with minor variations the parent forms. The well-known facts of inheritance show that, although the female germ and the stimulating male element—the ovule and pollen grain of a plant, for example—are very minute, they are big enough to contain, in some form, or way, forces which cause all fresh matter that is assimilated to arrange itself so as to reproduce a series of parts repeating for generations with marvellous fidelity the parental types.

The same thing is noticed with animals in which the same species or the same race is reproduced from one generation to another with remarkable accuracy, extending to minute and often unexpected detail. For information on this subject the reader must be referred to the works of Darwin and other writers. What we have now to consider is whether the germ particles and sperm particles can possibly be conceived to contain enough molecules built up in definite patterns, so that, as Darwin in his theory of Pangenesis supposes, they can supply *parents* enough to enable us to regard each portion of a complex organism, plant or animal, as composed of their lineal descendants. "If," says Darwin, "one of the simplest Protozoa be formed, as appears under the microscope, of a small mass of homogeneous gelatinous matter, a minute atom thrown off from any part, and nourished under favorable circumstances, would naturally reproduce the whole; but if the upper and lower surfaces were to differ in texture from the central portion, then all three parts would have to throw off atoms, or gemmules, which, when aggregated by mutual affinity, would form

either buds or the sexual elements. Precisely the same view may be extended to one of the higher animals, although in this case many thousands of gemmules must be thrown off from the various parts of the body."*

To compose a plant under this theory, the seed must contain gemmules which attract suitable matter to form root fibres; other gemmules that in like way cause cells to grow and aggregate to make a fibrous stem, others to supply the sap, others to cause the growth and development of the leaves, flowers, and finally to supply the ovule and the pollen with a complete set of gemmules to carry on the process from one generation to another; and as certain peculiarities of distant ancestors sometimes suddenly appear in their descendants, the ancestral gemmules must be sufficient in number to last for many generations, or they must act as parent cells and produce other cells.

Mr. Sorby applied himself to this problem, and sought to find what quantity of molecules existed in the quantities of matter that acts as germs and sperms. Supposing each gemmule contained a million molecules of the albuminous compound that is the physical basis of life, Mr. Sorby finds that "one thousand such gemmules massed together would form a sphere just distinctly visible with our highest and best magnifying powers." "If," he adds, "the gemmules were of much greater or much less magnitude, it appears to me very probable that Darwin's theory would break down from two opposite causes, or would need very considerable modification, because, if much greater, their number would be too few to transmit sufficiently varied characters, and if much less, they would scarcely contain enough of the ultimate atoms of matter to have a sufficiently varied individual character to transmit, since, of the assumed million ultimate molecules, only eighteen thousand would be of a true protoplasmic nature, the rest being water in molecular combination." Taking the $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch as the mean diameter of a single mammalian spermatozoon, Mr. Sorby calculates it might contain $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of such gemmules,

* "Animals and Plants under Domestication," vol. ii. chap. xxvii.

and, "if one of them were lost, destroyed, or fully developed at the rate of one in each second, this number would be exhausted in about one month; but since a number of spermatozoa appears to be necessary to produce perfect fertilization, it is quite easy to understand that the number of gemmules introduced into the ovum may be so great that the influence of the male parent may be very marked, even after having been, as regards particular characters, apparently dormant for many years."

Again, taking the germinal vesicle of the mammalian ovum as $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter, "it might contain 500 millions of gemmules," and "if these were lost or fully developed at the rate of one in each second, this number would not be exhausted until after a period of seventeen years." If the whole ovum, about $\frac{1}{100}$ in diameter, were all gemmules, the number would be sufficient to last, at this rate of one per second, for 5,600 years! This is, however, not probable; but Mr. Sorby's remarks have completely removed all doubts as to its physical possibility from the Darwinian theory, and they prompt us to a wonderful conception of the powers residing in minute quantities of matter.

The student of nature stands surrounded on all sides by infinities. He can imagine no bounds to space or time; see no traces of a beginning, discover no symptoms of an end. There is an eternal flow and motion throughout the universe, a ceaseless change from power in the potential to power in the active form, and back again from the active to the potential—nothing added, nothing stationary, and nothing lost. Such is the aspect of the physical world, but what of the world of thought and will? Here we pause before a door of difficulty, and have no key to open. Let Du Bois-Reymond point it out:—

"Suppose we had arrived at an astronomical knowledge of the human brain, or even of an analogous organ in an inferior creature whose intellectual activity was limited to the sensations of well-being and discomfort. So far as regards the material phenomena of the brain our comprehension would be perfect, and our intellectual need to seek for causes would be satisfied in the same degree as it would be in regard to contraction and

secretion, if we possessed astronomical knowledge of a muscle and a gland. The involuntary acts which emanate from nervous centres, without being necessarily connected with sensations, such as reflex and associated movements, respiration, tonicity, and lastly, the nutrition of the brain and spinal marrow, would be entirely known to us. It would be the same with the material changes that always coincide with intellectual phenomena, and which probably are conditions indispensable to them. And surely it would be a great triumph of science if we could affirm that such intellectual phenomenon was accompanied with certain movements of atoms in certain ganglionic cells and certain nerve tubes. What could be more interesting than to direct our intellectual vision inwards, and see the cerebral mechanism in motion corresponding with an operation of arithmetic, as we can watch that of a calculating machine; or to perceive what rhythmical movement of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, &c., corresponds with the pleasure we feel from musical harmony; what eddying currents of the like atoms attend the acme of delight, and what molecular tempests accompany the horrible suffering that ensues from irritation of the trigeminal nerve . . . ; but as regards the mental phenomena themselves, it is easy to see that, after acquiring an astronomical knowledge of the brain, they would remain just as incomprehensible as they are now. In spite of such knowledge, we should be arrested by those phenomena as things that are incommensurable. The most intimate knowledge of the brain to which we can aspire would only reveal to us matter in movement; but no arrangement, and no movement of material particles, can form a bridge to conduct us into the domain of intelligence. Motion can produce nothing but motion, or enter into the condition of potential energy. Potential energy in its turn can produce nothing besides motion, the maintenance of an equilibrium, the exertion of pressure on traction. The total quantity of energy remains always the same. In the material world nothing can go beyond this law, and nothing can do less than it requires. The mechanical effect is precisely equal to the mechanical cause

* that exhausts itself in producing it. Thus the intellectual phenomena which flow from the brain beside of, but in addition to, the material changes that occur in it, are, to our intelligence, want-

ing in a sufficient reason. These phenomena remain outside the physical law of causality, and that is sufficient to render them incomprehensible."*—*Popular Science Review*.

GREAT GUNS AND ARMOR-PLATING.

THE 'wooden walls' of Old England are declared to be wholly useless for naval attack or defence. Nothing will now do but vessels coated with thick iron plates, and carrying guns of enormous dimensions. Very good; but here comes the dilemma. Some other nations are just as able and disposed to adopt these ponderous and costly novelties as England. And, in point of fact, there is now going on an extraordinary rivalry as to who shall have the thickest armor-plated war-vessels and the biggest engines of destruction. It is altogether a queer struggle, dating from about the time of the Crimean War, when guns of large size began to be experimentally made, before there were suitably strong ships ready to receive them. Nasmyth's big gun was the talk of its time; Horsfall's gun was looked upon as a marvel, because it could fire a ball of two hundred and eighty pounds through four and a quarter inches of iron; and Clay's gun triumphed with a three-hundred-pound shot. Then came the beautiful inventions of Sir William Armstrong and Sir Joseph Whitworth, carrying the art of gun-construction to a degree of perfection never before attained. Next occurred the American Civil War, which startled our Admiralty by shewing that no ship whatever, unless thickly jacketed with plates of iron, could resist the shots fired by the *Monitor* class of vessels. Therefore, we rushed into two expensive adventures at once—building *Monitors* armed with a small number of very heavy guns; and clothing a large number of our ships, some timber-built and some iron-built, with armor-plates. As, happily, we have not had to fight any great naval battle for twenty years, we could not try our big guns against an enemy's ships; and, therefore, targets were built up for the shot to bang away upon. Meanwhile, the navy-yards were required to construct ships of war that would carry the largest guns mechanical

skill could produce, and the thickest armor-plates that Sheffield could send forth. So matters have gone on year after year; ships, guns, shot, and armor-plates aiding in the struggle to determine whether the attacking power can be made greater than the defensive, or the defensive greater than the attacking.

Loud was the jubilation when, after the construction of several half-clad ships of the *Warrior* class, the Admiralty set afloat three fully plated iron-clads of the *Minotaur* class, with the enormous length of four hundred feet. It was fondly believed that no fighting-ships in the world would ever excel these. Experience showed, however, that such very long ships are not handy for steering and turning; and the Admiralty adopted a shorter standard for the *Hercules* and *Bellerophon*. Then came Captain Cowper Coles's revolving turrets in which to place the guns, instead of ranging them broadside. Then the announcement by Sheffield firms that, by rolling instead of hammering, they could produce armor-plates tougher and thicker than any before known. Then the completion of magnificent arrangements at Woolwich whereby the Fraser guns (a modification of the Armstrong) could be made of vast size and enormous strength, on account of being wholly wrought, not cast. The 'Woolwich Infant' has become a favorite epithet for the monster gun of the present day; and a most extraordinary sight was presented to the Czar of Russia, when he visited our great Arsenal in 1874, in the 'Infant School,' where were ranged a selection from all the great modern guns that Woolwich could shew.

And so matters went on stage by stage—ships, armor, guns, and shot becoming alike larger and more powerful—until the momentous days of the *Devas-*

* Du-Bois Reymond, "Revue Scientifique," Oct. 10, 1874, p. 342.

tation arrived. Men really did think that at length we had arrived at such a pitch of destructive and defensive force combined, that further progress would hardly be sought. We shall see presently how far this supposition was correct; meanwhile it may be well to give some account of the points of difference between this famous iron-clad and those that preceded it.

Towards the close of 1869, the First Lord of the Admiralty, with all the pomp that usually distinguishes such a ceremony, laid the first keel-piece of the *Devastation* at Portsmouth. The theory of very long iron-clads had gone so much out of favor, that the length of the *Devastation* was settled at two hundred and eighty-five feet—more than a hundred feet shorter than some of its predecessors; the breadth sixty-two feet, rather more than one fifth of the length. Its displacement—that is, the weight of the water which it displaces—exceeds nine thousand tons; and the steam engines are capable of working up to six thousand horse-power. An ugly affair it is, without any masts proper, having a mass of ironwork on deck which would have puzzled Nelson or Howe beyond measure. This ironwork marks the strange changes which have been made in the arrangement of the armament of such vessels. The earlier iron-clads were broadsides, with a horizontal row of big guns peeping out on each side. Then came the revolving turret on a flat ship rising but a very little way above the surface of the water—a ‘cheese-box on a raft,’ as some one called it, with two enormous guns mounted in the ‘cheese-box.’ After various modifications and combinations of the broadside and the turret, Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor for the navy, introduced something new in the *Devastation*. There is a kind of armored wall inclosing a space in the middle of the upper deck; the space occupies nearly three-fourths of the length, and one-half the breadth of the entire area of the deck, and the iron wall around it is seven or eight feet high. Within this space are two turrets or circular towers, and various structures and gangways connected with the navigation of the ship and the accommodation of the officers and crew. Each turret rotates, not on a central spindle, but on

numerous rollers which work on the deck; and each, thirty feet in diameter, contains two ‘Woolwich Infants’ of formidable character. No wonder that the entire mass has been compared to ‘a raft with a heavy deck-load in the centre.’ Upwards of twenty steam-engines are provided for, working the ship in various ways.

We have said little yet about its armor and armament. When the *Devastation* had been a few months in hand, the nation was distressed by the loss of the costly turret-ship *Captain*, with all hands—including Captain Coles himself; and the Admiralty caused a thorough investigation to be made into the probable merits of the different classes of iron-clad. The result was favorable to the *Devastation*, but certain changes of plan were deemed desirable. When laid down, it was believed that the armor would resist the shot of a twenty-five-ton gun, the largest at that time ventured on in any navy; but improved gunpowder, in cubes, called ‘pebble-powder,’ had so increased the velocity and force of the shot as to render greater resisting power necessary, and so the *Devastation* was clothed with armor no less than twelve inches in thickness, carried down five feet below the water-line; the turrets have armor averaging thirteen inches thick; while the wall or breastwork around the inclosed space on deck is also formed of armor-plates. Compare this with the five-inch armor of the once-mighty *Warrior* and *Minotaur*, and we see what a stride has been made; no wonder that such a ship displaces nine thousand tons of water! Two guns of thirty-five tons were planned for each turret; but by introducing hydraulic gear for moving the turrets and their contents, thirty-eight-ton guns have been introduced—the heaviest adopted down to the time at which we are writing, with a twelve-inch bore, carrying a seven-hundred-pound shot. The *Thunderer* and the *Devastation* are sister ships (if such savage monsters deserve to be called by so gentle a name as sister); and with alterations gradually made, they are approaching the maximum of twelve-inch armor at the sides, fourteen-inch armor around the turrets, carrying two guns in each turret, the guns thirty-eight tons weight, twelve and a half

inches calibre, firing shot of eight hundred pounds.

And now, what do we hear? Woolwich pooh-poohs her own thirty-eight-ton 'Infants,' and is bringing others into existence more than double the weight—namely, eighty-one tons—a *hundred and eighty thousand pounds of iron and steel* in each gun! If told that these will cost five thousand pounds per gun, need we marvel?

When anything goes wrong in life, we are prone to ask who's to blame; and when told that the thirty-eight-ton gun is now looked down upon, a similar question suggests itself to the sorely perplexed tax-payer who has to provide the money for all these luxuries. The truth appears to be, that armor-plate makers can now go very far beyond the twelve inches of thickness that was lately their maximum; and that unless armor is eventually to defeat guns and shot, the Woolwich Infants must be more Brobdingnagian than ever. And so we come to the *Inflexible*, destined to be released into the water by the fair hands of a princess. This mighty ship will be double-screw, double-turret, with a load displacement exceeding eleven thousand tons. The length between the perpendiculars, three hundred and twenty feet, and breadth seventy-five feet (almost equal to one fourth of the length). Each turret will carry two guns of eighty-one tons, twenty-seven feet long, and sixteen inches bore, firing a shot of twelve hundred and fifty pounds! Those in the secret assert that such a shot, coming from such a gun, and fired with the improved gunpowder now manufactured, will have an impact of momentum equal to the whole ramming force of the *Iron Duke* that ran down the luckless *Vanguard*. The steel tube that forms the innermost part of each gun excels in size every single piece until now made, being twenty-five feet long, and twenty-five inches external diameter. When coil upon coil of tough iron have been wound round the middle and breech of this steel tube, the exterior diameter will vary from twenty-five inches to six feet. The government pay Messrs. Firth of Sheffield sixteen hundred pounds for the solid mass of steel to make one inner tube, the boring out being done at Woolwich. It was last September that the

first of these huge guns was tried in the marshes at Woolwich; how long a time must elapse before all four will be ready to be mounted in the *Inflexible*, the future must shew.

When we are told that the original estimate for the hull and engines of the *Inflexible* was five hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and that the armament and fittings are not included; and when we bear in mind that the actual outlay always exceeds the estimates in these matters—we may guess, if we can, how far this ship will go to affect the pockets of John Bull.

Have we even now come to the end of this costly contest between the attacking and the defensive power of ships of war, this rivalry between guns and armor-plates? Engineers and naval constructors do not believe in any such finality. Their fertile brains are teeming with new schemes—more especially on the part of the makers of great guns, who manifest an increased confidence that they can more than keep pace with any increase in the thickness of armor-plates. Russia has established a naval arsenal at Nicolaieff, near the mouth of one of the rivers flowing into the Black Sea, where iron-clads of the largest dimensions can be constructed; and she has also provided herself with a factory in which great guns and ponderous armor-plates can be fabricated. Indeed, we owe to Russia (for good or for bad) the incentive to the planning of the eighty-one-ton gun. The *Peter the Great* (an appropriate name for the Czar's mighty ship) has been planned to carry twenty-inch armor, at a time when a shot from our thirty-five-ton guns could only penetrate a fourteen-inch plate. What was to be done? Woolwich was consulted, and replied that a gun of something like eighty tons weight would be required to carry a shot which would pierce twenty inches of armor. There was no existing furnace that would heat, no existing steam-hammers that would forge the masses of iron necessary for such a mighty gun. New furnaces and new hammers were there-upon set up at a cost which we are afraid to mention; the guns are being made, and perchance—who knows?—may one day try their strength against the iron sides of *Peter the Great*. Russia

has already a vessel carrying guns exceeding our *Devastation* and *Thunderer* guns—namely, the *Admiral Popoff*, the strange circular ship, with six keels, eighteen-inch armor, and two guns of forty-two tons each.

Sir W. G. Armstrong is trying his skill on a seventeen-inch gun that will carry a two-thousand-pound shot. Mr. Fraser at Woolwich has broached the idea of a one-hundred-and-sixty-ton gun, to carry a shot of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, with such velocity as to smash in the side of any ordinary iron-clad even at a mile distant; while Sir Joseph Whitworth, using an

hexagonal bore of compressed steel, and a flat-headed elongated shot, entertains a firm belief that a gun on his construction, far less weighty than eighty-one tons, would vanquish an armor-plate even twenty-four inches in thickness.

Since writing the above, we learn that M. Krupp, the famous gun-manufacturer of Essen, has actually commenced making a monster of one hundred and sixty tons—an 'infant' double the size of those designed for the *Inflexible*. It is as well, however, to add, that no ship large enough to accommodate this piece of colossal ordnance has been as yet designed.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SAINTE PERINE, OR THE CITY OF THE GENTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GHEEL, THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.'

NINE-TENTHS of our readers will, we feel pretty sure, be as unconscious as we ourselves, till recently, were of the existence close to Paris of an institution as peculiar in its object as valuable in its results, which has been unobtrusively carrying on its beneficent work during the greater part of a century, within the reach of thousands of our countrymen whose footsteps must have passed its gates.

The building is extensive and imposing, at the same time that it is elegant in external elevation, and commodious in internal construction and arrangements. It stands within its own pleasure-grounds of seven or eight acres in extent, tastefully laid out around the house in gravel walks, gay flower-borders, and soft lawns; while the various gradients it offers are taken advantage of to form sloping turf-banks down to a beautiful bit of forest-land intersected by well-kept paths and winding streamlets; arbors and summer houses and shaded seats, tempting retreats, whether during noonday heat, or the cool of summer evenings.

The house consists of a double semi-quadrangle, one side of each square garden thus formed being open to the sun, but sheltered from the road by a thick plantation. All round these gardens runs a verandahed terrace, the roof supported by light columns, up which luxuriant creepers are trained and festooned. Wide, light, and well venti-

lated corridors paved with tiles, and—like every part of the institution—shining with cleanliness, give access to the ground-floor rooms. One side is appropriated to the refectory, a handsome hall fitted with five-and-twenty tables, each to accommodate ten guests; and another to the *salon de conversation*, or drawing-room. There are also a library and reading-room, a chapel, two infirmaries, hot and cold baths, a dispensary, and an admirable suite of household offices. On the floor above are more private rooms, the house being constructed to receive 250 inhabitants. These rooms are contrived with much thought and taste, and are arranged so as to form bed-room and sitting-room in one, [the bed and washing-apparatus being shut off within an alcove by folding-doors.

The originator, or rather originatrix, of this valuable institution was the Empress Josephine, who in 1805 devoted a fund for the purpose of subsidising a house which should provide an honorable and attractive retreat for persons of the higher class fallen into comparative poverty—*pauvres honteux*, as they are untranslatably termed—but principally those who had held unpensioned offices in the civil service of the country, comprising, therefore, members of the *haute bourgeoisie* and of the *noblesse*.

The *entrée* was to be limited to persons (of either sex) who had attained sixty years, and who had resided during two

consecutive years in Paris. To soften as much as possible the idea of charitable support, the inmates are required to prove themselves in a position to meet the stipulated annual payment, which was originally fixed at 750 francs, but has now been increased to 950. The advantage of this united expenditure is immense, as it would be quite impossible for the individuals who thus contribute to a common fund to live even respectably on the separate incomes which, thus combined and subsidised, provide an almost luxurious existence, exonerating those who enjoy it from all the labor, thought, vexation, and responsibility of housekeeping. Every detail of life is provided for on their behalf, and of its cares they know nothing but the name. The service of the house is included in their payment; and if, through illness or infirmity, they require extra personal attendance, it is supplied to them, whether by day or by night; even the doctor (for there is one residing on the premises) bestows his care, his vigilance, and his advice, and they have not so much as the trouble of handing him his fee. This blessed immunity, alone, should add ten years to their lives. We who are not thus protected can appreciate the relief it must be to them to take no heed as to the external or internal condition of their dwelling; to be spared the trouble and perplexity of engaging servants, with the labor of providing for and waiting upon them; to live in paradisiacal exemption from the annoyances of over-reaching work-people and cheating tradesmen; to have to take no thought of gas or water-rates, and to be able to whistle in the very beard of the tax-gatherer!

For aught they need care, after the manner of housekeepers, the snow may accumulate six feet deep, or the roof or the slates may be all blown off bodily; every pipe in the house may burst, every ceiling may fall in, the kitchen chimney may take fire every day. It is somebody else's business to see to such things immediately. Their minds, unburdened with preoccupations of this character, may soar above these contemptible and degrading *banalités*. They have not so much as an account-book to keep, or a washing-bill to write; and may live in joyous emancipation from the petty vexations which weigh down the spirits, crush the energies,

spoil the temper, and poison the peace of mind of 'the free and independent' householder.

They are gently roused in the morning by the chirping of birds and the scent of summer flowers. They are not tormented for orders; every detail of life has its established time and place. The fragrant cup of early coffee awaits their waking moments; at twelve, the more substantial *déjeuner*; at seven the well-served dinner is announced in the elegantly-appointed dining-room; flowers decorate the table and the damask is snowy white. The guests, born and bred amid the refinements of their class, and faithful to the prestige of their traditions, are by no means neglectful either of their appearance or their manners; and their regard for their antecedents bespeaks itself in their toilette as well as in the reciprocation of *petits soins* which marks their intercourse.

Liberty complete and unrestricted is of course the order of the day; and they can not only receive their friends whether during the day or in the evening, but can, and often do, absent themselves on visits during any period they please, though, if they return home at night, it must of course be within a given hour.

In the summer evenings it is the wont of the little world of Sainte Perine to spend the time between dinner and bed on the lawns and in the *bosquets* of the beautiful grounds at their disposal. In the winter the social meetings in their common *salon* recall the *soirées* of the best society in the larger world.

As the inmates are composed of single persons of either sex, as well as of married couples, our readers must not be surprised to learn that the interchange of good offices between them often soars beyond the limits of friendship, and that marriages are the frequent result. At the same time it is scarcely possible that the little world of Sainte Perine, like the larger one outside, should not find itself broken up into parties and even cliques; but although this diversity of feeling keeps the mind from stagnating and imparts a certain amount of vitality and spirit to the association, it also, unhappily, leads to differences and coolnesses which are only kept from disturbing the common peace by the forbearance and self-control of gentle breeding.

As, however, among this great variety of dispositions and characters, meeting daily under circumstances in which all have a common sympathy, there are many persons not merely of rank and social position, but also of distinguished ability and moral value, the general tone of feeling which animates the little community is genial and enlivening. There is, however, one inevitable circumstance acting to a certain extent as a damper to the spirits of the inmates—we allude to the frequency with which Death asserts his inexorable claims, and comes to summon away first one and then another from the place they had assumed and the friends they had made. Among a community of 250 souls, all more or less over sixty—most of them rather more than less—these calls can be neither few nor far between. At the same time, if there are some losers by their recurrence there are as many gainers, for, as may be supposed, there is always a long list of candidates aspiring to the places thus left vacant; though, let us try to think, without any malicious hopes that the slender thread of life on which their own brief future hangs may be snapped at an early moment. Alas! they must have their own lurking misgivings that the place they now covet must at no very distant period become the object of another's longing. On the day of our visit Death was at his grim work; the corpse of the Comtesse de — lay coffined in the chapel, while the Baron de —, who had been insensible some hours, was not expected to pass the day.

We were told that an English lady was an admitted member of the 'Réunion,' and that she added to her small means

by giving lessons in her own language, her pupils attending and receiving instruction in her room. Among the number are several *ci-devant* members of the literary world, writers for the press and *feuilletonistes*, also artists and musicians. Very delightful little *soirées* are often periodically given by such gifted and cultivated persons, and to these their friends of the outer world are invited. Several of the literary ladies have succeeded in organising *salons* to which all who can obtain access consider it a privilege to be admitted.

The appointment of the Directeur and subordinate officials who conduct the establishment of Ste. Perine rests with the Bureau de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique; but the inmates of the institution are so far concerned in these appointments that a large ledger lies open to receive their observations on any matter of management or question of diet, &c., to which they may think fit to take exception.

Our readers may be curious to know whence was derived the name by which this institution has been called since its foundation until the recent date, when it received the more appropriate nomenclature of "Villa de la Réunion." They need consult no etymological dictionary, nor yet examine the Calendar of the Saints, to discover why Ste. Perine has been selected to be the patroness of the institution. It is simply that the house originally adapted to this use at Chaillot had formerly been a convent under that dedication; and, when the Genteel Pensioners removed to the site they now occupy at Auteuil, the ancient name followed them thither.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

GLAMOUR.

THE breath of flowers was on the breeze,
And all the odors of the spring;—
Amid the gently-budding trees
We heard the throstle sing;—
We watched the tender leaflets curl'd,
No green seemed half so gay before;—
A hundred springs may deck the world,
But those green leaves no more;
No, never, never more!

The sun drank up the tears of night,
 The happy tears of early dew,
 Each drop became a globe of light
 With golden-green shot through.
 We shook them off the primrose flowers,
 No dew seemed half so bright before;—
 Now winter rain may fall in showers
 But those bright drops no more;
 No, never, never more!

Within the blue, unblemish'd skies
 The infant cloudlets cradled lay,
 Like new-born souls in Paradise,
 All clad in white array;
 And in our happy eyes that met
 There shone a light unknown before;—
 Now suns may rise, and suns may set,
 But that love-light no more;
 No, never, never more!

LITERARY NOTICES.

LESSONS FROM NATURE, AS MANIFESTED IN MIND AND MATTER. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., F.R.S. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this book Mr. Mivart undertakes to refute the entire school of Darwinians and Evolutionists, addressing himself in particular to Mr. Darwin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Mill, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall. He restates in detail his old objections to the Darwinian theories of natural selection, sexual selection, and the origin of species, declares that Mr. Darwin has himself accepted such modifications as to amount to their practical abandonment, and accuses him of bad faith in allowing the public to suppose that his present idea of the function of Natural Selection is the same as that propounded in the "Origin of Species," and now generally understood by that phrase. He also conducts independent controversies with Professor Huxley and the late Chauncey Wright, who on different grounds had assaulted the position taken by him in his "Genesis of Species;" and on various points joins issue, as we have said, with Mr. Spencer, Mr. Wallace, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Mill. All this part of the work deals, or purports to deal, with the phenomena presented by physical nature; but as a preliminary to the argument on the evidence he devotes several chapters to establishing certain general principles or primary truths to which all questions concerning the meaning or bearing of phenomena must ultimately be appealed. These primary truths are substantially those which, under the de-

signation of "facts of the mind," have long been urged by the so-called intuitional school of philosophy, the corner-stone of the system being embodied in the proposition that "knowledge must be based on the study of mental facts, and on undemonstrable truths which declare their own absolute certainty, and are seen by the mind to be positively and necessarily true." It can hardly be said that Mr. Mivart contributes anything fresh or important to the familiar arguments by which these propositions are enforced; but he gives a concise and telling summary of them, with special applications to the great questions as to the origin of species and the relation of man to the brute creation.

Mr. Mivart's argument is at variance throughout with the prevalent philosophical and scientific theories, and many of his positions will doubtless be strongly controverted; but the book should be read by all who wish to determine for themselves what lessons Nature really does teach.

VILLAGE COMMUNITIES IN THE EAST AND WEST. Six Lectures delivered at Oxford. To which are added other Lectures, Addresses, and Essays. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The first six lectures, which give the title to this volume, have been before the public long enough to establish their reputation as one of the most valuable of existing aids to the study of historical and comparative jurisprudence and of sociology; and the author has taken advantage of the appearance of a

third edition of these lectures to add to them several other lectures, addresses, and essays, not belonging to the same course, but all, save one, bearing upon the same subjects. These additions amount in quantity to nearly as much as the original "Village Communities," and are of such importance that those who are already in possession of that volume will find it necessary, or at least eminently desirable, to possess this one also. Besides the celebrated lecture on "The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought," it includes two elaborate essays on "The Theory of Evidence" and "Roman Law and Legal Education," and three addresses to the University of Calcutta, of which the author was at one time vice-chancellor. These latter have never before been printed in a form accessible to English or American readers, and though they deal with special circumstances, and were addressed to a special audience, they will be found to elucidate several of the topics broached in what is perhaps the most interesting of the original six lectures—that on the "Sources of Indian Law."

We have already spoken of the value of these lectures—of the whole book in fact—to students of historical and comparative jurisprudence and sociology, but we should add that it is hardly less valuable to the student of political economy. The artificial laws of society are found to have many points of "incidence" with those so-called natural laws with which political economy undertakes to deal, and Sir Henry Maine has shown that he is capable of applying his masterly method of treatment to both.

Thanks are due the publishers for the elegant style in which they have issued this and Sir Henry Maine's other works. It is doubtful, perhaps, if such taste and liberality contribute as much as they ought to the salableness of a book, but they certainly enhance both the pleasure of reading and the satisfaction of possession.

THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND TABLE-TALK OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. Sans-Souci Series. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The Sans-Souci Series, according to the announcement of the publishers, "is based upon the same general idea that secured such sudden and deserved popularity for the Bric-a-Brac Series," and we may add that it is, in fact, simply a continuation of the old series under a new name. Readers who have enjoyed the "infinite riches" that were compressed into the "little room" of the Bric-a-Brac volumes may betake themselves to the "Life, Letters, and Table-Talk of Benjamin

Robert Haydon" in the full confidence that they will secure a feast neither different in character nor inferior in quality. The materials used by Mr. Stoddard in the preparation of the volume were drawn from a voluminous memoir of Haydon by his son, recently published in London, and embracing the correspondence and table-talk. Mr. Stoddard believes himself to have retained "the marrow" of Mr. Frederick Haydon's volumes, and he has certainly produced a very interesting and, on the whole, satisfactory book. The melancholy circumstances of Haydon's life render the biographical portion a trifle depressing, but the correspondence (including letters from Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Goethe, Mrs. Browning, Benjamin West, Wilkie, and others) is full of interest, and the table-talk excellent. Mr. Stoddard's preface, too, is, as usual, one of the most entertaining features of the volume.

The binding of the new series hardly possesses the dainty elegance that distinguished the Bric-a-Brac volumes, but it is novel and pretty, and less likely to show the effects of use. Among the attractions of the present volume are portraits of Haydon, Wilkie, Keats, and Wordsworth, and a fac-simile of an autograph letter by Haydon.

STRAY STUDIES IN ENGLAND AND ITALY. By John Richard Green. New-York: Harper & Bros.

The great success achieved by Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" causes a good deal of interest to attach to his earlier and less ambitious efforts, and for this reason the collection here brought together has a value which would hardly be accorded it on grounds of absolute merit. The volume contains twenty-two papers of a highly miscellaneous character. A third of them, perhaps, are of a character which one would have expected of Mr. Green; that is, they discuss historical or literary subjects, or places in their historical aspects. Of these one of the most noteworthy, "Lambeth and the Archbishops," was reproduced in the *ECLECTIC* several years ago, and those who recollect that paper will have a general idea of Mr. Green's essay style at its best. The greater number of the papers, however, are merely descriptive sketches of Italian winter resorts and the like, contributed originally to the *Saturday Review*, and retaining in their present form a not altogether agreeable reminiscence of that periodical. Most of these, we are inclined to say, are hardly worthy of Mr. Green's present reputation; but there is one particular in which the entire book keeps the author of the "Short History" before us. It exhibits the same rich, flowing, animated,

vigorous, and vivid style; the same picturesqueness of treatment; and the same ripe and generous culture. It is hard to find fault with a book which is so pleasant to read; and we do not allow ourselves to forget that the very qualities which we are disposed to criticise, are precisely the ones that will secure for the volume a wider circle of readers.

GERMAN POLITICAL LEADERS. By Herbert Tuttle. (Brief Biographies. Edited by T. W. Higginson.) New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

The gentlemen whom Mr. Tuttle selects as representative German political leaders, are nineteen in number and are classified as follows: "The Chancellor," Prince Bismarck; "Ministers," Dr. Falk, President Delbruck, and Herr Camphausen; the "Diplomatic Service," Prince Hohenlohe and Count von Arnim; the "Parliamentarians," Herr von Bennigsen and Dr. Simon; "Party Leaders," Herr Lasker, Herr Windthorst, Dr. Loewe, Herr Schulze-Delitzsch, Herr Jacoby, Herr Hasselmann, and Herr Sonnemann; "Scholars in Politics," Professor Gneist, Professor Virchow, Professor Treitschke, and Professor von Sybel. As remarked by Mr. Tuttle in his preface, the fame and authority of Prince Bismarck are so overshadowing that the greater number of the men described in the volume are here introduced to American readers for the first time; and this very fact, which is unquestionably true, demonstrates the need of just such a book. In fact, all students of current European history have good reason to be grateful to Mr. Tuttle, for he not only acquaints us with the character and career of some of the men who are most prominent in the "making" of this history, but gives us a remarkably clear idea of the practical working during the past few years of Germany's experiment in constitutional government.

Mr. Tuttle has resided for several years in Berlin, and is otherwise well qualified for his task. He is well-informed and scholarly, is evidently keenly interested in political questions, is a skilful and practised writer, and has the advantage of knowing both the men of whom he treats and the audience he addresses. His book is the best that has yet appeared in the "Brief Biography Series," and may be recommended as both interesting and instructive.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has in the press a new poem, said to be the most ambitious he has ever written.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON will shortly publish a full account of his expedition, in a volume to be entitled "Across Africa." The work is in course of preparation.

MR. A. H. HUTH, one of two fellow-travellers of the late Mr. Buckle, who accompanied him from the beginning of his tour, and was with him when he died, is writing a life of the historian.

THE monument erected to Schiller at Marbach, his native place, was unveiled on the 9th of May. The ceremony seems to have excited only a local interest, few people even from Stuttgart being present.

HARDLY has the correspondence of Goethe with the brothers Humboldt appeared, than the conscientious editor of that interesting volume, Herr Bratranek, has brought out some more of the treasures hidden by the poet's descendants. This is Goethe's correspondence with Aug. W. and Friedrich Schlegel, Tieck, and others.

A HISTORY of that important branch of the followers of Wesley, vulgarly called Ranters, but bearing, in the connection, the more accurate designation of Primitive Methodists—a section of the main body, which has had a separate vitality since 1810—has been commenced by Mr. W. H. Yarrow, who has accumulated considerable materials concerning the London district, its circuits, and its members.

THE Rev. E. R. Hodges is bringing out a new and enlarged edition of Cory's "Ancient Fragments," which will contain an introduction on "The Origin, Progress, and Results of Hieroglyphic and Cuneiform Decipherment," as well as one on "Phœnician Literature." New extracts will be included in the volume from Trogius Pompeius, Agathias, Hecatzæus of Abdera, Agatharcides of Cnidus, Nicolas of Damascus, and others, and the book will be dedicated to Dr. Birch.

THE veteran author of "Philip van Artevelde" has been writing his autobiography. His dramas show, combined with true poetic feeling, the broad views and knowledge of human nature which have illustrated his long and useful official career; while, owing to a union of rare personal qualities, he has enjoyed the intimacy of many of the most distinguished men and women of two generations. His "Memoirs," therefore, which, it is to be hoped, may be given to the world during his lifetime, should be of more than ordinary interest.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE ROTATION OF THE SUN.—The observations of positions of sun-spots made by Carrington's method at the Toulouse Obser-

vatory, in 1874 and 1875, have been discussed by M. Tisserand, who has deduced the time of rotation of the sun given by each spot, and compared his results with the values found for corresponding latitudes by Carrington and Spoerer respectively. It was one of the most important results of Carrington's splendid series of observations that, independently of minor irregularities, there appeared to be a well-marked drift in the sun-spots, varying with the distance from the sun's equator, so that the greater the latitude of the spot the more it would lag behind. The time of rotation of a spot in latitude 45° would thus be more than a day longer than that of one on the equator, a fact which at once accounted for the very discordant values of the sun's rotation deduced by different observers. M. Tisserand's observations agree well both with Carrington's and Spoerer's results, the average discordance being about one hour in the period of the sun's rotation. There appear, however, great irregularities in the motions of some of the less permanent spots, and M. Tisserand instances one in particular, which appeared to drift more and more rapidly in the opposite direction to that of the sun's rotation, so that after six days its daily motion had diminished by one tenth, on account of its more rapid drift backwards. As we have no means of knowing what the drift of any particular spot really is with reference to the body of the sun, the accurate determination of the rotation of the sun itself is a very difficult matter, though it is tolerably certain that it lies between twenty-five and twenty-six days.

EFFECT OF THE SEASONS ON THE BODY.—The curious fact has recently been pointed out by Dr. B. W. Richardson that the changes of the seasons have a potent physical influence upon the body. Some years ago, in a convict establishment in England, a number of men were confined amid surroundings (of clothing, room, food, etc.) practically the same for each individual. The medical superintendent of the gaol undertook investigations, extended over some nine years, and during which over 4000 individuals were weighed. It was found that during the months of winter the body wastes, the loss of weight varying in increasing ratio: that during summer, the body gains, the gain varying in an increasing ratio: and that the changes from gain to loss and from loss to gain are abrupt, and take place, the first at the beginning of September, and the second at the beginning of April. This is shown in the following figures, indicating the ratio of loss or gain: Loss: January, 0.14; February, 0.24; March, 0.95. Gain: April, 0.03; May, 0.01;

June, 0.52; July, 0.08; August, 0.70. Loss: September, 0.21; October, 0.10; November (exception), a slight gain; December, 0.03.

THE VALUE OF A MAN.—No animal (observes the *Medical Press and Circular*) works harder than man, and as a working or domestic animal man may be valued. Dr. Farr has made some curious and interesting calculations as to the value of the agricultural classes. The calculations are not made to correspond to the working years of man, but allowance is made for the infant and child, who, though not able to work, are valued prospectively; and so, again, in old age, when the labor period is passed, and, as an animal, he consumes more than he produces, his value is considered a minus quantity. The calculations are based upon the Norfolk agricultural classes, in which county the infant labor is worth, at the time of birth, £5. When he has survived the first dangers of infancy, and has advanced five years nearer the time at which he will become a productive agent, his price rises to no less than £56; and this, again, in five years more, is something more than doubled. At the age of twenty-five years, he has attained his maximum value, £246; and he declines afterward steadily but slowly, down to £138 at fifty-five years of age, and £1 at the age of seventy. After this age he produces little or nothing, but still he consumes, and when he is eighty years old, he is valued at minus £41.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—By plunging the negative wire of a powerful induction-coil in a vessel of water, and bringing the positive wire into contact with the surface of the water, or slightly below it, M. Planté has succeeded in reproducing the most marked phenomena of the aurora, especially the streamers and the dark arc round the electrode; and he concludes from this that the aurora is produced by a flow of positive electricity (since no streamers are seen round the negative pole) through the upper regions of the atmosphere into planetary space, the fact that lightning and electrical phenomena are not so frequent at the Polar regions showing that the discharge is not towards the earth. M. Planté holds that all the planets are charged with positive electricity, and that the electricity flows out from the neighborhood of the magnetic poles, either in the form of obscure rays when no resistance is interposed, or as an aurora when it encounters masses of water, whether liquid or solid, in either case vaporising the water with a loud noise and precipitating it in the form of rain or snow.

PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.—Professor Peiréy, of Toulouse, has devoted many years

to the study of earthquakes, and has communicated the results to the Académie des Sciences at Paris. In his last Report he states that there are more shocks at new and full moon than at the quadratures, and that, of the earthquakes reported between 1843 and 1872, 3290 occurred when the moon was nearest to, and 3015 when she was farthest from, the earth.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND MOON ON THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.—Mr. J. A. Broun, F.R.S., has been investigating the effect of the sun's rotation and the moon's revolution on the earth's magnetism. The effect is variable, and depends on the position of the moon, as well as on the movement of the sun. Cases have occurred of large and sudden diminutions of the earth's magnetic force, and these are found to fall at intervals of twenty-six days, which is about the time of the sun's rotation on its axis. Mr. Broun thinks that there is some ray-like emanation from the sun, which causes these changes in the earth's magnetism; and he finds that the moon has something to do with them, for they occur mostly when she is farthest from the equator.

STRANGE NATURAL CISTERNS.—In the rough granite country back from Mossamedes, on the west coast of Africa, are some very remarkable natural cisterns. The country itself is peculiar, huge single rocks rising out of the nearly level plain in some places, and in others hills of rock, in several of which deposits of water are found at the very top. A recent traveller visited one of these, and describes it as a natural tank with a narrow entrance, containing some three or four hundred gallons of exquisitely clear and cool water. It was covered by vast slabs of granite, from which the rain drained into it during the rainy season, shading the water so that it could not be seen without a torch, and so protecting it that the sun can not evaporate it during the dry season. Thus a bountiful store of excellent water is preserved while there is not a drop to be had elsewhere for miles. A still more remarkable cistern of this sort is that of the Pedra Grande, or Big Stone, some thirty miles from Mossamedes, a huge rounded mass of granite rising out of the sandy plain. On the smooth side of this rock, 20 or 30 feet above the plain, is a circular pit about 10 feet deep and 6 feet across. The rainfall on the rock above the pit drains into it, filling it completely every rainy season. The walls of the pit—which is shaped like a crucible, narrowing gently to the bottom—are perfectly smooth and regular, the enclosing granite being of the closest and hardest description. The cistern will hold several

thousand gallons of water. Near by are smaller pits of similar character. Their formation is unexplained. The water of this strange well furnishes the natives and travellers with an abundant supply during the dry season; consequently it is a noted halting-place.

HERMIT CRABS.—Professor Alexander Agassiz records a series of observations on hermit crabs, which may be interesting to general readers. He reared a few of the creatures from their youngest stages to the time when they require a shell for their protection and further development, and took pains to watch their behavior when shells were first placed in the glass dish in which they were living. "Scarcely," says the Professor, "had the shells reached the bottom before the crabs made a rush for them, turned them round and round, carefully examining them, invariably at the mouth, and soon a couple of the crabs decided to venture in, which they did with remarkable alacrity; and after stretching backward and forward, they settled down into their shells with immense satisfaction." Others of the shells contained a living mollusc, and the crabs which could not find an empty shell waited till the molluscs died, when they tore them out, devoured them, and immediately took possession of the shells. Professor Agassiz questions whether this is to be regarded as a case of instinct.

THE PLANTS OF GUADALOUPE ISLAND.—At a recent meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Mr. S. Watson presented a paper on a collection of plants recently made by Dr. E. Palmer, in Guadeloupe Island, off Lower California. It was found to contain 119 species, including twenty-one belonging to the higher cryptogamic orders, besides a dozen of probably recent introduction. The number of new species is twenty-two, with two new genera, almost all nearly allied to Californian species and genera. Of those before known, all are Californian, and most have a wide range through that State. The flora of Mexico is scarcely represented; but on the other hand some fresh indications are found of a connection between our western flora and that of South America.

THE LOCUST PLAGUE.—Last year, Switzerland was afflicted by swarms of locusts; and a learned professor who surveyed the scene of their devastations recommended the government to use all available means to destroy the young which are deposited in the ground, and if left undisturbed come forth with voracious appetite in the following summer. Spain, as we learn by recent advices, is suffering from a visitation of the devourers in some of the

southern provinces, and there, in like manner, the eggs are hatched in the earth, and with marvellous quickness. It is said that if a packet of the eggs be carried in a man's pocket, the heat of his body will hatch them in twelve hours. The Spanish government has sent soldiers into the threatened districts with orders to dig and destroy. They must be active, for the numbers of the enemy are almost incredible. It is on record that two years ago a train was stopped by masses of locusts piled up, like driven snow, along the railway. A Frenchman has discovered that pounded locusts squeezed up into round lumps are an attractive bait for fish.

VARIETIES.

FAMILY LIKENESSES AND VITALITY.—In spite of certain alterations, the typical features peculiar to the houses of Guise and Lorraine were transmitted to all their descendants through a long series of generations. The Bourbon countenance, the Condés' aquiline nose, the thick and protruding lower lip bequeathed to the house of Austria by a Polish princess, are well-known instances. We have only to look at a coin of our George III. to be reminded of our present royal family. During Addison's short ministry Mrs. Clarke, who solicited his favor, had been requested to bring with her the papers proving that she was Milton's daughter. But as soon as she entered his cabinet Addison said, "Madam, I require no further evidence. Your resemblance to your illustrious father is the best of all." The Comte de Pont, who died in 1867, at nearly a hundred, told Dr. Froissac that during the Restoration he often met in the salons of M. Desmousseaux de Givre, prefect of Arras, a man at whose approach he shuddered as he would at the sight of an apparition, so wonderfully was he like Robespierre. M. de Pont confided his impression to the prefect, who told him, smiling at his prejudice, that the person in question passed for Robespierre's natural son; that, in fact, it was a matter of notoriety. Next to family likenesses vitality or the duration of life is the most important character transmitted by inheritance. The two daughters of Victor Amadeus II., the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister Marie Louise, married to Philip V., both remarkable for their beauty, died at twenty-six. In the Turgot family fifty years was the usual limit of life. The great minister, on the approach of that term, although in good health, remarked to his friends that it was time to put his affairs in order; and he died, in fact, at fifty-three. In the house of Romanoff, the duration of life is short, inde-

pendent of the fact that several of its members met with violent deaths. The head of this illustrious race, Michael Federovitch, died at forty-nine; Peter the Great was scarcely fifty-three. The Empress Anne died at forty-seven; the tender-hearted Elizabeth at fifty-one. Of Paul's four sons, Alexander died at forty-eight, Constantine at forty-two, Nicholas at fifty-nine, and the Grand Duke Michael at fifty-one. In the houses of Saxony and Prussia, on the contrary, examples of longevity are far from rare. Frederick the Great, in spite of his continual wars and his frequent excesses at table, was seventy-four; Frederick William III. was seventy; the Emperor William, in his seventy-ninth year, is still hale and hearty. In all the countries of Europe, families of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians may be cited. On the 1st of April, 1716, there died in Paris a saddler of Doulevant, in Champagne, more than a hundred years old. To inspire Louis XIV. with the flattering hope of living as long, he was made, two years previously, to present that monarch with a bouquet on St. Louis' day. His father had lived one hundred and thirteen years, his grandfather one hundred and twelve. Jean Surrington, a farmer in the environs of Berghem, lived to be one hundred and sixty. The day before his death, in complete possession of his mental faculties, he divided his property among his children; the eldest was one hundred and three, and, what is still more extraordinary, the youngest was only nine. Jean Golembiewski (the oldest man in the French army, if still alive), who accompanied King Stanislas Leczinski into France, belonged to a family of centenarians. His father lived to be one hundred and twenty-one, his grandmother one hundred and thirty.—*All the Year Round.*

THE SECRET OF MACAULAY'S POPULARITY.—The first and most obvious secret of Macaulay's place on popular bookshelves is that he has a true genius for narration, and narration will always in the eyes not only of our squatters in the Australian bush, but of the many all over the world, stand first among literary gifts. The common run of plain men, as has been noticed since the beginning of the world, are as eager as children for a story, and like children they will embrace the man who will tell them a story, with abundance of details and plenty of color, and a realistic assurance that it is no mere make-believe. Macaulay never stops to brood over an incident or a character, with an inner eye intent on penetrating to the lowest depth of motive and cause, to the furthest complexity of impulse, calculation, and subtle incentive. The spirit of analysis is not in him, and the divine spirit

of meditation is not in him. His whole mind runs in action and movement; it busies itself with eager interest in all objective particulars. He is seized by the external and the superficial, and revels in every detail that appeals to the five senses. "The brilliant Macaulay," said Emerson, with slight exaggeration, "who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that good means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." So ready a faculty of exultation in the exceeding great glories of taste and touch, of loud sound and glittering spectacle, is a gift of the utmost service to the narrator who craves immense audiences. Let it be said that if Macaulay exults in the details that go to our five senses, his sensuousness is always clean, manly, and fit for honest daylight and the summer sun. There is none of that curious odor of autumnal decay that clings to the passion of a more modern school for color and flavor and the enumerated treasures of subtle indulgence.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY.—Most people breathe properly, often more by accident or instinct than by design; but, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs or throat, owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking, and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs—namely, smelling and breathing. In summer-time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as at the present season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits this mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channel, the nostrils, the air passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs; but if he takes in air between the lips and through the mouth, the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill, frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over the mouth in winter, if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces

to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit—in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "Shut your mouth!" there would be an immense diminution in the two classes of affections—namely, those of the lungs and throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year. Man is the only animal which has acquired the pernicious and often fatal habit of breathing through the mouth. It commences in childhood, and becomes confirmed in adult life, often engendering consumption, chronic bronchitis, relaxed sore throat, or some other disease of the lungs or throat, which is set down usually to a different cause altogether. In concluding this short article, we venture to ask our readers to judge for themselves. When they step out in the morning into the fresh but cold air, let them try the difference of feeling arising from the two modes of breathing—through the nostrils and between the lips. In the former case, they will find that they can breathe easily and freely, yet with comfort, while the fresh air, warmed to the temperature of the body by its contact with the nasal mucous membrane, is agreeable to the lungs; in the other case, if they draw in a few inspirations between the parted lips, the cold air, rushing in direct to the lungs, creates a feeling of coldness and discomfort, and an attack of coughing often comes on.—*Public Health*.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—WINTER SORROW.

A GREY and leaden sky, without a break,
Shuts in the narrow world whereon I look,
And, day by day, mine ears almost forget
To miss the babbling of the ice-bound brook.
The woods stand rigid, ghostlike, draped in snow,
Life is no longer there, nor pleasant sound,
No breath is stirring in the bitter air,
To bid them drop their burden to the ground.
The drift lies deeply piled before my door,
My little garden, touched by winter's breath,
Laid cold and smooth beneath his icy hand,
Looks stark and changeless as the bed of death.
'Tis thus, my Heart, thy desolation chill
Holds me, like cruel Winter, dumb and still.

II.—SPRING SORROW.

Spare me that clear, triumphant song of praise,
Sweet thrush, with which thou welcomest the morn;
It wakes too keen a sorrow in my heart,
Who sigh to think another day is born.
Ye opening buds, ye sounds and scents of spring,
So deeply interwoven with the past,
Ye touch the inmost fibre of my grief,
And bring the bitter memories thronging fast.
Not less the lilac crowns herself with bloom,
And bright laburnums shake their tasselled gold,—
Nor does the violet breathe one odor less
Because my life is left me dark and cold;
Only while earth and sky such joy express,
I fain would turn me from their loveliness.

A. E. J.

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